Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623

For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/housegarden160jannewy

HOUSE & GARDEN

AGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

JANUARY 1988 $4.00



BURLINGAME
EASTON DR. BR.
DEC 8 1987
LIBRARY



Henredon represents the highest expression of the upholsterer's art: Good design made better through superior craftsmanship. Quality such as this is worth seeing firsthand at an authorized dealer. We also invite you to send $3.00 for the Upholstered Furniture brochure. Henredon, Dept. B28, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon



"WAITING"

"BRONZE"

J. Seward Johnson, Jr.

For brochure and information contact:

SCULPTURE PLACEMENT

P.O. Box 9709 • Washington, D.C. 20016 • 202-362-9310

LIFESIZE FIGURES PRODUCED IN LIMITED EDITIONS OF SEVEN OR FEWER

THE FIRST COMPREHENSIVE BOOK ON J. SEWARD JOHNSON'S SCULPTURE IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE. PLEASE WRITE OR CALL US FOR FURTHER DETAILS.

©1986 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Clothing: Derek May

January 1988

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 160, Number 1

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ORIENTATIONS
Oliver Hoare, in the Kensington house he shares with his family, carries on the British fascination with the East/By Emma Soames
70

FLYING DOWN TO OSCAR'S
The de la Renta style at Casa de Campo/By John Richardson
80

THE LIGHT HOUSE
Paul Rudolph's triplex aerie suspended over the Manhattan skyline By Michael Sorkin
88

IN THE FABRIC OF THE FAMILY
Manuel Canovas at home in his Left Bank apartment/By Christina de Liagre
96

CONNECTICUT MADE SIMPLE
It took five years, but Ira Howard Levy finally got what he wanted: a weekend retreat that was both classical and modern/By Michael Boodro
102

FUTURE FOLLY
Architect Warren Schwartz's personal vision for his house in the Berkshires/By Suzanne Stephens
110

STAGE FRAUGHT
The Venice rooms of actress Valentina Cortese are a romantic extension of her real home, the theater/By Martin Filler
116

WHEN THE REVOLUTION CAME HOME
Bruce Chatwin recalls his moving visit with Konstantin Melnikov, the Russian Constructivist who dreamed of changing the world with his architecture
122

MANY ROOMS IN A FIELD
In a Southampton landscape, Jan Cowles creates a garden of several parts By Lady Keith
126

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR
Jerry Della Femina and Judy Licht's graphic New York penthouse By Christopher Hitchens
132

GIPSY HOUSE
The daughter of Roald Dahl describes the past life and recent refurbishing of the family's Georgian farmhouse in Buckinghamshire By Tessa Dahl Kelly
138

DOWNTOWN DEALINGS
Gallery owner Hal Bromm hangs it up at home By Dodie Kazanjian
146

ESCAPE TO MOHAWK VALLEY
Far from the hopping Hamptons, designer Alain Mertens and other art-world figures have found a place where nothing happens By Doris Saatchi
152

COMMENTARY 14
Déjà Fou
By John Richardson

FINE WORK 18
Recovering the Victorian Interior
By Rochelle Reed

JOURNAL 26
On the Arts Scene

TRAVEL 28
Desert in Bloom
By Alexander Cockburn

COLLECTING 38
An Artist's Eye
By Colin Westerbeck

FOOD 46
Grazing in Guadeloupe
By Calvin Trillin

GARDEN PLEASURES 56
Garden in Thyme
By Patricia Thorpe

ON VIEW 60
Current Exhibitions Not to Be Missed

ALL THE BEST PLACES 66
The Pontalbas
By Stephen Drucker

IMPRESSIONS 170
Urban Coexistence
By Suzanne Winckler

COVER
Olivia Hoare in the entrance hall between a 1734 life-size portrait of the Lapland giant Caianus and a Madagascar watercolor. Story page 70. Photograph by Richard Davies.

House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212 PRINCIPAL OFFICE 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017 Bernard H. Leser, President, Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer, Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years, in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years Elsewhere, $41 for one year, payable in advance Single copies U.S. $4, Canada $4.50 For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322 Eight weeks are required for change of address Please give both new address and old as printed on last label First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017 Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material Copyright © 1987 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322**
Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017

At last, perfect skin.

Estée Lauder's

Skin Perfecting Creme

Firming Nourisher

The serious firmer for those who like to take cremes lightly.

What makes skin perfect? Basically, three key factors: firmness, elasticity and smoothness. What makes a skincare product perfect? Read on.

Skin Perfecting Creme is an ultra-lightweight formula developed by Estée Lauder with Firmex,™ a breakthrough complex of ingredients that restores and maintains a more youthful appearance. In just two weeks of daily use, your skin will be:

- **measurably firmer,**
- **measurably more elastic,**
- **measurably smoother and softer,**
- **hydrated for over 15 hours with each use,**
- **and visibly retexturized.**



Scientific tests, including ultrasound measurements, prove it. And, after 4 weeks of daily use skin is 52% smoother, making existing lines and wrinkles less noticeable. Best of all, Skin Perfecting Creme's luxurious, fluffy-light formula feels so wonderful, you'll hardly know you have it on, until you see how perfectly it works.

ESTĒE LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS



THE BOLD LOOK OF **KOHLER**®

The Uccello™console table, of classic sculptured bronze with marble top, recalls the formal fountains found only in other times, on other continents. Acquire it in your lifetime to enhance your bath, dressing or powder room. Shown with IV Georges Brass™ faucet in polished brass. See the Yellow Pages for a Kohler Registered Showroom or send $3 for a catalog to Kohler Co., Department AC1, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

C7022 Copyright 1987 Kohler Co


THE CAR
THAT SPARKED A
MULTINATIONAL
INDUSTRY OF HIGH
PERFORMANCE
IMPERSONATORS.

It was 1977. America wait-
on gas lines. The auto in-
stry seized the marketing
portunity and quickly shift-
from gas-guzzlers to gas
sers. The diesel was held out
the wave of the future.
fying conventional wisdom,
IW introduced yet another
a long and significant line of
gh-performance sports se-
ns: the 320i.

Since then, the diesel
s diminished to a minuscule
rt of the market. BMW has
ought the sports sedan to its
ghest state of evolution
ith the 325i.

And a new industry has
merged. Imitation BMW's.

Some estimate the num-
ber to be as high as 500,000
copies a year. Cars tempting to
the uninitiated perhaps, but to
those who've driven the gen-
uine article they remain unrea-
sonable facsimiles.

That's because the 325i
originates not with a market-
ing opportunity but with a cre-
do that dates back seven
decades. One stating that ex-
traordinary performance and
brilliant engineering are the
only things that make an ex-
pensive car worth the money.

It comes with a vitality
derived from "as sweet an en-
gine as BMW ever built" (Car
and Driver magazine).

And an agility derived
from the most grueling auto-
motive environment in the
world: the autobahns and Alps
of Bavaria. Where the rush
hour takes place at 120 mph.*

And on the 325i, lux-
ury doesn't take a back seat.
Even the rear headrests
are swathed in supple leather.

For a prestigious step-up
from the hordes of pretenders
into the most authentic and
fully evolved of European
sports sedans, test drive the
car created by the company
that invented the cat-
egory. At your near-
est BMW dealer.

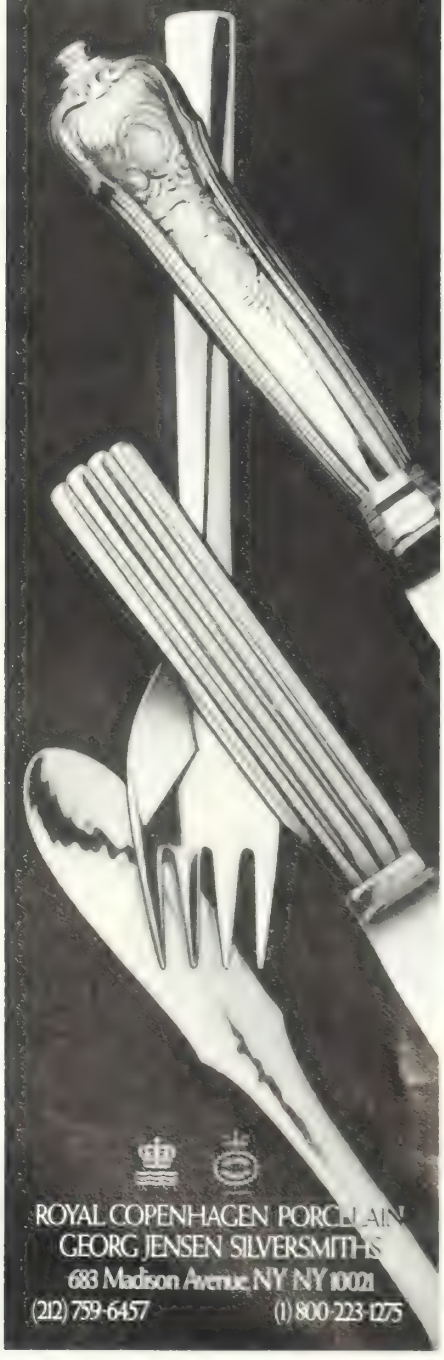
THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.®

*BMW does not condone exceeding posted speed limits. © 1987 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.



CLASSIC SILVERPLATE FROM THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED STERLING HOUSE

Georg Jensen sterling is treasured on all continents and the Smithy's appointments grace the dining halls of the Danish Royal Court and the great houses of Europe. The renowned design and workmanship can now be obtained in remarkably affordable silverplate. Shown here, top to bottom, Gotham, Rosenborg, Bernadotte, Mermaid. Send $1 for full-color brochure.



ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
GEORG JENSEN SILVERSMITHS
683 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10021
(212) 759-6457 (1) 800-223-1275

HOUSE & GARDEN

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor-in-Chief

Editors DENISE OTIS, MARTIN FILLER Art Director KAREN LEE GRANT
Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD Articles Editor SHELLEY WANGER
Senior Editor BABS SIMPSON
Architecture Editors ELIZABETH SVERBEYEFF BYRON senior; HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC
Decorating Editors JACQUELINE GONNET senior; KAAREN PARKER GRAY, CAROLYN SOLLIS
European Creative Director MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ
West Coast Editor JOYCE MacRAE Los Angeles Editor ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT
Assistant Managing Editor DUNCAN MAGINNIS Copy Editor REGINALD GAY
Copy Associate GABRIELLE WINKEL
Editorial Production Manager KAY SUSMANN
Art Production Editor CAROL KNOBLOCH
Picture Editor THOMAS H. McWILLIAM JR. Designer LEAH DEMCHICK
Editorial Coordinator LORNA DAMARELL CAINE
Editorial Assistants SARAH KALTMAN, STACEY L. KLAMAN, TIMOTHY M. MONAHAN
ANNE O'CONNOR, KATIE RIDDER
Reader Information MARGARET MORSE

Editor-at-Large ROSAMOND BERNIER
Consulting Editors BROOKE ASTOR, JOHN RICHARDSON
Contributing Editors OSCAR DE LA RENTA; MARELLA AGNELLI
JOHN BOWES-LYON, DORIS SAATCHI
SENGA MORTIMER gardens; CATHERINE MARRON New York
DOROTHEA WALKER, MARILYN SCHAFER San Francisco
DODIE KAZANJIAN Washington, D.C.; JUDY BRITTAIN London
BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE Milan; MARIE-PIERRE TOLL Mexico City
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER

J. KEVIN MADDEN
Publisher

Advertising Director MARTHA MOSKO D'ADAMO
Sales Development Director ROBERT NEWKIRCHEN Advertising Manager RONALD J. MEREDITH
Design Resource Manager ALBERT J. BLOIS
Distilled Spirits Manager DONALD B. FRIES Jewelry and Watch Manager WALLACE B. GREENE
Travel Manager JUDITH A. LAMORT Beauty Manager CYNTHIA R. LEWIS
Fashion Manager SUSAN RERAT Home Furnishings Manager KEVIN T. WALSH

Executive Editor LOUIS OLIVER GROPP

Promotion Creative Director JAYNE INGRAM
Promotion Art Director LORI EDWARDS GLAVIN Promotion Manager NANCY WEBER
Public Relations Manager ANNETTE MARTELL SCHMIDT Promotion Copywriter ALICE McGUCKIN

New England RICHARD BALZARINI, Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South DENNIS W. DOUGHERTY, 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309
Midwest MELVIN G. CHALEM, 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit JOHN F. McCLURE, 3310 West Big Beaver Road, Suite 537, Troy MI 48084
West Coast MARGARET M. THALKEN, TRISH BIRCH, 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
DALE C. SONES, 50 Francisco St., San Francisco CA 94133
Florida DAVID RUBIN, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
England ROBERT E. YOST, 19 South Audley St., London W1Y 5DN
France JOHN H. LIESVELD JR., 284 boulevard St.-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GUTHE
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R 0AD
FRENCH MAISON & JARDIN 8–10, boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
ITALIAN CASA VOGUE piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
BRAZILIAN CASA VOGUE BRASIL Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430–Jardim America, São Paulo
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM
President BERNARD H. LESER
Executive Vice President JOHN B. BRUNELLE
Executive Vice President JOSEPH L. FUCHS
Vice President–Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN
Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG
Vice President–Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON
Vice President–Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT
Vice President–Circulation PETER ARMOUR
Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN
Editorial Adviser LEO LERMAN

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Editorial Director

clarence house

11 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



DRAGON EMPRESS—Jacquard

Your skin will thrive on it.

NUTRIBEL

NOURISHING HYDRATING EMULSION

A treatment so special, you can use it day or night.

Nourishment. Nutribel's *patented* formulation provides an essential ingredient in young, healthy skin. Lab tests prove it enhances your skin's natural vitality.

Moisture. It allows the skin to maintain its collection of moisture agents... 24 hours a day. Its light, fluid texture makes Nutribel the perfect under makeup moisturizer.

The Result. Beautiful looking skin.

Nutribel Nourishing Hydrating Emulsion.
It makes beautiful things happen to your skin.



LANCÔME
PARIS



PANNONIA
GALLERIES, INC.
Fine Paintings

1043 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021 (212) 628-1168



Jan Frans van Dael
Dutch (1764-1840)
oil on canvas
30 x 25 inches
This painting is one of a pair

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

MICHAEL BOODRO lives in New York and is working on his first novel.

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

BRUCE CHATWIN's most recent book is *The Songlines*.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN writes columns for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal*.

STEPHEN DRUCKER is an editor at *Vogue*.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is a columnist for *The Nation* and the *Times Literary Supplement*.

LADY KEITH lives in New York and is working on her autobiography.

TESSA DAHL KELLY lives in London and has written a children's book, *The Same But Different*, to be published this year by Hamish Hamilton.

CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE is a writer who lives in Paris.

ROCHELLE REED writes about style and design from Los Angeles.

EMMA SOAMES, formerly editor of the *Literary Review*, is acting editor of *Tatler*.

MICHAEL SORKIN is an architect and a critic for *The Village Voice*. He teaches architectural design at Cooper Union.

SUZANNE STEPHENS edited *Building the New Museum* from a symposium she organized for the New York Architectural League.

PATRICIA THORPE is the author of *The American Weekend Garden* to be published next month by Random House.

CALVIN TRILLIN writes for *The New Yorker* and *The Nation*. His most recent book is *If You Can't Say Something Nice*.

COLIN WESTERBECK, assistant curator of photography at the Art Institute of Chicago, writes frequently on the arts.

SUZANNE WINCKLER is a contributing editor of *Texas Monthly*.



For large 68 page book with 87 color pictures send $5.00 to: McGuire, HG1-88, 151 Vermont Street at 15th, San Francisco, California 94103. Ask your interior designer, furniture dealer or architect about the seven unique McGuire Collections. See them in the nearest McGuire showroom.

New address in New York: 305 E. 63rd (212) 593-1235.

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Vancouver. International: London, Milan, Paris, Tokyo, West Germany.

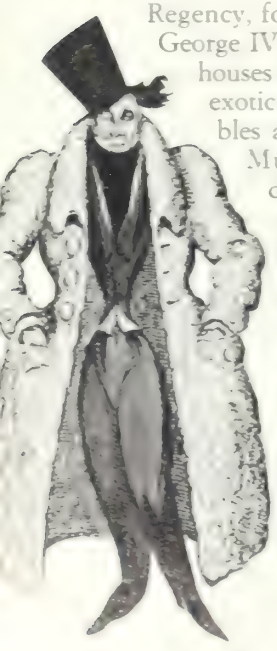
DÉJÀ FOU

A climber's guide to decorating for success

By John Richardson



Inconveniences of a Crowded Drawing Room



What were they really like, those preposterous decorators of the Regency, forever festooning George IV's palaces and the houses of the nobility with exotic hangings and baubles and jingle-jangles? Much like certain decorators today, to judge by passages from Maria Edgeworth's "silver fork" novel *The Absentee*, which was published in 1812. Edgeworth's acid caricature of a chic London decorator—shades of Gillray and Cruikshank—has not faded. Mr. Soho is still around, so are his relentlessly self-promoting clients.

We first meet Soho in the house of a silly social climber, Lady Clonbrony, the wife of a backwoods peer—"a mere cipher in London" but "a great person in Dublin"—who is the absentee landlord of the title. Lady Clonbrony is organizing a lavish gala to launch herself on London society and marry her son off to an heiress. Soho is telling his client "in a conceited, dictatorial tone . . . that there was no 'colour in nature for that room equal to *the belly-o'-the fat*,' which . . . he so pronounced, that Lady Clonbrony understood [illegible] and . . . assented to the assertion, till it was set to rights, with condescending superiority, by the upholsterer. This first architectural upholsterer of the age, as he styled himself . . . spoke *en maître* . . . . There must be new hangings, new draperies, new cornices, new candelabras, new every thing! . . .

" 'You fill up your angles here with *encoinières*—round your walls with the *Turkish tent drapery*—a fancy of my own—in apricot cloth, or crimson velvet, suppose, or, *en flute*, in crimson satin draperies, fanned and riched with gold fringes, *en suite*—intermediate spaces, Apollo's head with gold rays—and here, ma'am, you place four *chancelières*, with chimeras at the corners, covered with blue silk and silver fringe, elegantly fanciful—with my STATIRA CANOPY here—light blue silk draper-

CAMPARI



Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.



HYDRO EXTRÊME
MAINTAINS
THE SUBTLE BALANCE
OF BEAUTIFUL SKIN.



While you're feeling the sensual pleasure of smoothing Stendhal's gentle, silky Hydro Extrême into your skin, it's doing more than moisturizing. It's maintaining your skin's moisture balance and reinforcing against damage from the elements as well.

Not just problem solving, Hydro Extrême is part of our simple basic beauty regimen, the kind French women learn from childhood. You'll love the radiance it lends your complexion every morning. And you'll savor, as they do, every second you spend with Stendhal taking care of your skin.

STENDHAL.
THE FRENCH WORD
FOR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

FROST BROS.

Stendhal
PARIS

For the jeunesse dorée few pleasures compare with biting the rich hand that has fed them

ies—aërial tint, with silver balls—and for seats here, the SERAGLIO OTTOMANS, superfine scarlet—your paws—griffin—golden—and golden tripods, here, with antique cranes—and oriental alabaster tables here and there—quite appropriate, your la'ship feels.

" 'And let me reflect. For the next apartment, it strikes me—as your la'ship don't value expense—*the Alhambra hangings*—my own thought entirely—Now, before I unroll them, Lady Clonbrony, I must beg you'll not mention I've shown them. I give you my sacred honour, not a soul has set eye upon the Alhambra hangings except Mrs. Dareville, who stole a peep; I refused, absolutely refused, the Duchess of Torcaster—but I can't refuse your la'ship—So see, ma'am—(unrolling them)—scagliola porphyry columns supporting the grand dome—entablature, silvered and decorated with imitative bronze ornaments: under the entablature, a *valance in pelmets,* of puffed scarlet silk, would have an unparalleled grand effect, seen through the arches—with the TREBISOND TRELLICE PAPER, would make a *tout ensemble,* novel beyond example. On that trebisond trellice paper, I confess, ladies, I do pique myself.

" 'Then, for the little room, I recommend turning it temporarily into a Chinese pagoda, with this *Chinese pagoda paper,* with the *porcelain border,* and josses, and jars, and beakers, to match; and I can venture to promise one vase of pre-eminent size and beauty.—Oh, indubitably! if your la'ship prefers it, you can have the *Egyptian hieroglyphic paper,* with the *ibis border* to match!—The only objection is, one sees it everywhere—quite antediluvian—gone to the hotels even; but, to be sure, if your la'ship has a fancy—at all events, I humbly recommend, what her grace of Torcaster longs to patronise, my MOON CURTAINS, with candlelight draperies. A demi-saison elegance this—I hit off yesterday—and—True, your la'ship's quite correct—out of the common completely. And, of course, you'd have the *sphynx candelabras,* and the phoenix argands—Oh! nothing else lights now, ma'am!—Expense!—Expense of the whole!—Impossible to calculate here on the spot!—but nothing at all worth your ladyship's consideration!' "

"The opening of her gala, the display of her splendid reception rooms, the Turkish tent, the Alhambra, the pagoda, formed a proud moment to Lady Clonbrony"—not however for long. One by one, Soho's effects came to naught. The snow white swansdown couch under the "Statira canopy" turned grimy after Colonel Heathcock stretched out on it. The "one vase of pre-eminent size and beauty" in the pagoda proved to be a merely "useful" one in which a sea captain had "smuggled his dear little Chinese wife and all her fortune out of Canton." The trompe l'oeil mosaics on the Alhambra floor were soon effaced by the dancers' feet; as for the Alhambra hangings ("I give you my sacred honour, not a soul has set eye upon [them]"), not only had they been shown to a certain duchess, they had been rejected by her.

Little by little Lady Clonbrony becomes an object of ridicule, mimicked behind her back by awful Mrs. Dareville. Fiendish guests rub the hostess's nose in her solecisms by faking condolence. The poor thing, ripped off by "that abominable Soho!" " 'And . . . being a stranger, and from Ireland, makes the thing worse.' From Ireland!—that was the unkindest cut of all. . . ."

Times have not changed. Only last summer in England I listened to a roomful of jeunesse dorée trashing a similar gala given by a new rich *conglomérateur.* Too much rich food, too many overelaborate flower arrangements, too many jazz bands, and in a rented house too! How they had wallowed and gorged! And afterward how they had sneered! For the jeunesse dorée few pleasures compare with that of biting the filthy rich hand that has fed them. This time Mr. Soho was not around to take the blame. He was off in Vegas—"gone to the hotels" where 175 years after his appearance in *The Absentee* his "trebisond trellice" and "moon curtains" are still the rage. □



SHERLE WAGNER

"Outrageous!" "Magnificent!" "A brilliantly bold departure!" The reviews are in and Sherle Wagner's Rock Group is receiving critical acclaim. The base sections in stainless steel, onyx and granite set the tempo for a truly imposing performance. And because this Rock Group takes requests, you may orchestrate your own personal composition of tops and stands. For catalog of all works, please send $5.00 to Sherle Wagner, 60 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022.

RECOVERING THE VICTORIAN INTERIOR

With their hand-printed wallpapers Bradbury & Bradbury reflects the growing interest in decorative complexity

By Rochelle Reed



The Acanthus Border is in the tradition of William Morris

In the Victorian era, it seems, a house with white plaster walls indicated either that an owner had exhausted his financial means and was unable to pay for wallpaper or that he was operating a cheap hotel and intended to rent the rooms to transients. Says Bruce Bradbury, founder of Bradbury & Bradbury, "Even today, when I walk into a Victorian house with white walls, I feel that something is terribly wrong." He winces at the thought. "To me all the warmth and vitality of the house has been stripped away, leaving only a bleached skeleton. It feels as if something has died. But then again," Bradbury brightens as he looks around the cavernous room where two blue-smocked craftsmen are leaning over long tables hand-printing lavish wallpaper designs, "we're back in the nineteenth century around here."

The Rolling Stones' "Brown Sugar" coming from a cassette player and Bradbury's customary office outfit of white T-shirt and blue jeans belie his claim. Yet there is much about Bradbury & Bradbury that is out of another time. The workshop is located in the small town of Benicia, California, north of San Francisco. Approaching the town one sees horses grazing on green hillsides dotted with blooming fruit trees, a scene reminiscent of a description by E. M. Forster. The company's specific address is in the Benicia Arsenal, in a grandly styled Neoclassical building dating from the 1880s. Up steep wooden stairs in Studio 12 the ten craftspeople of Bradbury & Bradbury—"Not a company but a decorative cult," quips Bradbury—turn out exquisite art wallpapers that are highly sought after by decorators, restorers, museum curators, and owners of Victorian houses.

Over the past few years Bruce Bradbury has devoted himself to erasing many misconceptions about the decoration of the Victorian era. Chief among them, he says, is the popular impression created by movies and television that the typical Victorian interior was one great unrelieved expanse of red flock wallpaper. "Pure Hollywood fiction," he scoffs.

The Victorians did have a well-deserved reputation for excess, of course. The Victorian world was a riot of ornamentation, richly decorated but tempered by a delicacy of color, an aspect mostly lost to us in surviving interiors because of repainting or misguided "restoration." A true nineteenth-century cornice, for instance, might have contained as many as ten subtle variations of hue and shade. A door and its


Brunschwig & Fils
75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.
PRINCE NOIR TAPESTRY



Patterns upon patterns: a collage of three Victorian wallpaper designs from Bradbury & Bradbury.

surrounding moldings may have had up to thirteen closely balanced colors, threaded with pinstripes of vermilion or metallic gold. Ceilings swirled with decorative borders, corner blocks, fans, and rosettes. Cornices were often pinstriped in gold to reflect the light. The overall effect was lively but harmonious, intended to reflect the beauty and subtlety of nature.

When Bruce Bradbury founded his company in 1979, he wanted to specialize in museum-quality reproductions of wallpapers by nineteenth-century designer-craftsmen like William Morris, Christopher Dresser, C. F. A. Voysey, and Walter Crane. In addition, he envisioned re-creating the Victorians' elaborate decorating schemes: he produced not only wallpaper but also dados, friezes, corner blocks, and other decorative elements.

Soon, however, he began, as he puts it, "taking up where the Victorians left off," creating his own interpretations of late-nineteenth-century designs. The popular Bradbury & Bradbury pattern known as Raspberry Bramble, for instance, is a Bruce Bradbury design laid over the skeleton of a William Morris pattern. Now there are about one hundred patterns available through the company. In addition, Bradbury & Bradbury will occasionally reproduce a pattern on request, work that they perform almost exclusively for museums and historic houses. (Some of their wallpapers appeared as backdrops in last year's Aesthetic movement exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

How did a forty-year-old American born in Maine become enamored of Victorian wallpaper? "In the late 1950s my father, an airline pilot, bought a wrack and ruin of a nineteen-room Victorian house to restore. This was my middle youth, and I immediately fell in love with Victorian houses. Come to think of it, mooning over great houses is still one of my favorite things to do," he says. "Anyway, I wasn't very happy in school—I went to boarding school at the Tilton School in New England and then to New College of the University of South Florida—because all the time I had the feeling [illegible]ed to do something with my life which didn't exist." (One is reminded of Bradbury's mentor, William Morris, who said of his public school, Marlborough College: "I learned next to nothing there, for indeed next to nothing was taught.") Bradbury continues, "This was not very helpful in my late teens. I thought I was going nuts. I'd spend my days in the school counselor's office studying lists of jobs saying, 'Not this one, not that one.' "

Bitten early by the travel bug, Bradbury made a series of low-budget trips to the far corners of the globe but always passing through England. There he wound up at the Victoria and Albert, the Tate, and other British museums studying the Pre-Raphaelites and the Arts and Crafts style of the late nineteenth century. He also visited San Francisco and developed what he calls a "hypnotic attraction" for the city's 15,000 Victorian houses. Working as an art printer in San Francisco, he saved money for more trips to the Middle East, India, and Japan to study firsthand the decorative arts that had inspired the Victorians. "It took me five years and some sixteen trips to England to realize that what I was really interested in was wallpaper," he recalls. "With my training as an art printer, I was finally able to put the two together." He returned to San Francisco in 1976 and signed on with two wallpaper manufacturers to learn the trade. Three years later he founded the firm Bradbury & Bradbury (the double Bradbury acknowledges the support of


CLINIQUE
glossy nail enamel

THROUGH OUR EXCLUSIVE STORES AND THROUGH THE TRADE IN THE USA AND CANADA.

NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BEVERLY HILLS • BIRMINGHAM, MI • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS • DENVER • HARTFORD/CANTON • HOUSTON • LA JOLLA • MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • MONTREAL • PA



VIBRANT LEATHER, BY ROCHE-BOBOIS: A VERY PERSONAL SENSE OF STYLE.

The vibrant color of *Datcha's* leather adds a new dimension to the classic purity of this sofa's lines. Saddle stitching underlines the contours of the down-filled cushions. *Datcha* is the elegant reflection of a confident personal style.

Datcha is available in many colors. For our complete catalog, please send a $10 check or money order to: Roche-Bobois, Dept (DA5), 183 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

PHILADELPHIA • PHOENIX • QUEBEC • ROSLYN HEIGHTS • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • SEATTLE • SOUTHPORT, CT • TORONTO • VANCOUVER BC • WASHINGTON DC • WINNETKA •



his family) by creating his first pattern in his living room and handprinting it at the home of a fellow printer.

Early reaction to the Bradbury & Bradbury portfolio was not overwhelming. Few interior-design professionals were interested in Victorian wallpaper. But when newspaper coverage of his efforts appeared, he suddenly began receiving as many as a hundred letters a day from homeowners, preservationists, and museum curators eager for authentic Victorian wall ornamentation. By 1981 he was able to move his fledgling business into the huge Benicia studio with its large multipaned windows and walls the color of vanilla ice cream.

The actual production of Bradbury & Bradbury wallpaper is an intricate, time-consuming task. "It's an exquisite process—we could never compete with the mass market," Bradbury says happily. To begin, a pattern is broken down by colors, each color requiring an individual color separation. These separations are either hand-cut with an X-Acto knife into a sheet of red gellike acetate known as Rubylith or hand-painted on Mylar. Because each color must be in perfect registration with its companions, corner marks are applied to ensure that the complete set lines up properly when printed.

Next the individual color separations are transferred to silk screens. The silk-screen process utilized by Bradbury & Bradbury was developed from the ancient Japanese silk-screen technique. Fabric is tightly stretched onto wood or metal frames. "In the old days we actually used silk," Bradbury comments, holding a frame up to the light, "but now it's monofilament polyester." The screen is coated with a thin film of photosensitive emulsion in a darkroom, and the individual color separations are photographically transferred onto separate screens. "The results are very much like a stencil," Bradbury explains, pointing to graceful cutouts in the shape of dragonfly wings. "The white areas you see are actually clear fabric. In the printing, paint is forced through these areas with a rubber-bladed squeegee."

Oil paints for the printing are mixed by hand and eye, not by formula, and only in the morning when the light is exactly right. Pigments are the same as those used by the Victorians. When the paints are ready, hand-printing begins. Heavy paper is taped to two or three of the 92-foot-long tables (each table holds the equivalent of six rolls of wallpaper). Metal stops along guide rails help the printers place the screens exactly each time. Their movements are like a dance: lift, place, stretch forward to squeegee the screen from top to bottom, then lift, place, and repeat. The work is mechanical but exacting. To make enough paper for an average Victorian parlor, a pattern may require as many as five thousand impressions. One mistake can ruin an entire run, so hand-printing becomes a case of both physical stamina and meticulous craftsmanship.

Combining the finished elements in true Victorian fashion is the business of the Bradbury & Bradbury design service, a function fulfilled by 35-year-old Paul Duchscherer, an architectural and decorative-arts historian who also worked as an interior designer before joining the firm. Clients send in rough room sketches with dimensions (almost all Bradbury & Bradbury sales are by mail order, which keeps costs down considerably), and for a small fee Duchscherer designs the project in livable, warm period splendor. "There is a world of dimension beyond simply pasting up matching vertical panels," he enthuses. "Ceiling details alone are like taking a magic carpet ride."

Although Bradbury & Bradbury will reproduce a specific Victorian pattern, Duchscherer attempts to guide clients toward existing designs. "To start from scratch is horrifically expensive, really only for historic houses and museums," he explains. "One reason is that each color requires a different screen, and the screens cost $400 each to make up. But we have one hundred designs to choose from. Almost always I'll look at a client's pattern and say, 'Look, it will cost you thousands of dollars to do your exact pattern, but how about this one?' " Duchscherer is gesturing not at a sample book but at a room set, an ornate catalogue brochure that illustrates patterns for both low- and high-ceilinged walls and all the various individual elements—friezes, panels, corner blocks, rosettes—that complete the look. So far, Bradbury & Bradbury has produced five of these room sets—*Neo-Grec, Anglo-Japanese, In the Morris Tradition, The Fenway,* and *The Aesthetic Movement.* Two more will be completed by the spring making the collection totally cohesive. And then Bruce Bradbury is considering striking out in an entirely new direction.

Bradbury's passion for Victorian decoration is equaled only by his desire to create something completely new. "I'm not a fan of the Modern era, but I *love* the future," he confesses. He thinks we're already seeing public rebellion against Modernism's lack of ornamentation, and we're headed toward a very interesting future. "The polychrome painting of houses in San Francisco was not a historical restoration movement but a spontaneous twentieth-century innovation that never had a leader, group, or spokesman," he explains. "Nevertheless, the entire city has been transformed in the past ten years. Look how people leaped to Michael Graves's work and used color and ornament on practically every new project." As he talks, Bradbury verbally creates the image of a 21st-century world decorated perhaps by computer-generated patterns that supersede nineteenth-century design. "Buildings that look like twisted jewels, dripping with polychrome and ornamentation," he raptures.

"People are ready to be astonished," he continues. "Imagine the absolute antithesis of the Victorian parlor and you have Modernism with its stripped white walls. Decorative movements swing back and forth. Now imagine the antithesis of those white walls and you have what is coming—not a copy of Victorian design but something totally new, maybe part high Manchu and part Star Wars. I think it will be really pretty around the first decade of the 21st century. Then perhaps I'll get to fulfill my dream and ornament a skyscraper. Dredging up the knowledge and techniques of the Victorian era has been wonderful, but this is what makes the whole thing exciting for me—where it leads." □

NANCY CORZINE

For the Interior Designer in Everyone



Showrooms

Nancy Corzine
451 N. Robertson Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90048

Blake House
595 S. Broadway St., #110W
Denver, CO 80209

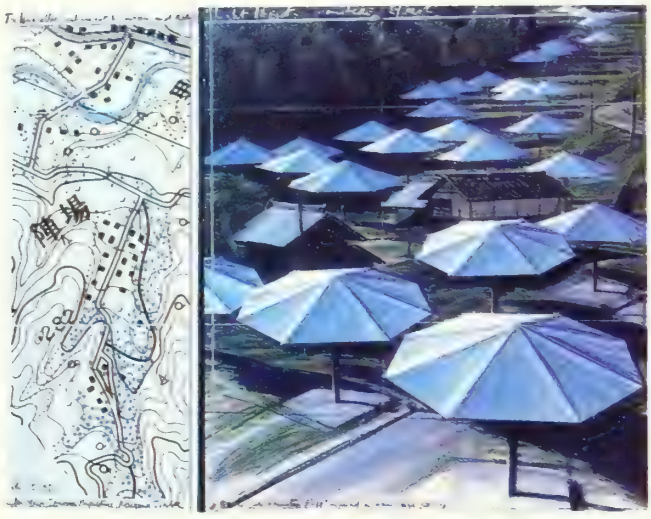
Slocombe Antiques
1400 Hi Line, #B
Dallas, Texas 75207

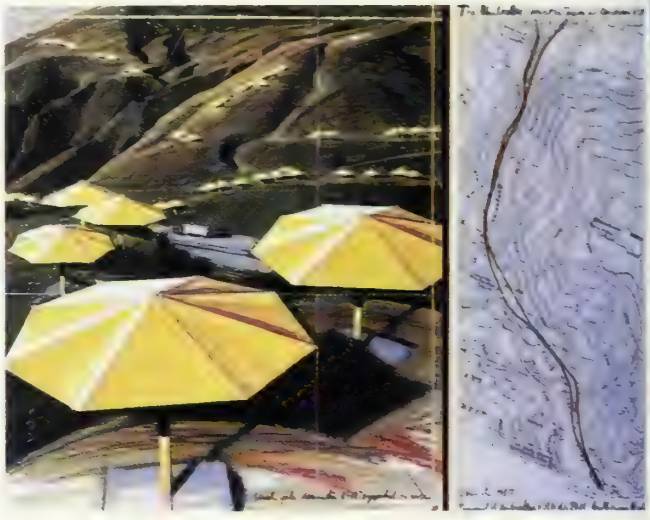
Blake House
23811 Aliso Creek Road, #161
Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Copyright 1987 Nancy Corzine

JOURNAL

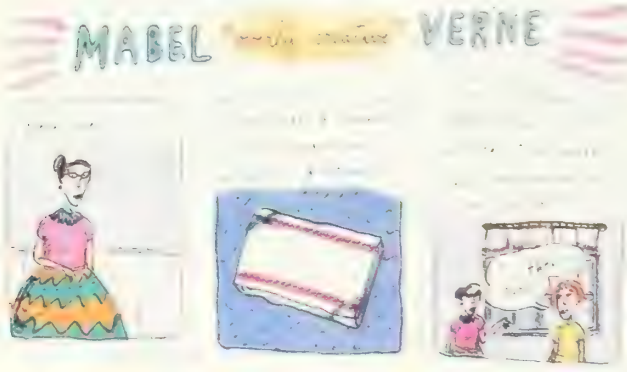
On the arts scene





PARASOL PARADE

Christo has in the past surrounded eleven Miami islands with floating skirts of pink synthetics and wrapped a Parisian bridge, Gulliver-like, with ropes and huge bolts of golden cloth. For his next project he plans to adorn two valleys, one north of Tokyo and the other north of Los Angeles, with thousands of gigantic translucent umbrellas, blue and yellow, respectively, to explore with his typical Pop aplomb the topographical and cultural contrasts between Japan and California. Target date: autumn 1990. *Tim Monahan*



CHASTISED

The small but resonant voice of Roz Chast, poetic absurdist and subtle critic of consumerism, rings true in *Mondo Boxo* (Harper & Row, $15.95), her latest collection of cartoon parables. A frequent contributor to *The New Yorker,* Chast at book length explores such phenomena as "The Store of Doom" ("It has been at least six different stores in the last eight years. . . . Is there some ancient *merchant's curse* on the building?"), "Ordering Chinese" ("Things One Never Orders: Braised Calf Brain in Happy Sauce"), and "Maids from Space" ("All they said was, 'We're from the Agency.' "). Her fondness for the America of canned peaches, long car rides, and family picnics strikes a plangent note with its implicit critique of fast-track life in the Age of Gentrification. *Martin Filler*

DO DRIP IN

In 1946, Abstract Expressionist pioneers Jackson Pollock and his wife, Lee Krasner (in Hans Namuth's 1950 photo, *below*), bought property in East Hampton, New York, and in their studios created paintings that profoundly influenced the direction of 20th-century art, including his *Autumn Rhythm,* 1950, *far right.* As the Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, they will open in June by appointment. For information call (516) 324-4929. *Jennifer Royall*







EXPLORE EUROPE IN CUNARD LUXURY AND SPEND EVERY MOMENT OF YOUR VACATION ON VACATION.

This year, escape the discomforts of airports, the tyranny of timetables and the hassle of repeated unpacking. Rediscover Europe by sea, on Cunard.

Only Cunard lets you visit the Continent's most picturesque and hard-to-reach spots in supreme comfort and in your choice of sailing luxury—aboard superliner Queen Elizabeth 2, the classic Vistafjord or the yacht-like Sea Goddess.

Following her $130-million transformation, QE2 boasts an all-new Sports Center and outdoor Jacuzzi® Whirlpool Baths, lavishly redone restaurants, a state-of-the-art Grand Lounge and an international range of luxury boutiques. With all this and more—a complete casino, a disco under the Magrodome and the celebrated "Golden Door Spa at Sea"®—QE2 is truly Tomorrow's Superliner Today.™

On the classic Vistafjord (shown), you enjoy white-glove service, unhurried, single-sitting dining and free access to the famed "Golden Door Spa at Sea,"® with indoor and outdoor pools, a sauna, gym and whirlpool baths.

For days and nights as blissfully unstructured as those on a friend's yacht, choose the intimacy of Sea Goddess life. Roam European yacht havens in the company of 57 other like-minded couples, dining when and with whom you please or enjoying course-by-course service in the privacy of your suite-room.

Itineraries of seven to 14 days include Scandinavia, the North Cape, the Baltic, the British Isles, the West Coast of Europe, the French Riviera, Italy, Greece and West Africa. Between the U.S. and Europe, Cunard offers the ultimate in transatlantic travel—one way in superliner luxury on QE2, the other way in supersonic luxury on British Airways' Concorde. For details—and information on advance-purchase savings—consult your travel agent.

QE2 registered in Great Britain, Vistafjord registered in the Bahamas, Sea Goddess I and Sea Goddess II registered in Norway. © 1987 CUNARD

CUNARD

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 • SAGAFJORD • VISTAFJORD
SEA GODDESS I • SEA GODDESS II

Cunard, Box 999, Farmingdale, NY 11737.

Rush me, free, the brochure, *Vistafjord & QE2 Europe Cruises*, including *Sea Goddess Life* (Q1024).

Send me the following videotape(s); delivery, 4 to 6 weeks. I enclose a check for $8.95 each, payable to "Ocean Services."

☐ Vistafjord video
☐ Sea Goddess video
☐ QE2 video (available Jan., 1988)
☐ VHS version ☐ BETA version

NAME

ADDRESS APT NO

CITY STATE ZIP

MY TRAVEL AGENT

E56001

DESERT IN BLOOM

Taking the edge off urban life in the Anza-Borrego

By Alexander Cockburn

A couple of hours down from Riverside you tip over the San Ysidros Mountains and drop into the Anza-Borrego Desert. The day before I left Riverside the temperature had reached 108 degrees even though it was the start of October. Slowly the brown smog thinned out. Above Mount Palomar hung the plume of a forest fire. My spirits began to lighten, like any fugitive fleeing the cities of the plain. "In the mountains, there you feel free," T. S. Eliot wrote in *The Waste Land,* and he could not have been more wrong. Mountains spell the inexpressible tedium of the conifer, chalets, goose-down parkas, mulled wine, dirndl, alpenstock, and the unlovely aesthetics of ski culture. Deserts have not thus been subdued and shamed.



From the crest of the mountains the road winds down into Borrego Springs, and the textures and hues of desert light and landscape assert themselves: pointed yucca blades, tall stalks of agave; farther down on the desert floor the tints of cacti, mesquite; everywhere tints of olive and sage, ocher, umber, and gray. The colors are relatively restrained in October, far from the vivid eruptions of spring, when from February into May one can see the vermilion of the desert mariposa, the crimson magenta of the hedgehog cactus, the blue of desert asters, the yellow of the flannel bush. In the desert one is always conscious of the receding planes of landscape and color: the buff slab of hillside, rusting desert sands, purple rim of mountain. The tones compose themselves into a music of time. What one is perceiving is a landscape still young enough to be under duress, like a human face in the middle of the journey.

In its terminal stages, desert is flat, featureless, drab, like nineteenth-century lithographs inhabited by eremites or John the Baptist. As Edmund C. Jaeger remarks in his fine book *The California Deserts,* "It is only because our deserts are, physiographically speaking, so very young that we have such varied topography, such a variety of structural details."

The Anza-Borrego Desert, like the rest of coastal and paracoastal California, is heading slowly, very slowly, toward Alaska, tossed to and fro on the San Andreas fault line, whose effects etch the landscape, giving one an intimacy with time both tranquil and simultaneously violent. Deserts carry this sort of paradox in their iconography: an association with spiritual self-laceration, purgatorial treks, death—yet also a reputation as repositories of spiritual uplift and sensual fulfillment, the most famous recipient being Diana Mayo in E. M. Hull's *The Sheik,* where the highborn Englishwoman found "her heart was given for all time to the ferocious desert man."

The bighorn sheep up Palm Canyon just north of the Visitor Center were feel-



TIM STREET PORTER

Desert scenes, cirio, *top,* also called the boojum tree from Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark,* and, *above,* four tuna on the Gulf of California coast.





LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE.



When heart, soul, and spirit yearn renewal, head for The Cloister.

Wash away cares, refuel your vigor. Feel blessedly alive again.

Your Cloister experience may well become an annual pilgrimage, a time to rediscover delight.

Come for the comforting pleasure of an uncommonly caring staff. For stunning beauty. And sparkling facilities, sports, dining.

Ride the golden beach at dawn. Test your golf vs. Davis Love III's. Tone your tennis with pros and robot servers. Dance away wondrous evenings.

The Cloister,® Sea Island, GA 31561, Toll-free 800-SEA-ISLAND.

T•H•E C•L•O•I•S•T•E•R®

Five stars, five diamonds.

Ask about renting a luxurious Sea Island residence.



RETURN
TO TRADITION...

A Palm Beach tradition
of charm, classic elegance, and
impeccable service.
An era of graciousness and
attention to detail that is
celebrated today at an intimate
oceanside hotel,
the Palm Beach Hilton.
Enjoy a wealth of world class
amenities, a warm residential style
and the personal attention
that will make your stay in
Palm Beach a
memorable one.

PALM BEACH HILTON
OCEANSIDE RESORT

Call your travel agent or
800-433-1718 or
800-HILTONS or
305-586-6542.

ing as randy as Diana Mayo the weekend I was there. Trudging up the canyon, I suddenly looked up and saw a bighorn—*borrego* in Spanish—determinedly chasing a ewe along the hillside. Viewed by four of his companions, he kept up the pursuit for half an hour. His hooves and those of his consort clattered on the rocks.

Down in the Visitor Center, beautifully designed by the architect Robert Ferris and dedicated in 1979, there were skulls of *borregos* long gone. A member of the park's staff told me that the bighorn population was in slow decline under pressure from an increasingly arid climate, livestock viruses, hunters, and other human encroachment.

The pressure is on the *borrego* and other inhabitants of the desert. Just as mountains were a preeminent parable for man in the late-nineteenth-century industrial age, clambering to Promethean heights, so do deserts now most aptly capture our modern dilemma. In *Drylands,* the ravishing collection of Philip Hyde's photographs, David Rains Wallace writes, "Far from being the wave of the future, deserts may always be sideshows, striptease acts wherein Earth temporarily shucks her blue-green mantle in order to speed up evolutionary pulse rates. If one possible environmental scenario occurs, deserts may disappear rapidly. A greenhouse effect from massive fossil fuel pollution of the atmosphere could melt the polar ice caps and cover much of North America's present land mass with shallow seas. Then even the Rockies, Sierra Nevada, and Cascades might not stop increased rainfall from spreading grassland and forest over the deepest strongholds of sagebrush, saguaro and yucca." Wallace adds hastily, "I have trouble believing this," but his belated optimism seems feigned and the gloom more genuine. In ecological terms deserts are already functioning under extreme tension, making the best of very little: the flora and fauna adapted to scant water and food. Here man can destroy with ease, most visibly in Anza-Borrego with the "all-terrain vehicles" smashing their way through the vegetation.

As I drove along, I could see torn-up slabs of desert, wrecked by these machines. A year earlier, driving across the desert, I'd seen the headlights of these vehicles scything across the evening sky and heard bursts of gunfire as these weekend Rambos fueled their fantasies, swooping up and down the dunes.

From Palm Canyon I headed east toward the Salton Sea, another testament of the rapid motions of time in the Colorado Desert. A thousand years ago silt from the Colorado River dammed back the waters at the head of the Gulf of California. This, a souvenir of still older bodies of water stretching back millions of years, had evaporated by the fifteenth century, leaving behind great fossil beds of oyster and conch shells and sharks' teeth. Of the ancient sea itself nothing remained. Then in 1905 the Colorado River overflowed into Imperial Valley and poured into the Salton Sink, filling it to a depth of 83 feet over a length of 45 miles. The sea, shimmering in the heat, was fringed on its north side by date palms, with the fruit clusters shielded by conical hats of paper. The dates were large and moist, and I ate several. The store in Mecca was plastered with photographs of triumphant fishermen lofting their prey, seized from Salton's exceptionally salty waters.

I turned west and, near Ocotillo Wells, came on a marker commemorating the expedition of Juan Bautista de Anza, which had passed that way in 1775. Anza blazed the first overland route to upper California with his accompanying padres Francisco Garcés and Pedro Font, guiding the colonists who assisted in the founding of San Francisco.

With Anza we meet the prime victims of the fragile desert ecology, the Indians, starting with the Yuma, who, Anza claimed, "went naked and did up their hair with mud and a silvery-looking powder into elaborate coiffures and slept sitting up so as not to disturb them." Cried Father Garcés, "Oh, what a vast heathendom! Oh, what lands so suitable for missions! Oh, what a heathendom so docile!" Garcés was later clubbed to death by those same docile Yuma Indians rendered desperate and resentful by the depredations of the emigrants and their military escorts.

Anza's monument was surrounded by trash. I headed south along a dirt road, looking for the ancient shoreline along which I could supposedly find

It Keeps On Getting Better™

At Miami's most successful new residential resort community, one success leads to another. And another. And...

The Tower Residences. Our first 31-story tower is almost sold out. The second tower is even more dramatic.

The Mediterranean Village Residences. Phase I sold out in 90 days. Phase II now available for sale. Act Fast!

The Island Club. The exciting social center of Williams Island/World-class dining/Lavish pool-patio area.

The Tennis Club. 12 all weather courts/ Resident pro Roy Emerson/Indoor-Outdoor terrace restaurant.

The Spa & Fitness Center. Unique indoor-outdoor facility/Up-to-the-minute equipment/Spa treatments and cuisine.

The Yacht Club & Marina. Secluded, full service dockage for yachts up to 100 ft./Guest docking available.



The Golf & Country Club. 18-hole championship golf course/Par 72/ Clubhouse/Restaurant & Lounge/Pro Shop & Locker Room.

Tower Residences from $195,000. Mediterranean Village Residences from $270,000.

Williams Island, 80 acres of exclusive elegance on the Intracoastal Waterway between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale. Sales Office open 9:30 to 5:30. Call 305/935-5555. Toll-free 1-800-628-7777. Or write, Williams Island, 7000 Island Blvd., Williams Island, FL 33160.

WILLIAMS ISLAND

The Florida Riviera

ORAL REPRESENTATIONS CANNOT BE RELIED UPON AS CORRECTLY STATING REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DEVELOPER. FOR CORRECT REPRESENTATIONS, MAKE REFERENCE TO THE BROCHURE AND TO THE DOCUMENTS REQUIRED BY SECTION 718.503, FLORIDA STATUTES TO BE FURNISHED BY A DEVELOPER TO A BUYER OR LESSEE. THE COMPLETE OFFERING TERMS ARE IN AN OFFERING PLAN AVAILABLE FROM SPONSOR.

A joint development of The Trump Group and Muben Realty Company, a subsidiary of Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company.

© 1987 Williams Island Associates, Ltd. All rights reserved.

This is not intended to be a complete statement of the offering which is made only by Prospectus for the Condominium. Prices, plans, specifications and other terms of the offering are subject to change without prior notice. Void where prohibited by law.

WILLIAMS ISLAND FAME WINNER OF 11 AWARDS



Lamp Style No. 8818 Ht. 26" Available through interior designers, and decorating departments.

Frederick Cooper Inc., 2545 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

MACHIN



For brochure send $10.00

MACHIN DESIGNS (USA) INC.
Dept. HG
557 Danbury Road (Rt. 7), Wilton, CT 06897
(203) 834-0991

fossil shells. The sun was high now, bouncing off the roof of my old 1964 Chrysler Newport station wagon. The guidebook to the park had been full of counsel about four-wheel drive, chicken wire to guard against wheel spins, radios, and so forth. The soft-sprung car whacked down on a stone, and alarming noises came from the clutch. I had visions of a long and awful trudge six miles back to the hardtop road. The ancient shoreline seemed nowhere in evidence. The Fish Creek Mountains, repository of Indian sites and fossils, gleamed bleakly to my west. My nerve failed, and I gingerly turned the car and headed back to pitch camp in Yaqui Well. Settled in my tent near the derelict waterworks of earlier Indian inhabitants, I read some of the history of the Cahuilla, the most formidable engineers of the region. That history is as bleak a reminder of Caucasian brutality as any west of the Rockies.

In 1851 the Indians of southern California followed the example of the founding fathers and fought against taxation without representation, planning a rebellion under the leadership of the Indian patriot Garra. The Cahuillas were kept out of the revolt by their chief, Juan Antonio, misguided friend to the white man. Garra was captured with the help of Juan Antonio, taken to San Diego, blindfolded, and stood in his own grave. He laughed at his executioners as the bullets cut him down.

There is a terrible pathos to Juan Antonio's faith in the good intentions of the white man. He once stated in a white man's court that "I am an American—my people are all Americans, although we are Indians. If we should hear of armed men in these mountains, we should come and tell you and help fight with you. This is our country and it's yours. We are your friends; we want you to be ours." In 1862 smallpox hit Los Angeles and quickly spread through southern California. The Cahuilla were particularly afflicted since no effort had been made to vaccinate them. Those who could fled to mountain homes, thus dispersing the disease further. Juan Antonio caught smallpox in San Timoteo Canyon and died. A district judge had this to say about the white man's trusty ally: "Old Juan Antonio and four other Indians have died of smallpox and I have been informed



Thanks to Spiegel, anyplace you like to read can also be a relaxing place to shop. Our Spring Catalog includes home fashions from Mikasa, Karastan, Frederick Cooper, Century, Braun and others. To receive your copy for only $3, simply call (toll-free) 1-800-345-4500 and ask for catalog 753.

Spiegel



First green on the South Course at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

PALM BEACH POLO AND COUNTRY CLUB. FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T OUTGROWN THE URGE TO PLAY IN THEIR OWN BACKYARD.

Ever since you were a kid, you've loved to have your friends over to play. And although your backyard adventures have grown up from cowboys and Indians to golf, tennis and polo, the feeling is still the same here at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club. Where just outside your door you'll find 2200 acres of the world's finest sporting and social amenities. Along with some of the nicest playmates you could ever hope to meet.

45 HOLES OF LANDMARK GOLF.

For over a decade, the name Landmark Land Company, Inc. has stood behind some of the premier golf communities in the country: Oak Tree, La Quinta, PGA West, Carmel Valley Ranch and Mission Hills. Now, Landmark stands behind Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

Surround yourself with our enchanting Scottish Links course, with its ripples and swales. Assay the arduous nine-hole Fazio course. Or brave the new course created by the "Dye-abolical" Pete and P.B. Dye.

The challenge and diversity of our golf is one of the reasons we've been chosen to host the $600,000 Chrysler Team Championship, a PGA TOUR® event.

TENNIS WITH SUPERIOR SURFACE VALUE.

Diversity also plays a key role in our tennis program. Here you can play the traditional surfaces found at Wimbledon, the French Open and the U.S. Open. And Palm Beach Polo and Country Club has been chosen to host the inaugural $1 million *Stakes Match.*

Our Tennis Center offers 20 clay courts, two hard courts and two grass courts, with expert programs and clinics designed to improve your level of play on all three surfaces.

EQUESTRIAN FACILITIES WITHOUT EQUAL.

Race your way across 10 polo fields and world-class equestrian facilities. Our magnificent International Polo Stadium provides the perfect venue for the $100,000 Cadillac World Cup and the USPA Rolex Gold Cup. At these events, people-watching is sometimes as exciting as our polo.

Hunters and jumpers also gather here each year for the prestigious Winter Equestrian Festival in our Grand Prix show rings, an event of Olympic proportions. This year, we've added the discipline of dressage and Arabian shows.

But if your horsemanship is still at a canter, we have lessons in all phases of equitation.

A TRIPLE CROWN OF CLUBHOUSES AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

Our golf, tennis and equestrian centers provide more than just impressive backdrops for private play and prestigious events. At Palm Beach Polo, our love of sport is matched only by our desire for enjoying life with good friends.

You have a splendid choice of fine dining and social events. From scrumptious sandwiches to grand gourmet fare. From freewheeling tailgate parties to elegant black-tie balls.

A health and fitness club, several swimming pools, two squash and racquetball courts and two lighted croquet lawns round out the outstanding amenities.

OUR MAGNIFICENT HOMES.

From elegant villas to custom-built single-family residences, we offer homes of unmatched character.

Each neighborhood has been painstakingly planned and executed according to the most stringent architectural standards. Security gates manned around-the-clock are provided for your personal peace of mind. And serving our members is a full-time concierge staff, a unique luxury for a private club.

Homes at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club begin at approximately $200,000 and range to several million.

DISCOVER FIRSTHAND THIS EXTRAORDINARY COMMUNITY.

We invite you to come over and play at our place. And experience a community so extraordinary you'll find there's simply nothing like it. Anywhere. Come see why we can promise you'll find happiness in your own backyard at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

To accommodate your stay, a limited number of private residences are available by reservation only. For details, call 1-800-257-1038. In FL, 1-800-432-3374. Or write Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, 13198 Forest Hill Blvd., West Palm Beach, FL 33414.



Palm Beach Polo and Country Club

This offer void where prohibited by law.

that the bodies have not been buried and that they are being mutilated by hogs and dogs. Of course it is a matter of much annoyance to the whites in that neighborhood. Where is our Indian agent?"

The poor Cahuillas! They revered life. Under Spanish rule the Indian population in California was reduced by 72 percent, during the Mexican period by 31 percent, and under the Americans, from 1848 to 1880, a further 82 percent.

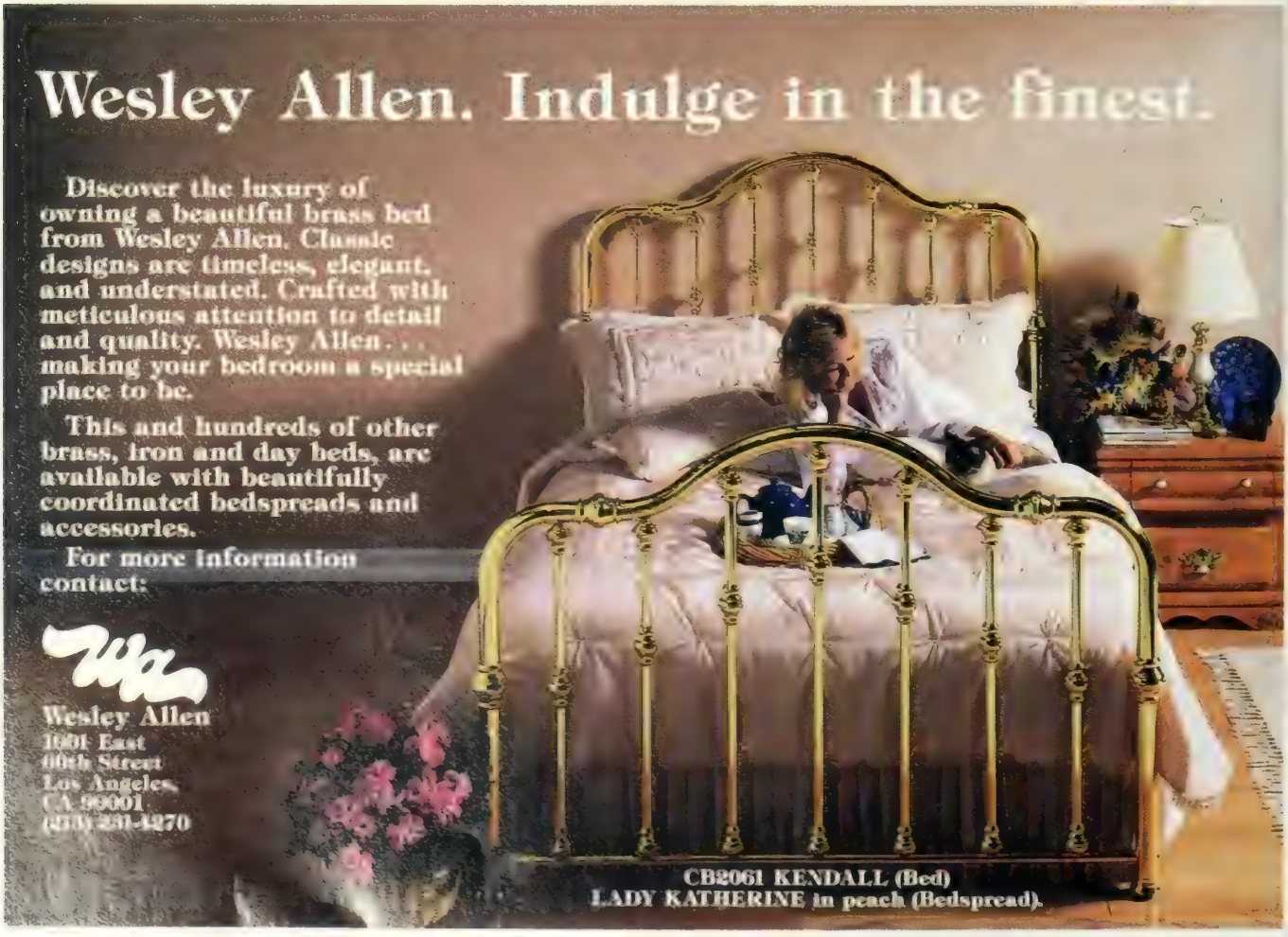
There's nowhere better to camp than a desert. Mountains are damp, and their air filled with mosquitoes. The desert is dry. The sky was like a black colander held up against a silver light. There were noises, and from time to time I dreamed they could be the murderous footfalls of the only other man in the canyon, the bearded occupant of an old VW bus marked a mile down the trail.

Dawn in the desert is magical; fresh and fragrant with the silence—actually manifold minute noises of desert nature—humming in my ears. I packed up and drove toward the more human landscape in the park, the badlands.

A third of Anza-Borrego is composed of badlands, or ancient sediments. Here are truly desertlike wastes of mud, but, as Mark C. Jorgensen writes in *Anza-Borrego,* a fine photographic record by Paul R. Johnson, "tilted ridges devoid of plant life stand in the glaring sun today where ten million years ago [there was] a teeming ocean reef." The seas gave way to savannas, which in turn slowly dried to the present texture of Anza-Borrego, under and atop whose surface lie fossils of mammoth, giant zebra, yet more gigantic camel. The badlands looked pretty bleak.

I started down toward a canyon floor, but the clay crumbled easily and I had visions of ending up as an object of fossilized curiosity for scientific expeditions in the very distant future. It was time to be heading north again anyway. I headed back up toward Hemet with the slightly dissociated feeling of having been on a novel sensory wavelength with eyes attuned to ranges of color and texture more delicately varied than the normal visual diet.

"Man" in the form of late-twentieth-century Californian civilization soon made its appearance, rendered singularly unwelcome by the solitude and calm of Anza-Borrego. Alongside the mountain roads to Hemet were already staked out the retirement hamlets and planned communities inching their way east, consequence of the great housing boom slowly surrounding Anza-Borrego. The air thickened and the heat grew as Riverside loomed nearer. No one can leave a desert and approach a city without a sense of loss of the kind expressed by Richard Shelton and attached as an epigraph to *The Monkey Wrench Gang* by that great memorialist of the desert Edward Abbey, ". . . oh my desert/yours is the only death I cannot bear." □



YOU&KIRSCH



Start with a window, your favorite colors and textures, an idea and Kirsch. Now you're on your way to *impressive.* From the luxurious shirred valance look, achieved with Continental I' rods, to the subtle texture of the "Dobby" pleated shade undertreatment, Kirsch impressions are lasting ones. Quality and creativity for over 80 Brilliant Years. For the name of your nearest Kirsch dealer, call: 1-800-528-1407.

Kirsch®

COOPER INDUSTRIES

TEFLON II

IMPRESSIVE

*Reg. TM, Cooper Industries, Inc./*TEFLON, Reg. TM, Du Pont Co.

AN ARTIST'S EYE

While building an extraordinary collection, Claire Zeisler discovered her own creative gifts

By Colin Westerbeck

That Claire Zeisler became a collector was something of a coincidence, a lucky mix of opportunity and circumstance. That she became an artist was inevitable. The collecting was, even if she didn't know it at the time, mere preparation for the higher calling that her own art has become. She is 84 now, and there was a gap of some thirty years between the time she became a collector and the time she began to take her own work as a fabric artist seriously. Although she was trained first as a weaver, she now refers to herself as a fiber sculptor and creates freestanding pieces in unfinished materials like hemp or jute. She is one of a handful of people working in fabric who have elevated it from a craft to a modern art form, as her retrospectives in the past decade at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Whitney Museum in New York have acknowledged.



Objects in the collection include a Maori staff, in foreground, and an Ibo altar silhouetted against Miró's *Le Gendarme*.

As a collector, Zeisler is atypical, even eccentric, because she hasn't specialized in one area. Collectors usually concentrate on a single category of art that they can then fill up, like a coffer, until they are the one person to whom every important dealer, historian, and curator in that field comes to pay homage. Instead, Zeisler has bought on impulse with an eclectic eye and the [illegible] of an artist. On the one hand, she has the [illegible] egotism of the artist who trusts only his own vision over an outside authority; on the other hand, she also has a kind of modesty characteristic of artists, a refusal to indulge in connoisseurship or pretensions where art is concerned.

This is the genius of her collection, which is in its range and variety a miniature version of the kind that a world-class museum might have. It contains arts both modern and primitive, objects ranging from a 3,500-year-old mummified bird to an inscribed bench made the year before last by conceptual artist Jenny Holzer. Speaking of the effect her collecting has had on her own art, Zeisler says, "I think it freed me." But the reverse is also true. Having the instincts of an artist, even before she actually became one, freed her to be the inspired collector she is.

When I visited her Chicago apartment, the first piece we talked about was an alabaster sculpture by Henry Moore. It turned out to be the first work of art she bought, and she thinks it may even be the first Henry Moore ever acquired by an American. She and her husband, she says, "literally carried it home on our backs" after a trip to England in 1932. The man to whom she was married then was the late Harold Florsheim, an heir to the shoe fortune. Apparently he was such a workaholic that there was rarely time for the two of them to travel. When she did finally get to Europe, she decided to make the most of it. She also bought another Moore on that trip, which she has since traded away. Once she was back home in suburban Chicago, she continued to buy modern art. With the guidance of dealer Katharine Kuh, she acquired paintings by Klee, Picasso, Ernst, and other twentieth-century masters who were at that time still relatively unknown in America.

Over the years her collection has remained consistently strong in Modernism of this classic type. Some of the most significant changes in her holdings have come about through trades. "Many times I didn't spend a nickel on

ROBERTO GILI

"Higford", a Colefax and Fowler 27" Brussels weave Wilton carpet.
One of over 30 designs, most having coordinated borders, woven to custom color.

Patterson, Flynn & Martin, Inc.

950 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (Corner of 57th Street) Tel. (212) 751-6414
Chicago: Space 1226 Merchandise Mart Tel. (312) 644-3280
Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, Philadelphia, Denver, Seattle, New Orleans, Boston, Atlanta, Washington, D.C.,
Miami, West Palm Beach, Phoenix, London, Paris



new things," she told me, pointing out as an example the painting that may well be the most important she owns, Joan Miró's *Le Gendarme* of 1925. Her desire to collect modern works of such heroic scale has been limited only by the size of her apartment. When I asked her whether she ever put pieces in storage in order to make room for new ones, she replied emphatically, "I hate that. I don't want anything in the closets except my old clothes."

As superb a collection of modern art as hers is, however, it is the primitive pieces that bowl you over when you walk into the apartment. Again, the first she told me about was the first she had acquired. She had gone into the back room of a New York gallery to close a deal on a modern work, and this piece was sitting on the desk. She still remembers the dealer because she thought he had such a wonderful name: Valentine Dudensing. She also recalls that René d'Harnoncourt, director of the Museum of Modern Art at the time, loved the piece and included it in an exhibition. "That made me feel good," she says, "because I'd taken one look at it and said, 'Oh, marvelous!' and bought it, the way I do mostly."

The piece is a large carved wooden hook from which meats were hung, to keep them out of reach of rats, in men's clubs along the Sepik River in New Guinea. She carefully sounds out the name, "Sep-ick or See-pick, however you pronounce it." In general she is not concerned with the esoterica surrounding the things she owns. They are for Zeisler not ethnographic artifacts but forms of pure imagery. She has no desire to hover over them as a curator or anthropologist might. She wants only to absorb them, to incorporate them into her own sensibility, as Picasso did with the African masks that had such a profound impact on his art.

Besides, she wisely mistrusts the kind of erudition that dealers dispense in order to make the things they sell seem more significant to the buyer. The stories that remain vivid for her involve the sighting and subsequent purchase of an object, such as the time she saw a ceremonial axhead being used as [illegible] in Guatemala. Although [illegible] ries through her driver



resulted in the information that it was not for sale—how else could one keep the papers from blowing away?—she persisted until a price was at last set. It was $15. "I love stories like that," she exclaims. "I never forget them." Her pleasure is clearly not at the price so much as at the adventure of acquiring.

This is not to say that she has not relished a bargain in her time. The Sepik River piece was had for $450, and she pointed out another, a warrior's shield from the Solomon Islands of museum quality, which she bought for $45. The fact that such things were unappreciated and, therefore, undervalued, allowed her to collect with abandon. She explains, "In those days you didn't

Above: Baskets from the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. *Below:* Masks from West Africa, a Miró, an Etruscan amphora, two Song dynasty bowls in firing molds, Egyptian mummified bird, c. 1350 B.C.



have to be serious about collecting. Because things were so cheap, you could have a lot of fun with it, and that's what I liked." Until the sixties, her biggest problem was being able to find primitive objects at all. She once made a trip to Oakland, California, because she had heard that a dealer there had some baskets woven by the Pomo Indians and other tribes. The woman lamented that she had foolishly taken a consignment of fifty and hadn't been able to sell even one, so Zeisler bought the lot.

The unusual find, the unique object, is what she really has a passion for: the Corinthian battle helmet from the fourth century B.C., the pair of Song dynasty bowls still in their clay firing molds, the Tibetan libation cup made from a human skull lined with silver, the polished penis bone of a walrus from Alaska. Perhaps it was to find more material of this caliber as well as to fend off her loneliness that she began to travel extensively after the death of her second husband, Ernest Zeisler, 25 years ago. "I have the impression that Claire has made an inventory of every bazaar on earth and knows three quarters of the junk dealers and antiquaries by their first names," says Sheila Hicks, a Paris-based fiber artist who is a close friend and has been Zeisler's traveling companion on trips to Mexico, Egypt, Morocco, Afghanistan, and other exotic places.

Despite the quality of Zeisler's collection, you don't feel as if you must speak in hushed tones when you enter her apartment. There's no aura of preciousness about the place, nor is there any taint of the purist about Zeisler herself. She carries this unpretentious, down-to-earth attitude she has about collecting over into her own work. When I asked her about the brilliant colors of the threads with which she wrapped knotted strands of jute in one of her pieces, I expected to learn about some rare hand-dyed silk. "Oh no," she replied, "that stuff is polyester. I buy it at the dime store because you just can't find brighter colors, and, you know, they never fade." Thread of this sort has also been used in one of the several pieces of her own that are on exhibit in the apartment, a heavy vestment knotted from jute. It's something

TORONADO TROFÉO. THE DRIVING HAZARD IT HANDLES BEST OF ALL MAY WELL BE BOREDOM.

"We engineered Troféo to deliver world-class handling, while retaining Toronado's traditionally impressive luxury."

"Remaining oil life is constantly monitored by an on-board computer, which analyzes an individual's particular driving habits and evaluates their effect on lubrication."

"The steering gear ratio is calibrated to provide the driver with a superior feel of the road."

"With 3.8 liter displacement and sequential fuel injection, the new 3.8 SFI 3800 V6 engine, built at GM's powertrain facility in Flint, Michigan, provides excellent performance."

"The Teves electronic anti-lock braking system is available on the Troféo. During hard braking, brake pressure corrects as conditions require, providing smooth, anti-lock braking power."



"By designing the rear suspension with fiberglass uni-springs instead of conventional leaf springs, we achieved remarkable weight distribution in the turns. Cornering is extraordinary."

"The leather-panelled buckets are Lear Siegler. They're equipped with adjustable back and side supports to enhance passenger comfort."

"Troféo's dual tail pipes are more than a sport feature. They work to reduce backpressure, which increases horsepower."

From the engineers at Oldsmobile...the essence of quality in the exciting new Toronado Troféo.

For more information on this remarkable automobile, send for a free catalog. Write: Olds Toronado Troféo Catalog, P.O. Box 14238, Lansing, Michigan 48901.

"The car is so well-built, the powertrain is warranted for 6 years or 60,000 miles, and outer-body rust-through protection is up to 6 years or 100,000 miles."

GM 6/60 QUALITY COMMITMENT PLAN Let's get it together... buckle up.

See your Oldsmobile dealer for the terms and conditions of this limited warranty.

OLDSMOBILE QUALITY. FEEL IT.

of a revelation because directly opposite it in her study is a very similar garment from New Guinea, confirming the continuity between the things she buys and the things she makes. It crystallized for me the feeling I had had, ever since I arrived, that for all its idiosyncrasy her collection has an extraordinary coherence.

Looking back now, Zeisler says that

> She saw a ceremonial axhead being used as a paperweight and persisted until a price was set

her education as an artist began almost a half century ago when she studied under Russian sculptor Alexander Archipenko at the Institute of Design, the Chicago school to which László Moholy-Nagy had attracted many former members of the Bauhaus. But the truth is that the course of her life was set even earlier, at the moment when it first came into her head that she ought to collect art. Zeisler herself touches upon the common theme that links the collector with the artist when she says of her own works, "What I am searching for in them are my roots." This is the quest on which a great deal of the art of this century has gone. From the period before World War I until well after World War II, there was a feeling among artists that civilization had become self-destructive. Their goal, consequently, was to go back and recover what was elemental and durable in human nature that had been lost. From this their interest in tribal art naturally followed.

Although the pattern of development that Zeisler's career has had is somewhat different, the end result has been the same. This is why none of the objects in her collection seem to clash with one another. Despite the array of styles, periods, media, and cultures that hits you when you walk in, the place isn't cluttered. In fact, it has a certain calmness. It has about it that atmosphere of reconciliation which modern artists are sometimes able to impose on the chaotic world around them. □

FREDERICK P. VICTORIA & SON, INC.

Fine French and English Furniture
—French, English, and Oriental Objets d'Art—
Hand crafted, Facsimile Reproductions

154 East 55 Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
212-755-2549

REACH OUT WITH FLOWERS



When someone close to you is grieving, reach out with flowers. Rely on your AFS florist to send your personal feelings of love and compassion with a professionally designed floral arrangement.

Comfort the living with flowers. A bright, expressive basket of flowers sent to the home communicates your compassion and concern and is remembered by the family.

Soften the sorrow with flowers. There is no more meaningful way to say, "I share your sorrow." An all white arrangement, sent to the chapel, goes beyond the ordinary and elegantly expresses your special message of sympathy.





afs
FLOWERS BY WIRE

Call or visit your professional AFS Florist listed on the following pages to receive service with a very personal touch. Unconditional satisfaction is always guaranteed.

CALL YOUR PROFESSIONAL AFS Fflorist

Begin Enjoying The Finer Things Of Life Today

You can depend on the AFS Florists listed below for quality products, creative design and professional service. Whether your need is for simple, unusual or elegant flowers for in-town or out-of-town delivery depend on your AFS Florist.

ARIZONA

Glendale
Wolz's Plants & Florist
4371 West Bell Road
602-938-2100

Mesa
Mesa Floral & Gifts
1734 East Main St., Ste. 7
602-964-0667

Peoria
Amour Florist
6750 West Peoria
602-486-1104

Phoenix
A. Amlori Flowers
4840 E. Indian School Rd.
602-840-9028

Classic Flowers, Gifts & Limos Ltd.
5836 West Thomas Road
602-247-2777

Curtis Flowers & Gifts
3143 East Lincoln Drive
602-954-8835

LaCount's Flower Shop
2505 E. Indian School Road
602-955-0020

LaPaloma Flower Shop
13216 North Seventh Street, Suite 6
602-863-1515

McElhaney's Flowers & Gifts
325 E. Camelback Road
602-264-4617

Scottsdale
McCormick Ranch Flowers
7345 Via Paseo Del Sur
602-948-9920

Sun City
Alves Flowers & Gifts
15418 99th Ave.
602-972-2164

Tucson
Abella Bokay Florist
2423 S. Kolb Road
602-886-8363

Catalina Flower Shop
5604 East Broadway
602-747-9284

Ladybug Flowers
7946 E. Broadway
602-886-5606

CALIFORNIA

Anaheim
Conroy's Florist
1701 West Lincoln
714-956-9900

Arcadia
Santa Anita Flowers
1000 South Baldwin Ave.
818-447-8118

Barstow
Barstow Flower Boutique, Inc.
201 E. Main St.
619-256-8408

Berkeley
University Flower Shop
1900 University Avenue
415-848-5320

Beverly Hills
John Phillip Flowers
35[illegible] South Robertson Blvd.
213-657-7644

LA Premier Flowers
8818[illegible] W. Olympic Blvd.
213-276-4665

The Kensington Garden
[illegible] Blvd.
213-205-0090

Brea
Nan's Custom Florals
341 South Brea Blvd.
714-529-5943

Burbank
Burbank Florist & Gifts
218 E. Olive Ave.
818-846-5111

Burlingame
The Flower Boutique
[illegible] Drive
[illegible]

Camarillo
A Flower Affair
315 Arneill Road
805-987-6878

Canoga Park
Conroy's Florist
22001 Sherman Way
818-999-6922

Canyon Country
Conroy's Florist
27592 N. Sierra Hwy.
805-298-7088

Carmichael
Vanity Fair Florist
6635 Madison Ave.
916-967-5105

Castro Valley
Lewelling Florist
3709 Castro Valley Blvd.
415-582-4667

Chico
Chico Florist & Gifts
118 Main Street
916-342-6508

Clovis
P.S. Send Flowers
300 West Shaw
209-299-6663

Costa Mesa
Costa Mesa Florist
117 Broadway
714-548-6071

Mesa Verde Florist
1888 Harbor Blvd.
714-631-7422

Del Mar
Del Mar Floral & Gifts
1011 Camino Del Mar
619-755-0303

El Cajon
Conroy's
1303 Broadway
619-444-3101

Kelly's Gifts & Florist
972 Broadway
619-442-0373

El Cerrito
Adachi Florist & Nursery
11939 San Pablo Avenue
415-235-6352

El Toro
El Toro Florist
23700 El Toro Road
714-586-8710

Escondido
Carousel of Flowers
2445 East Valley Parkway
619-741-5740

Fountain Valley
Fountain View Flowers
10954 Warner Avenue
714-962-6615

Fremont
Fremont Hub Florist
39192 Fremont Blvd.
415-796-9594

Sunshine Shop
34253 Fremont Blvd.
415-792-7300

Fresno
Creeping Charlie Friends And Flowers
5091 N. Fresno St. Suite 124
209-227-6868

Family Florist
381 N. Blackstone Ave.
209-264-5859

San Francisco Floral Co.
1600 Fulton St.
209-268-0111

Glendale
Glendale Florist & Gifts
[illegible] W. Glenoaks Blvd.
818-246-2425

Granada Hills
Flower Lane
[illegible] Chatsworth St.
[illegible]

Hawthorne
Conroy's Florist
[illegible] South Prairie Avenue
[illegible]

Huntington Beach
Conroy's Florist
[illegible] Beach Blvd.
714-842-2605

Huntington Beach Flower Market
17955 Beach Blvd.
714-847-9614

LaVonne's Florist
7596 Edinger Ave.
714-842-0607

Indian Wells
W.T. Flower Co.
74919 Hwy 111
619-346-2728

Irvine
Conroy's Florist
14725 Jeffrey Road
714-551-4262

Orange Tree Florist
5394 D Walnut
714-857-0334

La Canada Flintridge
John R. Roberts Floriculturalist
838 Foothill Blvd.
818-790-0733

La Jolla
Carrie's Flowers & Gifts
7777 Girard Ave. Suite 103
619-454-3535

La Mesa
Conroy's Florist
5163 Jackson Dr.
619-697-7001

Lafayette
Franco's Florist
961-A Moraga Road
415-283-6187

Laguna Beach
Laguna Tradition
976 South Coast Highway
714-494-8026

LaHabra
Flowers N' Things
401 S. Harbor Blvd. #A
714-870-5923

La Palma
Conroy's Florist
5961 LaPalma Avenue
714-523-2590

Larkspur
Katherine Eubanks Florist
320 Magnolia Avenue
415-924-0803

Loma Linda
Loma Linda Florist
25656 Barton Road
714-796-0719

Los Altos
A Place For Flowers
208 Main Street
415-941-9933

Los Angeles
ABC Flowers & Gifts
667 South Western Avenue
213-388-1403

Conroy's Florist
10524 West Pico Blvd.
213-836-2233

Downstairs Greenery and Florist
6th and Flower—Arco Plaza
213-485-[illegible] US 800-223-2993

Flower Fantasy
650 N. Robertson Blvd.
213-652-0712

Picfair Florist
8945 West Pico Blvd.
213-278-5552

Plaza Floral Group
3920 Sunset Blvd.
213-664-4181

Los Gatos
Carousel of Flowers
[illegible] Blossom Hill Road
408-448-4062

Madera
Plaza Flower Shop
20[illegible] North [illegible] Street
209-673-9197

Marysville
"Doc" Adams Your Florist & Gift Shoppe
501 "D" Street
916-743-6896

Menlo Park
Cindy's Flowers & Gifts
657 Oak Grove Plaza
415-321-4864

Merced
Tioga Florist
759 West 18th Street
209-722-6295

Milpitas
Marlowe's Flowers of Milpitas
200 Serra Way #50
408-943-1557

Mission Viejo
Anna's Florist
26861 Trabuco Road
714-581-7030

Modesto
Janet's Flowers & Gifts
1407 G Street
209-523-0144

Mountain View
Marlowe's Herbert Stanley Flowers
2550 E. Camino Real
415-948-4229

Napa
Herritt's Flowers & Exclusive Gifts
1546 1st Street
707-224-8381

Newport Beach
Flowers 4 U of Newport Beach
500 W. Coast Highway
714-722-7894

Oakland
Seulberber's Florist & Gifts
418 Fourteenth St.
415-451-7600

Orange
Conroy's Florist
1300 North Tustin Avenue
714-956-9900

Oxnard
Arcade Flowerland
2414 S. Saviers Road
805-483-2251

Pacific Palisades
Pacific Palisades Florist
15244 Sunset Blvd.
213-454-0337

Palm Springs
The Four Seasons Florist
191 South Indian Avenue
619-322-2141

Palo Alto
Village Flower Shoppe
111 Town and Country Village
415-328-5992

Paradise
Skyway Florist
7067 Skyway
916-877-9334

Pasadena
Burkard Nursery & Florist
690 No. Orange Grove Blvd.
818-796-4355

Foothill Florist
2401 San Pasqual
818-796-5803

The Flower Peddlers
957 E. Colorado Blvd.
818-793-0056

Piedmont
Ron Morgan
342 Highland Avenue
415-655-0321

Rancho Cordova
Dee's Flowers and Gifts
2724 Zinfandel Dr.
916-362-3226

Redondo Beach
Conroy's Florist
1032 South Pacific Coast Hwy.
213-376-8981

Floral Designs West
1706 S. Pacific Coast Highway
213-316-2992

Redwood City
G & R Flowers
2565 E. Camino Real
415-364-8326

Reseda
Royal Flower
7550 Tampa Ave.
818-881-4881

Riverside
Country Gardens Florist & Gifts
2965 Van Buren Street
714-688-6006

Flowerloft
3697 Arlington Ave.
714-787-9422

Sacramento
Alfaro's Flower Shop
6175 Mack Road
916-424-0422

Capitol Plaza Florist
532 Downtown Plaza
916-443-8875

Madison Florist
5338-B Auburn Blvd.
916-332-9029

Michael's Flowers & Fantasies
[illegible] Street
916-454-0719

Sacramento Floral Co.
5715 Stockton Blvd.
916-452-7121

Salinas
Flower Magik
1091 South Main Street
408-757-7267

San Bernardino
Flowerloft
348 W. Highland Avenue
714-881-1634

San Carlos
Granara's Flowers
1682 El Camino Real
415-591-0751

San Clemente
Jensen Floral Imports & Design
107 Avenue Del Mar
714-498-9464

San Diego
Coleman Gardens
5029 West Point Lomas
619-225-0719

Mission Hills Florist, Inc.
901 W. Washington Avenue
619-291-3611

Old Columbia Square Florist & Gifts
1158 State Street, Suite A
619-232-5846

Pacific Beach Florist Co.
1950 Garnet Avenue
619-273-0280

Pacifica Florist
2710 Garnet Ave.
619-272-1400

Paper Rose
401 University Avenue
619-260-0707

Potts By Patt Florists
1560 Garnet Avenue
619-273-0344

San Francisco
Bredwell Meyer Flowers & Fine Wines
4359 18th Street
415-621-1556

Glen Park Flower Shop
2838 Diamond St.
415-584-4536

Golden Bear Design
773 14th Street
415-431-9699

In Bloom Again
1411 Franklin Street
415-441-5260

Pappas At The Plaza
1255 Battery Street
415-434-1313

West Portal Floral Company
51 West Portal Avenue
415-661-7277

San Jose
Blossoms 'n Bows
3247 S. White Road
408-274-6232

Marlowe's Flowers
2520 Berryessa Road
408-926-9455

The Downtown Florist
52 W. Santa Clara Street
408-280-5757

Flowers. The Finer Things Of Life. Call Your AFS Florist Today.

UNCONDITIONAL SATISFACTION IS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

CALL YOUR PROFESSIONAL AFS FLORIST

Begin Enjoying The Finer Things Of Life Today

You can depend on the AFS Florists listed below for quality products, creative design and professional service. Whether your need is for simple, unusual or elegant flowers for in-town or out-of-town delivery depend on your AFS Florist.

Tree House Florist
1302 Lincoln Avenue #102
408-971-9777

Via Valiente Florist
6944 Almaden Expwy
408-997-3121

San Juan Bautista
Vintage Flowers & Gifts
106 3rd Street Suite A
408-623-4699

San Leandro
Lynn's Floral Design
120 Joaquin Ave
415-357-4129

San Marcos
Rancho Village Florist
663 S. Rancho Santa Fe Road
619-744-7020

San Marino
Broadway Florist
2998 Huntington Drive
818-799-0255

San Rafael
Paula's Florist
777 Grand Avenue, Suite 6A
415-453-6511

Santa Ana
Love-N-Flowers
1230 E. Edinger
714-972-3911

Santa Barbara
Gazebo Flowers
1485 E. Valley Road
805-969-1343

Santa Monica
Edelweiss Flower Boutique
1722 Ocean Park Blvd
213-452-1377

Silverio's World of Flowers
1329 Montana Avenue
213-451-2496

The Flower Box
508 Santa Monica Blvd
213-393-9878

Santa Rosa
Blossoms
326 Santa Rosa Plaza
707-525-0545

Sherman Oaks
Hilo Florist
4842 Van Nuys Blvd
818-789-9266/CA 800-652-6900/
US 800-824-2672

Simi Valley
Conroy's Florist
1090 Los Angeles Avenue
805-583-0766

Sonoma
Taylor's of Sonoma
147 East Spain Street
707-938-1000

South Lake Tahoe
South Lake Tahoe Florist & Nursery
1038 Winnemucca St
916-541-4748

Stockton
Alex Floral Company
33 North American
209-466-6909

Delta Florist
4129 North Eldorado Street
209-941-9572

The Flower Box
7135 Pacific Avenue
209-477-5574

Studio City
Conroy's Florist
12456 Ventura Blvd
818-506-5124

Sunnyvale
Conroy's Florist
1002 E. El Camino Real at Poplar
408-773-1113

Tarzana
Tarzana Florist, Inc.
18764 Ventura Blvd
818-345-7484

Temple City
Patio Flowers
9619 Las Tunas Drive
818-287-1914

Tustin
Tustin Heights Florist
1162 Irvine Blvd
714-838-3803

Vacaville
Flowers & Balloons by Kathy
316 Parker St
707-447-8241

Vallejo
Dal Porto Flowers
611 Florida Street
707-642-7525

Ventura
Rainbow Florist
9280 Telephone Road
805-647-8838

Vista
Silver Bells Florist
948 South Santa Fe
619-758-2956

Walnut Creek
Cayford's Florist
1250-I Newell Avenue
415-933-9140

Watsonville
Brennan Street Florist & Gifts
55 Brennan Street
408-722-6307

West Covina
Flowers By Robert Taylor
2616 E. Garvey South
818-331-5358

West Hollywood
Rose Royce of Holland
8747 Sunset Blvd
213-659-8324

West Los Angeles
Youngs Floral Concepts
1872 Westwood Blvd
213-470-3636

Westlake Village
Village Florist
4637 Lakeview Canyon Road
818-889-7119

Westminster
Garden View Florist
9035 McFadden Avenue
714-895-3034

Woodland Hills
The Flower Garden
22829 Ventura Blvd
818-999-5700

Yorba Linda
Yorba Linda Flowers
18302 Imperial Highway
714-996-2264

Yuba City
Yuba City Florist Inc.
664 Plumas St
916-673-9060

Yucaipa
Yucaipa Florist-Too
34644 County Line Road
714-795-7767

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque
Blossoms By Win
4200 Wyoming N.E. Suite A-2
505-298-5434

Felicity Flowers
3320 San Mateo N.E.
505-881-8397

Flower Basket
11901 Menaul Blvd. N.E.
505-298-0980

Rose Bud Flowers and Gifts
6001 San Mateo N.E., Suite B-4
505-888-4022

The Plantation Flower Shop
5901 Wyoming N.E.
505-821-8555

NEVADA

Carson City
Alie's Flowers & Gifts
222 E. Washington St
702-882-8490

Las Vegas
A Rainbow of Flowers
134 South Rainbow Blvd
702-363-1015

A Robin's Nest Flower & Gift Shop
1616 Las Vegas Blvd
702-386-6062

A Touch of Green Florist
3149 North Rancho
702-645-8585

Bloom Saloon Florist
316 Bridger Avenue
702-384-8863/US 800-233-5568

Primrose Lane Flower Boutique
2321 South Eastern
702-457-3833

Rain Forest Exotic Plants & Flowers
4161 S. Eastern, Suite A
702-732-9555

Sunrise Bouquet Flower Shoppe
675 N. Nellis Blvd
702-438-6705

Valley Florist
3335 E. Tropicana
702-456-0045

Whiting's
4386 Eastern Avenue
702-737-7327

Reno
Paradise Floral
203 E. Moana Lane
702-827-0155

Sparks
Flower Bucket Florists
1657 Prater Way
702-359-8846

OREGON

Beaverton
Something Special Flower & Gift Shoppe
4575 S.W. Tucker Ave
503-626-8056

Eugene
Blooms Flowers & Gifts
1167 Willamette St
503-343-8167

Rainyday Florist
1375 Pearl Street
503-485-8153

Forest Grove
O.K. Floral Shop
2015 Pacific Ave
503-357-6031

Medford
Flowers By Suzie
502 Crater Lake Ave
503-772-2266

Portland
Encore Flowers
4120 N.E. Sandy Blvd
503-287-6342

Flowers Clarence Walker
435 N. Killingsworth St
503-285-7714

Flowers Tommy Luke
625 S.W. Morrison
503-228-3131

Garden Gallery Florist
4439 S.E. Johnson Creek Blvd
503-777-2040

Jacobsen's Florist, Chocolates & Wine
111 S.W. Columbia St
503-224-1234

Salem
Pemberton's Flower Shop
2414 12th St. SE
503-588-0910

Triple Tree Florist
310 Court Street NE
503-581-4226

Tigard
Flowers By Donna
11700 S.W. Hall Blvd
503-639-6717

WASHINGTON

Bellevue
Main Street Florist
10301 Main Street
206-454-6051

Kent
Kent Floral
404 West Meeker
206-852-1970

Mercer Island
Mercer Island Florist
2728-78th Avenue S.E.
206-232-2990

Puyallup
Country Flowers
10411 Canyon Rd. E.
206-537-1654

Renton
The Flower Box Florist
2120 S.W. 43rd
206-251-8070

Seattle
Falceto's Greenlake Florist
7025 Woodlawn Avenue N.E.
206-524-9957

Florist In The Park, Inc.
17171 Bothell Way N.E.
206-362-1933

Gehl Flowers
221 S.W. 152nd St
206-242-3205

Petal Pushers Florist
20212 Aurora Village Mall
206-546-6122

Sea Tac Flowers
19045 Pacific Hwy South
206-244-9101

West Seattle Flower Shop
4508 California Avenue S.W.
206-937-2070

Snohomish
City Floral of Snohomish
1122 First St
206-568-3123

Spokane
Empire Floral and Nursery
South 2920 Glenrose Road
509-535-9739

Eugene's Flowers
West 601 Francis Avenue
509-326-3535

Mel's Nursery, Florist & Gift Shop
N. 8800 Division
509-467-5132

Serendipity
W. 1901 Boone
509-325-4654

Sunset Florist & Greenhouse
1606 South Assembly
509-747-2101

Tacoma
The Krinkle Bush Florist
1008 E. 72nd St
206-537-0040

Woodinville
Woodinville Florist
13317 N.E. 175th Street,
Suite K
206-483-9222

SEND DISTINCTIVE FLOWERS IN TOWN OR OUT OF TOWN WITH COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.

Professionally designed flowers from one of the AFS Florists listed is always the right choice for living, giving or entertaining. When you call or visit your AFS Florist, you don't have to settle for a standard, stereotyped arrangement that's available everywhere. Instead, ask your AFS Florist for his personal creativity and service. Your AFS Florist will help you select a beautiful, distinctive arrangement that's personally designed for you. Don't settle for the ordinary. Your AFS Florist can create and deliver the extraordinary!

Flowers, The Finer Things Of Life. Call Your AFS Florist Today.

UNCONDITIONAL SATISFACTION IS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.



GRAZING IN GUADELOUPE

Ragout of goat, conch curry, and fricassee of octopus from the island's celebrated chefs

By Calvin Trillin

I suppose you could say that I decided to visit Guadeloupe as a gesture of support for its efforts to celebrate female chefs. Sure, I figured on polishing off a good number of stuffed crabs while I was in the area, but that was all part of the celebration.

As someone with a special devotion to women cooks, I have always thought of Guadeloupe as the one and true table. Think of a Caribbean island that has as its major annual event every August a *fête des cuisinières* at which several dozen women chefs put together a five-hour banquet of Creole specialties—after having visited the cathedral to ask the blessing of Saint Laurent, patron saint of cooks. I can't foresee going to the Caribbean in August for a five-hour Creole banquet, but the mere existence of the *fête des cuisinières* as the most important event of the year is an indication that these people have their priorities in order. It's the sort of thing that can make you wonder why vacationers spend so much time in places where the major annual event is a horse race or the opening of Parliament. It's certainly the sort of thing that makes me wonder why so much of my time in the Caribbean has been spent in former British colonies where the chefs are looked after by Saint Nigel, the Anglican saint of gray meat and veggies.

I am, after all, someone who celebrated female chefs even during the early years of the women's movement, when reaction against the old saw about a woman's place being in the kitchen was so strong that feminist friends attacked me for my efforts to get Mrs. Lisa Mosca of Mosca's restaurant in Waggaman, Louisiana, the Nobel Prize for the perfection of her baked oysters. It was during those years that my friend William Edgett Smith, a man with a Naugahyde palate, proudly took us to a restaurant run by some sort of radical feminist collective—this place had a name something like Juno's Revenge—and seemed stunned when I informed him, halfway through the main course, that the restaurant had obviously been founded to eradicate the false notion that women can, by nature, cook.

The extremes of that period are now no more than historical footnotes—although occasionally, when there's a



YOU DON'T NEED TO SEE THEIR KITCHEN TO KNOW THEY HAVE KITCHENAID.

THE APPEAL OF OWNING THE BEST HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE APPEAL OF OWNING KITCHENAID.

AND NOW, OWNING KITCHENAID IS MORE APPEALING THAN EVER. BECAUSE WE NOW OFFER A COMPLETE LINE OF PREMIUM APPLIANCES.

DISHWASHERS, OF COURSE. IT'S THEIR QUALITY THAT MADE OUR NAME.

BUT REFRIGERATORS, TOO. GENEROUSLY APPOINTED WITH PORCELAIN WHERE OTHERS HAVE PLASTIC. AND ROLLERS, SO BINS AND SHELVES GLIDE INSTEAD OF SCRAPE.

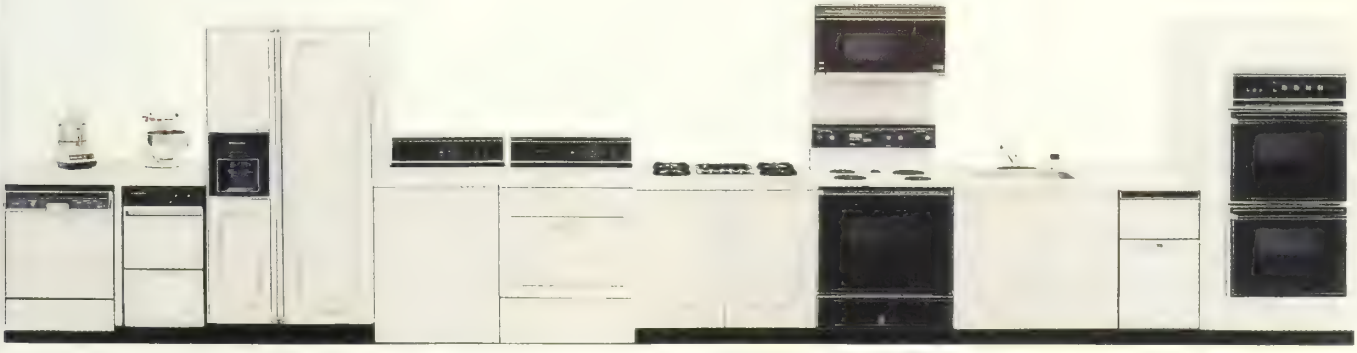
AND BUILT-IN OVENS WHICH LET YOU COOK FASTER AND BROWN MORE EVENLY. AND BUILT-IN COOKTOPS WHICH LET YOU PRECISELY DIAL ANY TEMPERATURE FROM THE LOWEST SIMMER TO THE HIGHEST BOIL.

WE HAVE FREE STANDING RANGES, TOO. ICE MAKERS. TRASH COMPACTORS. AND, FOR THE LAUNDRY, WASHERS AND DRYERS.

OVER 60 MODELS ALTOGETHER. AND EACH ONE IS BACKED BY OUR ONE-YEAR REPLACEMENT GUARANTEE, WITH SOME PARTS GUARANTEED AS LONG AS TEN YEARS. CONSULT YOUR DEALER FOR DETAILS.

SO YOU CAN NOW HAVE IN YOUR KITCHEN WHAT YOU WANT IN THE REST OF YOUR HOME—THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

KitchenAid
FOR THE WAY IT'S MADE



FOR LITERATURE WRITE KITCHENAID, DEPT. C-57R, P.O. BOX 3900, PEORIA, IL 61614

sudden shift in the weather, I can still taste the burnt crust of Juno's truly horrifying chicken potpie. In Guadeloupe it seemed perfectly natural for me to be sitting at Chez Violetta and admiring the awards and honors that the proprietress displays on the walls. The proprietress, Violetta Saint-Phor, happens to be this year's president of the organization of women chefs known as L'Association Mutualiste des Cuisinières. A group picture taken of the association at the annual festival was among the decorations on the wall along with a huge color picture of Violetta Saint-Phor herself, dressed in the bright print dress and madras headdress traditional among the women chefs of Guadeloupe. Looking around, it occurred to me that eating at Chez Violetta was something like eating at one of those restaurants that display the name and trophies of some hero like Joe DiMaggio or Stan Musial. But that was before I tasted the *matété de crabes*—a dish that might be described as a sort of crab stew, in the sense that a particularly stunning bouillabaisse served on the Marseilles docks might be described as a sort of fish soup. Once I had tasted the *matété de crabes,* I was reminded of a significant difference between the celebrity of Violetta Saint-Phor and the celebrity of someone like Joe DiMaggio or Stan Musial: Violetta Saint-Phor did not become renowned for runs batted in.

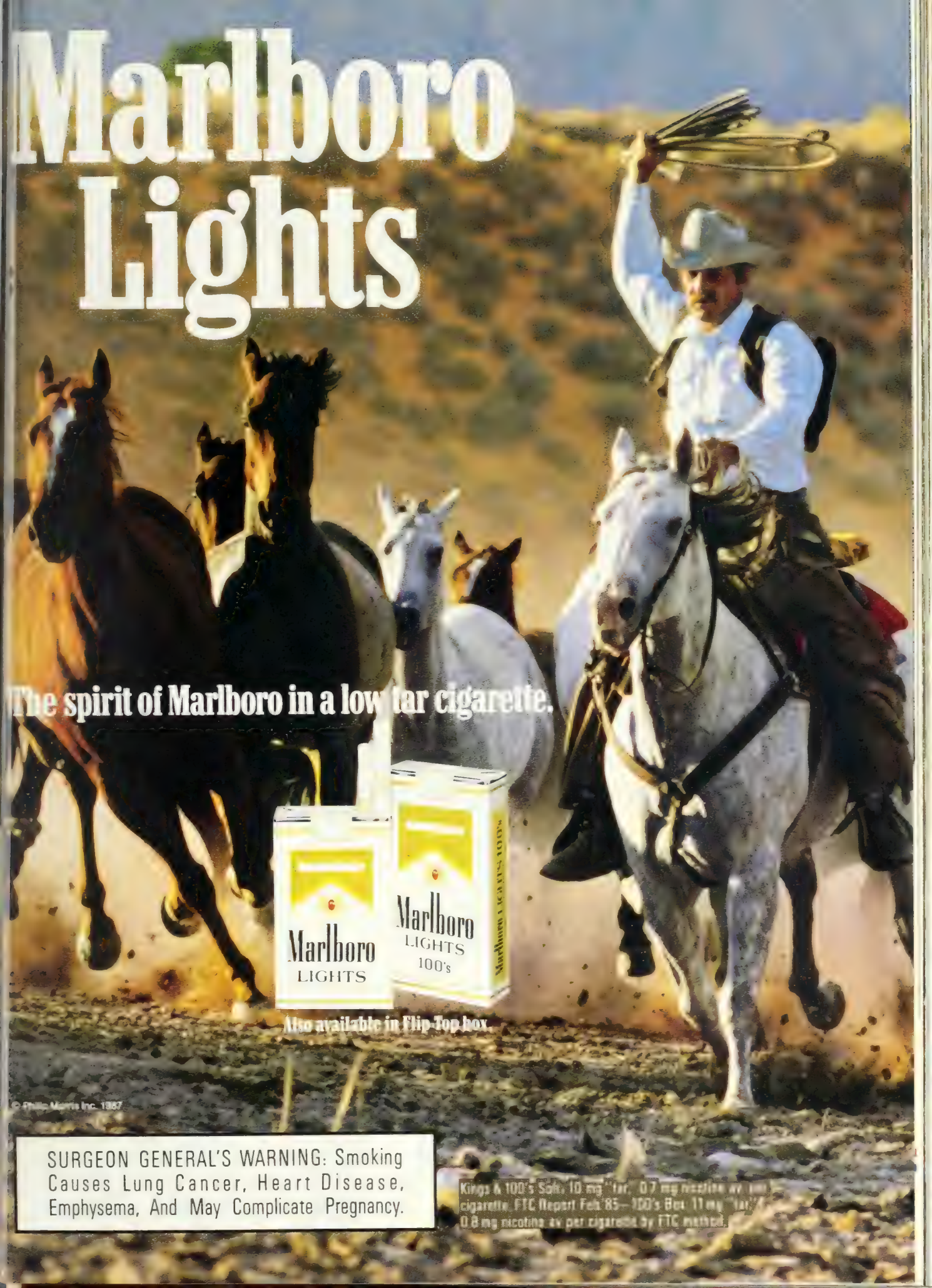
Sitting there at Chez Violetta with my family, finishing up the *matété de crabes* with the serving spoon, I suppose I felt that I had finally come to a place where women chefs were given the recognition they deserve. For me it had been a long journey. I don't speak only of my attempt to get the Nobel Prize for Mrs. Mosca—an unsuccessful attempt, as it turned out, since they gave it to Kissinger that year. Despite having my efforts completely ignored by the city officials of Kansas City, my own hometown, I have struggled for years to have a major Missouri River bridge named after the late Chicken Betty Lucas, the legendary panfrier of Midwestern poultry. It was I who risked embarrassment in front of his colleagues by running out of adjectives to describe the fried dorado produced



by the Barbadian women who cook over wood fires late at night on Baxter's Road in Bridgetown—standing there in the dark as if practicing a forbidden religion in a country where the British colonial administration left the natives thoroughly grounded in English cooking as a punishment for consistently winning cricket matches against the people who taught them the game. I was the tourist in Martinique who spent much of his beach time composing a poem for the brilliant Mrs. Palladino ("I left no smidgen/Of your pigeon"). I was the lone voice trying to have a special Italian-American Friendship medal struck for the proprietress of a restaurant not far from Siena called Villa Miranda—a woman who could be called the Chicken Betty of lower Tuscany. It was I who campaigned to get a statue built on Fifth Avenue of Edna Lewis's corn bread (the opposition said that corn bread made out of granite was bound to look dry). I was the one who argued that, contrary to an official proclamation of the city of Buffalo, Frank Bellissimo, the proprietor of the Anchor Bar, cannot be considered the inventor of Buffalo chicken wings simply because he said to his wife, Theressa, one evening something like, "Why don't you make something special for the boys?" (As I pointed out at the time, the inventor of the airplane was not the person who told Wilbur and Orville Wright that it might be nice to have a machine that could fly.) I've been active.

I know that some people—particularly people who know the way I've always carried on about how sad it is that there's no Italian West Indies—think I might have been avoiding Guadeloupe because it is officially a part of France, a country for which I have had an unkind word or two in the past. Not so. I am not one of those Americans who was permanently disillusioned by the discovery that the only Frenchman who has ever been anything like the Frenchman in Hollywood movies, the charming and debonair Maurice Chevalier, was in fact the charming and debonair Maurice Chevalier. I have forgiven the French a lot, usually at mealtime. As it happens, I remained absolutely calm when, the moment we arrived in Guadeloupe, I realized that the line for passport control was in the customary shape of a French line—a triangle, with the base of the triangle where business was being conducted. The line looked so French that when we finally reached the immigration officer, I half expected him to shuffle around some papers to get the fourteen carbons straight, hold a scratchy pen above them, and ask something like, "Grandmuzzer's maiden name?"

He didn't, of course. People who live in Guadeloupe—I suppose they could be called Guadeloupais, although I like the sound of Guadeloupeans—speak French, but not in a way that makes them terribly concerned with the imperfections of your pronunciation. They don't seem to care much about your grandmuzzer's maiden name either. Although Guadeloupe is closely connected with metropolitan France in any number of ways, it's more than 4,000 miles from Paris; obviously only a limited number of its residents can afford to go to the elite universities there for the postgraduate course in essential rudeness. On the other hand, everyone seems to be able to do flawless French fries. As we were digging into the *pommes frites* we bought one day from an outdoor stand in Gosier, a little town near the line of beach hotels just east of Pointe-à-Pitre, I had to acknowledge that there was a certain nobility in the French having spread the French-frying skill around the world when the English were spending a lot of time and energy try-


Marlboro
Lights
The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
Also available in Flip-Top box.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1987
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
Kings & 100's Soft: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '85—100's Box: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



DRIVE A STUNNING NEW OUTFIT.

'88 FORD BRONCO II.

THE LOOK YOU LIKE, THE BIG V-6 POWER AND REAR ANTI-LOCK BRAKES YOU WANT. AND THE EDDIE BAUER MODEL—SO YOU CAN GO EVERYWHERE IN STYLE.

Most women have that one special dress or outfit in their wardrobe. It's the one they can just "throw on" and know they look good.

Well, the versatile Ford Bronco II gives you that same feeling. You know it looks good anywhere, anytime and for any occasion.

FREE TO MOVE.

You get an impressive multiple-port EFI V-6 engine standard. Powered to get you where you want to go, be it on or off the road. Plus sure, straight stops with rear Anti-lock brakes—another standard!

STYLISH ACCESSORIES.

The Bronco II can be yours with a wide choice of "dress up" options. There's the exclusive Eddie Bauer model with specially designed upholster and paint. Also, thi year there's a new X Sport model with a attractive on-the-g look.

The Bronco II als comes with a variet of options featured different value pack ages. All designed to





ur tastes and desires.

ELS, FLATS OR EAKERS.

Again, you have your oice. The Bronco II s a 2-wheel-drive- ly model for around e town driving. Or the wheel drive version ich lets you move rough town and out the boonies, shifting m 2-wheel drive to wheel drive high by st pushing a button Ford's "Touch-Drive" tion.

So, whatever your yle, there's a Bronco II suit you.

/60 WARRANTY.

Covers powertrain for 6 years/60,000 miles, body-panel rust-through for 6 years/ 100,000 miles. Restrictions and deductible apply.*

LIFETIME SERVICE GUARANTEE.

Participating dealers back their customer-paid work with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee, good for as long as you own your vehicle. Restrictions apply.*

BEST-BUILT AMERICAN TRUCKS 7 YEARS RUNNING.

Based on an average of owner-reported problems in a series of surveys of '81-'87 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality is Job 1."

*Ask your Ford Dealer for copies of these limited warranties.

SPECIFICATIONS

MODELS:
Eddie Bauer...exclusive design edition.
XL Sport...special trim and features for sporty performance look.
XLT...one of the popular value packages.
XL...equipped for fun-to-drive action.

MAJOR STANDARD EQUIPMENT:
Power Brakes (Rear Anti-lock in 2WD mode)
Power Steering
Gas Pressurized Shocks
Tinted Glass
Halogen Headlights
Interval Wipers

DRIVETRAINS:
2.9L EFI V-6
5-Speed Manual O.D.
4-Spd. Auto. O.D. Opt.
2WD or 4WD
Opt. "Touch-Drive" 4WD

Ford

FORD BRONCO II

BUILT FUN TOUGH



Welcome to my Four Seasons® Solar Health Spa.™

Where you don't have to be rich and famous to work-out in the sun.–*Robin Leach*

You can turn an ordinary room into a spectacular spa warmed by the rays of el sol. Soak up the sun. And tone up those muscles in your own personal paradise where everyday tensions disappear.

The Four Seasons solar greenhouse is available in nine exciting custom designs at prices comparable to what an ordinary room addition would cost. Choose from carefree bronze or white aluminum or curved laminated wood frames.

The Four Seasons Solar Advantage℠

Just when you need it most, your Four Seasons greenhouse is there, beckoning you to indulge yourself in its beautiful, sunny and warm climate. Enjoy nature at its best while you capture free heat from the sun for your home.

Our patented built-in shading system, special Heat Mirror™ Glass and patented Pow-R-Vent® cooling and venting systems give you the maximum benefits of your new exciting solar lifestyle.

So visit a Four Seasons Design & Remodeling Center near you and get some great ideas to brighten up your home.

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-FOUR SEASONS for:

- Free "Guide to Beautiful Living Space" plus the location of the nearest Four Seasons design center.
- "The complete 80 page book" with prices. (Priced at $5.00. Visa or MasterCard accepted).

Or write:

FOUR SEASONS SOLAR PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. F-1
5005 Veterans Memorial Highway
Holbrook, NY 11741

FOUR SEASONS GREENHOUSES®
Design & Remodeling Centers

Outdoor Living For A Lifetime™

Over 230 franchised locations nationwide.

*At participating centers only. See center for details.

© 1988 Four Seasons Solar Products Corp.

Feminist friends attacked me for my efforts to get Mrs. Lisa Mosca the Nobel Prize for the perfection of her baked oysters

ing to plant the notion of parliamentary democracy.

The true French contribution to eating in Guadeloupe, of course, is not French food—although we had some French food good enough to put me in a mood to let bygones be bygones. Simply the presence of flawless *pommes frites* right there in Gosier, for instance, was almost enough to make me forgive the bank clerk in Lyons who insisted that twelve forms (seven of them in triplicate) had to be filled out in order to change fifty dollars American into francs. In Guadeloupe and Martinique the best thing the French did for eating was to contribute their culinary approach as one of the elements—African cooking and Caribbean ingredients were among the others—that went into the evolution of Creole cuisine, the sort of food that made DiMaggio-size heroines of the members of the L'Association Mutualiste des Cuisinières. I don't mean that I wasn't grateful for the cooking of people from other parts of the French-frying world. The young Frenchman who runs an elegant little restaurant in Pointe-à-Pitre called La Canne à Sucre managed with one dish—an appetizer he calls *pain de poisson*—to make me think that I may have been too harsh when I told a particularly nasty Paris shopkeeper that I was going to have him rubbed out by a mob enforcer from Chicago. At a restaurant that came about because somebody from what had been French Vietnam married someone from what is still French Réunion, an island in the Indian Ocean, we had a meal that was enhanced for me by the knowledge that it almost certainly made me the first person from my high school ever to have eaten Réunionnais food.

Still, I hadn't come to Guadeloupe for a gastronomic tour of what we used to call the French sphere of influence. I had come to eat *crabes farcis* (stuffed crabs), *blaff,* the only onomatopoeic stew I know about, *colombo de lambi* (conch curry), and *acras à morue* (codfish fritters). I had come armed with a book I purchased in Martinique ten years before: *The French West-Indies Through Their Cookery* by Dr. André Nègre. The good doctor quickly dismisses French cuisine by saying, "Many Frenchmen from the Métropole come to these countries, so new to them, with the settled idea that steak-and-chips and roast chicken are the summit of cookery." I realize that Dr. Nègre has even harsher words for American cooking: "One can reach gastronomy only at the last stage of refinement and culture. This is why the U.S., which has not had two centuries of existence yet and which knows no ancient culture, has no proper cookery, except the very French one of a few hundred head cooks from our country, whom the Yankees have imported in order to be delighted by those masters."

I remember having been a little irritated by that remark ten years ago. I remember thinking I might like to tell Dr. Nègre that anyone who is under the impression that an ancient culture is the key to great cuisine has never tasted Navajo fry-bread. Still, I did pack Dr. Nègre's book, along with a lot of restaurant tips, when we headed for Guadeloupe. As the French can tell you, I'm not one to hold a grudge.

I know what Dr. Nègre means about people who believe grilled chicken and French fries are the summit of cookery. My wife and I happened to be in Guadeloupe with two of them—our daughters. Grilled chicken and French fries is what they were eating one afternoon when it occurred to me that I may have shirked my duties toward inspiring them with the triumphs of the women cooks of Guadeloupe—women who, in Dr. Nègre's words, "possess the art of carelessly throwing at a glance, and without any previous dosage, the exact quantity of pimento and of chives necessary for the stuffing of a sucking pig." I used to have a more evangelical feeling about these matters—more like Dr. Nègre's—but my daughters have passed the age where they might respond to an unknown dish simply by closing their mouths and shaking their heads vigorously; they're now at the more dangerous age at which they could, if so inclined, respond by saying something like, "Daddy, I hope you're not going to make a scene about how absolutely fascinating it would be to eat bat stew."

A few years before, I might have tried to trade off a few strange foodstuffs for exemption from the broadening cultural experiences that are supposedly a parent's responsibility: "If you try one bite of *gratinée de christophines,* I promise not to describe the meteorological phenomenon of the rain forest, take you on an architectural tour of Pointe-à-Pitre, or discuss the topographical differences between Guadeloupe's two land masses, the flat Grande-Terre and the mountainous Basse-Terre." But they're beyond that sort of thing now. I figured I'd settle for the fact that they had at least taken to eating *acras à morue* and had survived a broadening cultural experience in a shorefront restaurant on Basse-Terre: either through a misunderstanding or some unannounced changes in the kitchen a waiter had brought them curry of goat rather than curry of chicken—a switch they had been unaware of until the waiter slowed up at our table late in the meal and said, "Bah, bah." Also I don't happen to know anything about the meteorological phenomenon of the rain forest.

As it happened, while they were eating grilled chicken and French fries, I was eating *boudin de lambi*—conch sausage. This was at what amounted to a beach canteen, the sort of place that on a North American beach might be expected to stretch its repertoire no further than cheeseburgers. It was on the beach of what had once been the Hôtel Les Alizés, near a charming town on the Atlantic side of Grande-Terre called Le Moule. The *boudin de*



INTRODUCING THE 1988 EDGAR B FURNITURE CATALOGUE

People who are really serious about investing in fine furniture turn to Edgar B for exceptional selection, service and expert counsel.

The most comprehensive furniture catalogue ever created. Our exclusive 260-page home furnishings catalogue gives you access to dozens of manufacturer showrooms at once...18th-century, contemporary and country collections you may be unable to see elsewhere.

Thousands of selections priced at half what you'd expect to pay. Above all, Edgar B represents superior value. Each collection is handpicked for its artistry and attention to detail. And we dare to offer furniture of this quality at prices you'll find hard to resist.

Not just better furniture, a better way to buy furniture. Shopping takes minutes, not months. We provide a wealth of information on each collection, from intricate construction details to the subtleties of similar furniture styles.

And no matter where you live – Nome, Alaska, to Rome, Georgia – we deliver, unpack and set up your furniture to your complete satisfaction.

Preferred treatment even if you don't order from us now. At Edgar B, service means free phone calls, an enthusiastic greeting, a quick response to your questions and knowledgeable advice tailored to your decorating ideas.



Absolute satisfaction – you have our word on it. If you're unhappy for any reason, we'll respond to your wishes immediately. This pledge is indicative of how strongly we believe in the quality of our furniture...and the absolute satisfaction of our customers.

Order your catalogue today. The 1988 Edgar B catalogue is the ultimate source for prestigious furniture. To order your catalogue, call toll-free 1-800-255-6589 or mail in the coupon below. And enjoy the satisfaction of making the wisest furniture investment possible.

Edgar B

America[illegible] authority

Call 1-800-255-6589 for your catalogue today. (In NC, call 919-766-7321.) Or enclose $15 with this coupon. MasterCard, Visa accepted.

Nam[illegible]

Addre[illegible]

City / State Zi[illegible]

Phone [illegible]

Mail to: Edgar B, [illegible] Commons, NC [illegible]

35265014

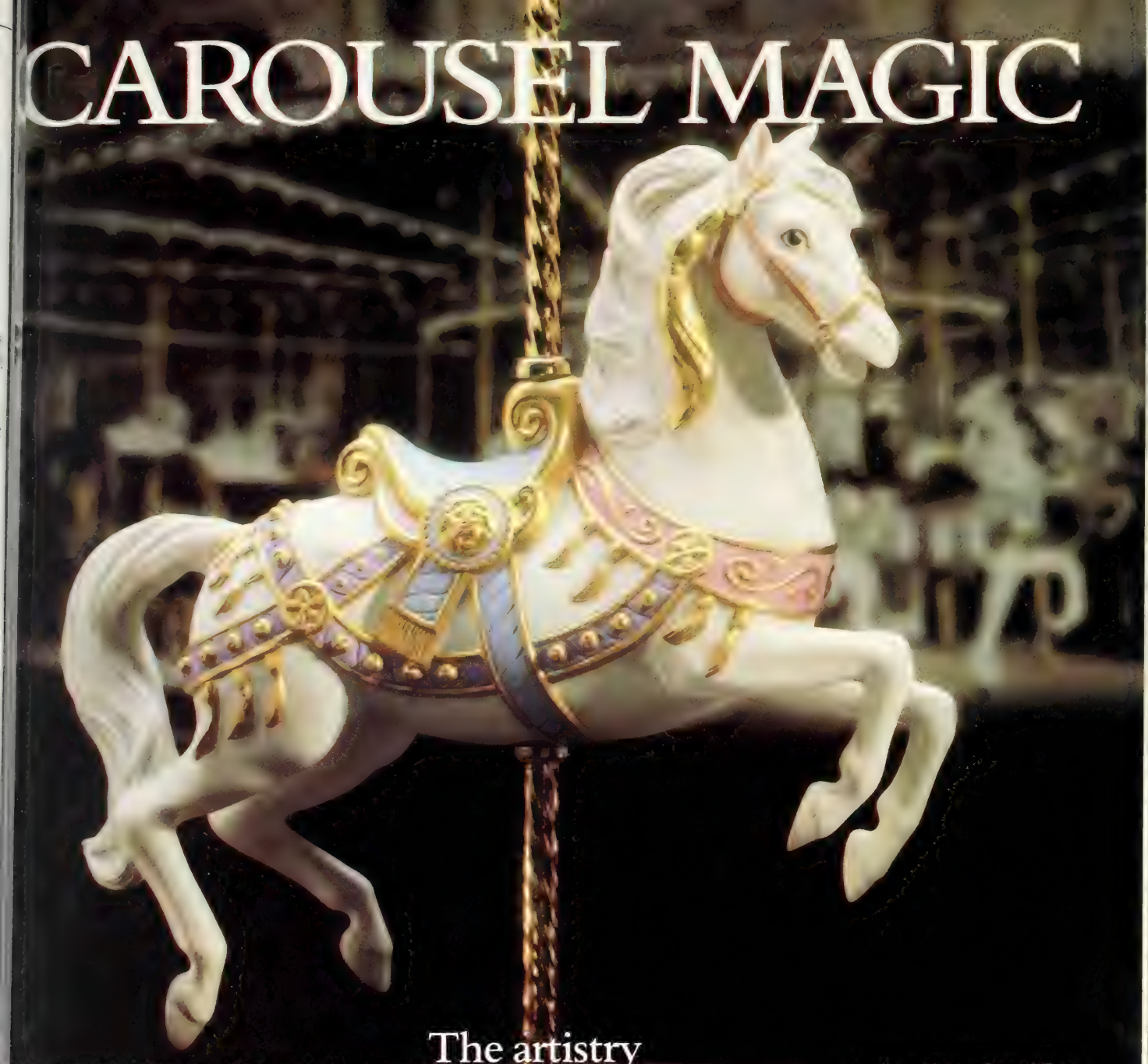
It was I who campaigned to get a statue built on Fifth Avenue of Edna Lewis's corn bread

lambi was excellent. So were the French fries. "This is an island where you can get conch sausage at a beach canteen," I informed my daughters. "What else is there to say?"

One day we went by boat to Terre-de-Haut, the main island of Les Saintes, a cluster of tiny islands seven miles off the tip of Guadeloupe. Terre-de-Haut has its charms—terrific beaches, a picturesque village filled with gingerbread bungalows—but it's not the sort of place where a traveler would expect a great variety of foodstuffs. It's remote. Virtually nothing is grown on it. Its natural supply of fresh water never varies: none. As we disembarked, children came to peddle a delicious coconut pastry that's a specialty of the island; for lunch we ate another specialty, smoked fish. All of that was fine. But what truly impressed me was the menu of a simple restaurant called Chez Janine which we passed on the harbor as we were walking back to the boat. It listed codfish fritters, stuffed crab, beignets of aubergine, Creole sausage, crudités, tomato salad, goat curry, chicken curry, court bouillon of fish, fricassee of conch, fricassée of octopus, ragout of goat, grilled fish, grilled chicken, pork chops, aubergine au gratin, christophine au gratin, papayas au gratin, puree of breadfruit, two kinds of rice, banana flambé, coconut flan, and banana beignets. At the side of the building there was a sign that announced the availability of take-out French fries.

On Guadeloupe itself, of course, that sort of variety was commonplace. I would get up in the morning and read out loud down a list of the restaurant proprietresses just to let myself know the possibilities for the day: "Prudence Marcelin of Chez Prudence-Folie Plage, Félicité Doloir of Le Barbaroc, Lucienne Salcède of Le Karocoli, Jeanne Carmelite of La Réserve . . ." There were times, of course, when a meal persuaded me that the name of that chef would have to be dropped at my next morning's reading—a restaurant in Guadeloupe that gets accustomed to turning out stuffed crab for busloads of French tourists is, sooner or later, as routine as a restaurant in Cape Cod that grows accustomed to turning out shrimp cocktails for busloads of American tourists—but then we would eat at a place like Chez Clara, in the little Basse-Terre town of Sainte-Rose. Chez Clara is on the porch of an old house across the street from the shore—a porch with a tin roof, heavy beams, and a Martini blackboard that lists the specialties. It's run by Clara Lesueur, who worked as a fashion model in Paris for a while, although not long enough to get sullen. Its specialties are curried skate, grilled lobster, and stuffed crab. By dessert I was feeling so magnanimous that I decided to restore some names that had been stricken from my morning reading of women chefs; I decided that whoever had served me something that seemed uninspired was probably saving her best shot for the *fête des cuisinières* in August. I also decided to compose a poem to Clara Lesueur: I long to roost/Near your langouste. □

CAROUSEL MAGIC



The artistry of a bygone era... a treasure for today's collector.

The carousel. A fantasy of light and sound. A revolving gallery of wondrous fantasy art.

Now the magic and the art of the carousel are captured in a superb sculpture by Lynn Lupetti, recipient of the coveted Collectors' Choice Award

A prancing horse brought to life in the finest bisque porcelain. Exquisitely detailed. Embellished with pure 24 karat gold. Mounted on a golden pole and hardwood base. The collector's choice at $175. A touch of the past to appreciate for years to come.

Sculpture shown smaller than actual size of 7" in length.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for "Carousel Magic," by Lynn Lupetti, an original work of art crafted in fine hand-painted imported porcelain, and decorated with pure 24 karat gold.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for a deposit of $35.* when my sculpture is ready for shipment, and for the balance, in four monthly installments of $35.* each.

*Plus my state sales tax

Please mail by January 31, 1988.
Limit: One per person.

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

11065-5

The art of enchantment from The Franklin Mint.

GARDEN IN THYME

Taming the unruly ankle-deep scented lawn

By Patricia Thorpe

When I was a young and foolish gardener and believed everything Vita Sackville-West wrote, I gave her credit for inventing the thyme lawn. This is not so surprising when you read in *V. Sackville-West's Garden Book* how she congratulates herself on this:

"I had what I thought might be a bright idea. . . . I decided I must have something very low growing . . . and dibbled in lots and lots of thyme, and now have a sort of a lawn which, while it is densely flowering in purple and red, looks like a Persian carpet. . . . It is so seldom that one's experiments in gardening are wholly successful."

Certainly she had what I as a neophyte gardener did not: a knowledge of the English garden tradition, during several hundred years of which thyme lawns and chamomile seats were tossed about the landscape as casually as picnic rugs or lawn chairs. But it has always been one of Vita Sackville-West's great talents—along with borrowing somebody else's good ideas—to take a fairly obvious thought and make it sound irresistibly charming, and the thyme lawn, coming at the moment it did ten years ago, sounded just that way to me.

We were at that time struggling with a rocky and mostly vertical backyard in upstate New York which I proposed to turn into an herb garden. Harry was responding to the endless stream of rocks from what might become beds by creating a complicated series of terraces and paths enclosed by a low stone wall. How nice it would be, we agreed, to have spread out in the midst of this a soft and scented "Persian carpet" of thyme. The fairly sharp slope and small size of the plot would make mowing an ordinary lawn here very awkward, but both these factors would work in favor of the thyme, which, Vita assures us, would never need mowing and would thrive on this south-facing well-drained site. During these speculative discussions the low wall continued inexorably upward until we discovered we had neatly enclosed our imaginary carpet leaving an opening barely wide enough to admit one slim gardener with hand shears. Well, mowing was now definitely not an option, and the view on the thyme lawn shifted from the feeling that it might possibly be a charming idea to the slightly grim determination that it had better be.



The wild mass of creeping thyme in the Thorpe garden is far from Vita Sackville-West's neat, smooth, contained thyme lawn at Sissinghurst.

Vita spoke of dibbling in lots of plants, but faced with 200 square feet of raw soil and the size of a $2.50 plant, seed was clearly our choice, which turned out to be surprisingly easy to locate. We were looking for *Thymus serpyllum,* or creeping thyme. Although related to the culinary herb, its taste and fragrance is much stronger and more resinous in character than *T. vulgaris,* and it grows in a low-spreading mat rather than a tiny upright shrub. The catalogue for Burnett Brothers—now, alas, no longer a retail seed business—offered, in their succinct fashion, "Thyme, for lawns," and it looked as if they had been selling it this way since at least the nineteenth century. A fleeting suspicion of Vita crossed my mind. Here I was sidetracked by an equally terse suggestion, "Chamomile, for lawns," and thought, why not?

Soil preparation was minimal—all writers on herbs insist on their indifference to soil conditions, and this seemed the time to prove it. We removed, or so we thought, all the grass from the area, lightly roughed up the surface with a pick, spread a lot of lime, and sowed our seed. In one area I mixed in the chamomile seeds as well and in a few selected spots added a dash of the red-flowered variety, *T. serpyllum coccineus.* As I remember, we were rash enough to embark on this in midsummer. But rainfall and cool weather



Handpainted handcrafted ceramic tiles exclusively Walker-Zanger available through these fine representatives:

Walker Zanger
8914 Beverly Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90048 213/278-8664

Walker Zanger
2960 Airway Ave #B-104
Costa Mesa, CA 92626 714/546-3671

Walker Zanger
1832 S. Brand Blvd
Glendale, CA 91204 213/245-6927

Walker Zanger
11500 South Main #124
Houston, TX 77025 713/664-8811

Walker Zanger
The Interior Resource Center
7026 Old Katy Rd #219
Houston, TX 77024 713/861-7745

Facings of America
4121 North 27th Street
Phoenix, AZ 85016 602/955-9217

Southwestern Ceramics
5525 Gaines Street
San Diego, CA 92110 619/298-3511

Eurobath & Tiles
Design Center South
23811 Aliso Creek Rd Ste #155
Laguna Niguel, CA 92677 714/643-5033

Southwestern Ceramics
999 Rancheros Dr
San Marcos, CA 92069 619/741-2033

Tilecraft
Galleria Design Center
101 Henry Adams St #226
San Francisco, CA 94103 415/552-1913

Euro Bath
1801 Wynkoop Ste #380
Denver, CO 80202 303/298-8453

Town & Country
PO Box 469
Avon, CT 06001 203/677-6965

Waterworks
11 Newtown Road
Danbury, CT 06810 203/792-9979

Waterworks
226 Post Rd East
West Port, CT 06880

Sunny McLean & Co.
3800 NE Second Avenue
Miami, FL 33137 305/573-5943

Traditions in Tile
A D A C
351 Peachtree Hills Ave N E #140
Atlanta, GA 30305 404/239-9186

Traditions in Tile
585 Atlanta Street
Roswell, GA 30075 404/998-0155

Euro Tec Tiles Inc
Merchandise Mart #1307
Chicago, IL 60654 312/329-0077

Tile Source, Inc.
6420 W 110th St #104
Overland Park, KS 66211 913/345-8453

Tiles, A Refined Selection, Inc.
115 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116 617/437-0400

Tiles, A Refined Selection, Inc.
Boston Design Center
One Design Center Place Ste #633
Boston, MA 02210

Virginia Tile
22201 Telegraph Rd
Southfield, MI 48034 313/353-4250

Virginia Tile
Michigan Design Center
1700 Stutz #22
Troy, MI 48084 313/649-4422

Fantasia Showroom
I M S Design Center
275 Market Street #102
Minneapolis, MN 55405 612/338-5811

Terra Cotta
Princeton Forrestal Village
124 Stanhope St
Princeton, NJ 08540 609/520-0075

McCullough Ceramics
5272 Germanton Road
Winston Salem, NC 27105 919/744-0660

Carminart
61 N. Central Ave
Elmsford, NY 10523 914/592-6330

Shelly Tile
D & D Bldg 8th Floor
979 Third Ave
New York, NY 10022 212/832-2255

Hamilton Parker Co.
165 W Vine Street
Columbus, OH 43215 614/221-6593

Paschal Tile
10918 E 55th Place
Tulsa, OK 74146 918/622-0017

United Tile
3435 SE 17th Street
Portland, OR 97202 503/231-4959

Tile Collection
4031 Bigelow Blvd
Pittsburgh, PA 15213 412/621-1051

Tile Shop of Society Hill
621 South Second Street
Philadelphia, PA 19147 215/923-3448

Tile Contractors Supply Company
2548 Bransford Avenue
Nashville, TN 37204 615/269-9669

French Brown Floors
7007 Greenville Avenue
Dallas, TX 75231 214/363-4341

Southwest Tile
1375 E. Bitters Rd
San Antonio, TX 78216 512/491-0057

Florida Tile Ceramic Center
305 West 2880 South
Salt Lake City, UT 84115 801/485-2900

United Tile
17400 W. Valley Rd
PO. Box 58204
Tukwilla Branch
Seattle, WA 98188 206/251-5290

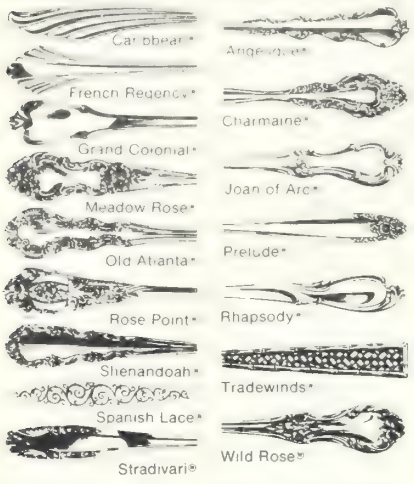
Childcrest Distributor
6045 N 55th Street
Milwaukee, WI 53218 414/462-9770

Available through your architect and interior designer.

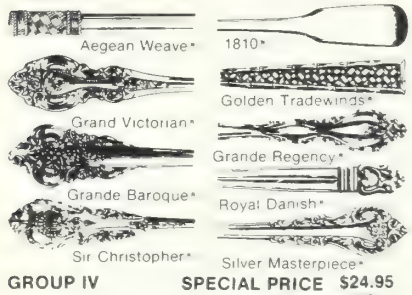
To receive our 48 page catalogue send $8 to your nearest representative or Walker Zanger showroom

WALLACE & INTERNATIONAL
SILVERSMITHS, INC.®
Presents
The Sterling Silver
Teaspoon Selector

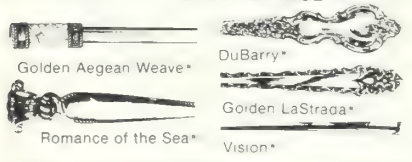
GROUPS I, II — SPECIAL PRICE $17.95
WALLACE® — INTERNATIONAL®



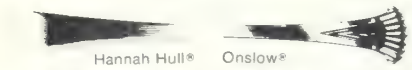
GROUP III — SPECIAL PRICE $22.95



GROUP IV — SPECIAL PRICE $24.95



TUTTLE SILVERSMITHS® — $24.95



Special beginnings start with sterling silver flatware. I enclose $_____ for each teaspoon ordered plus $1.95 postage and handling. Offer limited to three (3) teaspoons, one per pattern. Check or money order ONLY.

Make payable to International Silver Company
PO Box 9114, East Boston, MA 02128-9114

☐ AEGEAN WEAVE
☐ CARIBBEAN
☐ FRENCH REGENCY
☐ GOLDEN AEGEAN WEAVE
☐ GRAND COLONIAL
☐ GRAND VICTORIAN
☐ GRANDE BAROQUE
☐ MEADOW ROSE
☐ OLD ATLANTA
☐ ROMANCE OF THE SEA
☐ ROSE POINT
☐ SHENANDOAH
☐ SIR CHRISTOPHER
☐ SPANISH LACE
☐ STRADIVARI
☐ ANGELIQUE
☐ CHARMAINE
☐ DuBARRY
☐ GOLDEN LaSTRADA
☐ GOLDEN TRADEWINDS
☐ GRANDE REGENCY
☐ JOAN OF ARC
☐ PRELUDE
☐ RHAPSODY
☐ ROYAL DANISH
☐ SILVER MASTERPIECE
☐ TRADEWINDS
☐ VISION
☐ WILD ROSE
☐ [illegible]
☐ ONSLOW

Name: _____
Address: _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Mail orders to [illegible] please allow [illegible] weeks for delivery.
WHERE WOULD YOU BUY YOUR STERLING?

HG 87 STORE NAME

were with us, and thyme makes few demands about germination, so we soon had the beginning of our lawn. The thyme-chamomile mix by early fall had the amazing rich tones and textures of a seventeenth-century tapestry; I preened myself for going Vita one better with this combination. The following spring proved my delight premature: the chamomile was transformed from a dense woolly carpet into scrawny upright stems attempting to bloom. By then the thyme was in full force and swept over these pathetic stalks in a wave.

This was the amazing thing about the thyme lawn, and I began to wonder if I had misunderstood something very basic along the way. I for one have never seen a Persian carpet eight inches deep or one that threw up hills and sprays, engulfed small shrubs, and welled up over stepping stones. Nothing could have been further from the meek bulb-starred mat I was expecting, and it seemed to typify in some ways the enormous differences between English and American gardens. This so-called lawn was not in the least well behaved—great sections winter-killed, leaving tough blackened stems over bare earth, while in other areas it raced out to take over beds of unsuspecting annuals. One thing it obviously needed was a good mowing, and another, as it turned out—how had Vita failed to mention this?—was fairly persistent weeding, certainly until the cover was dense and uniform enough to hold its own. Vigorous though it undoubtedly was, it did not lie down flat enough to squelch intruders and seemed content to flourish side by side with crabgrass, chickweed, and thistle.

Clearly one difference between Vita's lawn and my exuberant muddle lay in some seedsman's definition of creeping thyme. What I have is very like wild thyme, which, I have since discovered, fills rocky meadows in our area and provides rich spangles of color in mowed places along the New York State Thruway in August. Vita's thyme more closely resembles the woolly gray thyme, *T. lanuginosus,* a beautiful plant which with every encouragement in my climate grows at a glacial pace to cover an inch of rock a year.

Is it, then, a foolish idea, a would-be English fantasy unsuited, like many, to the rigors of the New World? Is my thyme lawn a mistake? Only a garden writer, not a gardener, would ask. I think the thyme lawn is wonderful; I can't imagine my garden without it. From late July through September, when the rest of the garden looks a little worn, the thyme creates soft masses of color alive with swarms of bees too intoxicated to notice the gardener in their midst. (This is another crucial difference between the Sissinghurst lawn and my own: Vita's blooms in June—as does *T. lanuginosus*—when the entire landscape is in flower.) The dog stretches out here; the cats roll in it like catnip and come inside smelling like potpourri. Houseguests look for an excuse to settle comfortably in the sun on the scented springy slope.

Thyme sports with great ease, and even an ordinary packet of *T. serpyllum* will have some plants with a pungent lemonlike smell, some with pale flowers and some dark, all blooming at different times. I did, per Vita, put in clumps of the tiny early spring bulbs, and this works beautifully.

For other foolhardy amateurs, a few words of advice. Be sure you can mow your lawn. It will need it only once or twice a year (do not cut too soon before flowering). Occasional rolling with a big lawn roller might help flatten it. You can grow patches of thyme in your ordinary lawn, but if you mow too often, it won't bloom. Mowing is best with a very sharp power mower—hand mowers tend to pull too much or merely bend over the wiry stems without cutting. (I am still cutting mine with a hand shears and never really get it under control.) Cut the plants back fairly hard before winter; the longer, more scraggly stems tend to winter-kill. Your thyme may migrate to other parts of the garden; just pull up these escapes and use the plants to fill in bare patches.

I finally got to Sissinghurst and saw Vita's "bright idea." It has nothing in common with my swirling ankle-deep mass. The flat perfect carpet lies neatly inside its boundaries, and its smooth surface will probably never be rolled upon by a cat or a houseguest. Frankly it looks a little boring, and it would have been completely at odds with our garden and our landscape. Sometimes the mistakes we come to live with suit us better than our successes would have ever done. □



And grow your next home improvement!

PLUS Flowering Baby's Breath, yours FREE!

In our new ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog, you'll discover how to

- provide an endless supply of fresh flowers for decorating
- outline your lot with spectacular shrubbery
- cloak a sunny slope with easy-care ground cover
- position a spreading shade tree in your yard

— while you actually add to the value of your property.

It's easy when you order hardy, healthy flowering perennials, trees, shrubs, herbs, houseplants and more from our new ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog. Its 60 colorful, informative pages feature over 350 species, from common, easy-to-grow varieties to new and unusual plants.

Get help from Heritage Gardens experts.

You'll find out how, when, what, where and why to plant with our new ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog. Whenever you need more information, you can consult by phone with our horticulture professionals. And you can depend on us for immediate, friendly service, anytime you call.

With more than 97 seasons of growing experience at ***Heritage Gardens***, we offer you ***our absolute guarantee:*** We'll refund your money or replace any plant you're not satisfied with for up to 24 months after you receive your order.

Send $2.00 today for your ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog. You'll get a $2.00 coupon, good toward your first order, along with your catalog. With your first order you'll also receive, absolutely FREE, flowering Baby's Breath that'll bloom for many summers to come.

Henry Field's
Heritage Gardens
1 Meadow Ridge Road, Dept. 73-2289, Shenandoah, Iowa 51602.



CLIP AND MAIL TODAY TO:

Heritage Gardens, 1 Meadow Ridge Road, Dept. 73-2289, Shenandoah, Iowa 51602.

☐ Yes. Enclosed is my check for $2.00. Please send my ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog.

Name _____

Street _____

P.O. Box _____ Route _____ Box _____

City/State/Zip _____

Free Flowering Baby's Breath — Dainty sprays of snowy-white flowers bloom for weeks in early summer. Great fillers for cut bouquets. Yours when you order from our ***Heritage Gardens*** catalog.

ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed

SHOOTING STARS



Hollywood's still photographers were the trump cards of the film industry, the ever-reliable clinchers of screenland glamour. "Masters of Starlight: Photographers in Hollywood," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art December 20–February 21, offers a nostalgic array of two hundred studio portraits, including those of Greta Garbo by Clarence S. Bull, Jean Harlow by William Mortensen, Gary Cooper by Eugene Robert Richee, and Marlene Dietrich by George Hurrell. *David Bourdon*

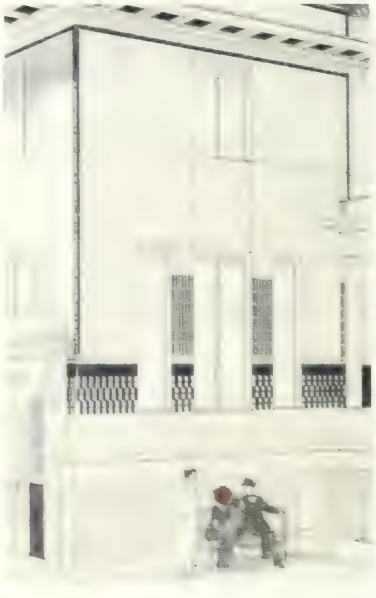


Top: Louise Brooks in *Prix de beauté*) by James Abbe, 1930. *Above: Cutting* by Will Connell, 1937.

WAGNERIAN DRAMA



Seventy-four drawings and sketches by Otto Wagner (1841–1918), the influential Viennese architect who successfully merged art with engineering at the turn of the century, are on view at the Drawing Center in New York until January 16. Drawings, sketches, and watercolors compellingly illustrate Wagner's integration of stringent lines and bold cubic forms with glittering materials and ornament. Even rarer in architectural drawings are the elegantly rendered people in period dress who occupy his evocative urban spaces. *Suzanne Stephens*



Top: Otto Wagner, house of the architect, Vienna, 1912, perspective. *Above:* Detail.



DILDARIAN, INC.
595 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
(212) 288-4948



ARMIN B. ALLEN
3 Bury Street
St. James's, London SW1Y 6AB
01-930-4732/0729



STAIR & COMPANY
942 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10021
(212) 517-4400

A Benefit for
EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT

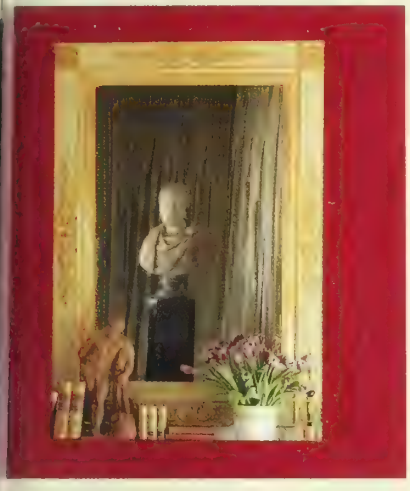
WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW



GENE TYSON ANTIQUES, INC.
19 East 69th Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 744-5785



DEANNE LEVISON
2995 Lookout Place
Atlanta, GA 30305
(404) 264-0106



QUATRAIN INC.
700 North La Cienega Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90069
(213) 652-0243

January 23 thru January 31
Seventh Regiment Armory
Park Avenue at 67th Street
New York City

Daily: 11 a.m.-9 p.m.
Sundays: 1-6 p.m.

To order tickets, or for brochure with complete information on lectures and seminars:

EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT
Benefit Office, 337 Alexander Avenue
Bronx, New York 10454
(212) 292-7392



DORIS LESLIE BLAU, INC.
15 East 57th Street
New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-3715



HYDE PARK ANTIQUES, LTD.
836 Broadway at 13th Street
New York, NY 10003
(212) 477-0033



CORA GINSBURG, INC.
819 Madison Avenue, 1A
New York, NY 10021
(212) 744-1352



RALPH M. CHAIT GALLERIES INC.
12 East 56th Street
New York, NY 10022
(212) 758-0937

For people who like to smoke...

New LIGHTS



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

BOX The new case for the best-tasting Lights.



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

DRAWING DIVINITY



Raphael epitomized High Renaissance style by fusing Michelangelo's muscular energy with Leonardo's mysterious lyricism. Dozens of his graceful drawings are in the loan show "Raphael and His Circle," at New York's Morgan Library through January 3. *D.B.*

TEUTON COMMENTS

Painter Anselm Kiefer, born 42 years ago into a defeated and divided Germany, deals in somber themes. Despite his momentous gravity, he has been firmly embraced by the American art world, which sees him as one of the most important artists of his generation. The public now gets its first in-depth look at Kiefer's work, including *Der Rhein,* 1983, *below,* in a major retrospective at the Art Institute of Chicago through January 31. *D.B*



PIECED OFFERINGS



Homage to the Quilt," at New York's American Craft Museum till January 10, features twelve splendid coverlets (Susan Arrowood's c. 1895 quilt, *above*) from the Museum of American Folk Art. They are juxtaposed with 35 winners from the "Quilt National '87," a biennial competition sponsored by the Dairy Barn Arts Center in Athens, Ohio, promoting quilting as a contemporary art form. *D.B*

GALLERIES 57th STREET NEW YORK

The Gallery of Applied Arts	*24 West 57th Street*	*765-3560*	***Furniture by Arc International, Patrick Naggar, Kevin Walz, Mario Villa and other gallery artists and architects***
Doris Leslie Blau Gallery	*15 East 57th Street* *appointment suggested*	*759-3715*	***Antique and Exemplary Carpets of Oriental and European weaves and an eclectic array of period Tapestries***
Sid Deutsch Gallery	*20 West 57th Street*	*765-4722*	***Carl Holty (1900-1973): Late Paintings***
Marisa del Re Gallery, Inc.	*41 East 57th Street*	*688-1843*	***Andre Masson: Paintings and Works on Paper Dec.-Jan.*** ***Andre Masson: Bronze Sculptures and Related Drawings Jan.-Feb.***
Andre Emmerich Gallery, Inc.	*41 East 57th Street*	*752-0124*	***Alexander Liberman: New Paintings color catalogue Jan. 7-30*** ***Hans Hofmann: Hofmann's Cubism color catalogue Dec. 23-Feb. 6***
Arnold Herstand & Company	*24 West 57th Street*	*664-1379*	***3 Sculptors: Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, Jenny Lee Dec. 10-Jan. 17*** ***Paul Rotterdam: Paintings & Drawings Jan.. 21-Feb. 27***
Kent Fine Art	*41 East 57th Street*	*980-9696*	***Fictions: A Survey of 18th, 19th and 20th c Pictures Through Dec. 31*** ***TODT Jan. 7-30***
Jan Krugier Gallery	*41 East 57th Street*	*755-7288*	***19th and 20th Century European Masters Exclusive Agent for the Marina Picasso Collection of Works from the Estate of Pablo Picasso***
Midtown Galleries	*11 East 57th Street*	*758-1900*	***Paul Cadmus: Recent paintings, drawings and prints Dec. 8-Jan. 31***
The Pace Gallery	*32 East 57th Street*	*421-3292*	***Jim Dine: New Paintings Jan. 29-Feb. 27***
Pace/MacGill Gallery			***William Wegman: 20 × 24" Polaroid photographs*** ***Ralph Eugene Meatyard: Vintage photographs Dec. 3-Jan. 16***
Ruth Siegel Ltd.	*24 W[illegible]*		***Jo Anne Carson, William Harper Dec. 2-Jan. 9 John Bellany Jan. 13-Feb. 6 Thomas Bang, Gallery Artists Feb. 10-Mar. 5***
Tatistcheff Gallery	*50 West [illegible]*		***Joan Brady: Still Life Watercolors Jan.*** ***Richard Crozier: Penobscot Bay Feb.***
Washburn Gallery	*41 East 57th [illegible]*		***Nivola-Sculpture in Marble Nov. 24-Dec. 31*** ***Alice Trumbull Mason: Paintings & Drawings 1930-1971 Jan. 6-30***



PORCELANOSA

IMPORTED CERAMIC TILE... A TOUCH OF EUROPEAN ELEGANCE FOR THE AMERICAN HOME.

For your copy of our full color brochure send $1.00 to: Porcelanosa USA. 1732 Stumpf Blvd. Gretna. LA 70056

THE PONTALBAS

For 135 years these apartments on New Orleans's Jackson Square have been the best address in the Quarter—even when there was no such thing

By Stephen Drucker

I once heard New Orleans described as a "grande dame with dirty fingernails," but it was my first visit to the city's celebrated Pontalba apartments that really drove the point home. Peeling paint, bare bulbs, open storm drains, and tipsy stairs led the way to well-bred rooms filled with polished mahogany and immaculate white sailcloth upholstery. This, I said to myself, must be an acquired taste.

It's a taste that seems to agree with New Orleans. For 135 years the Pontalba buildings have been the best address in the French Quarter, though it should be said that at times there has been no such thing as a best address in the French Quarter. The buildings are known for large rooms, high ceilings, low rents, and a long waiting list. A lease to one of the 72 apartments is considered a great prize, most often won by pulling the right political or social string.

The Pontalba buildings are strictly for people who can't get enough of the Quarter. They face each other across Jackson Square, probably the finest urban square in America and certainly the least American-looking one. It is the spiritual heart of New Orleans,



jammed on an average day with street musicians, fire-eaters, jugglers, portrait painters, and drunken students singing "Bulldog," all to the accompaniment of cathedral bells and a somewhat manic riverboat calliope. Every apartment in the Pontalbas has a balcony with a view of this immense outdoor party, which can start at dawn and end after midnight. Living there, one actually begins to feel a little like the host.

Because of the noise and the transients and the drinking in the streets, the Quarter is generally regarded as a place to live for a year or two. Until you grow up. It's certainly not thought of as a place to raise children. "Uptown is William Faulkner, downtown is Tennessee Williams," as one tenant summed up his neighbors: bad-boy yuppies, middle-aged couples smoking pot on their balconies, elderly people who've been bucking the Uptown order all their lives. In the Quarter, they can be naughty.

The buildings were created by a woman who was frequently described to me as the "closest the South ever came to a real Scarlett O'Hara." Her name was Micaëla Almonester, and today's tenants are happy to recount the key points of her life: she always got what she wanted; she didn't want to marry her cousin, Célestin de Pontalba, even though it meant the union of two rich and powerful

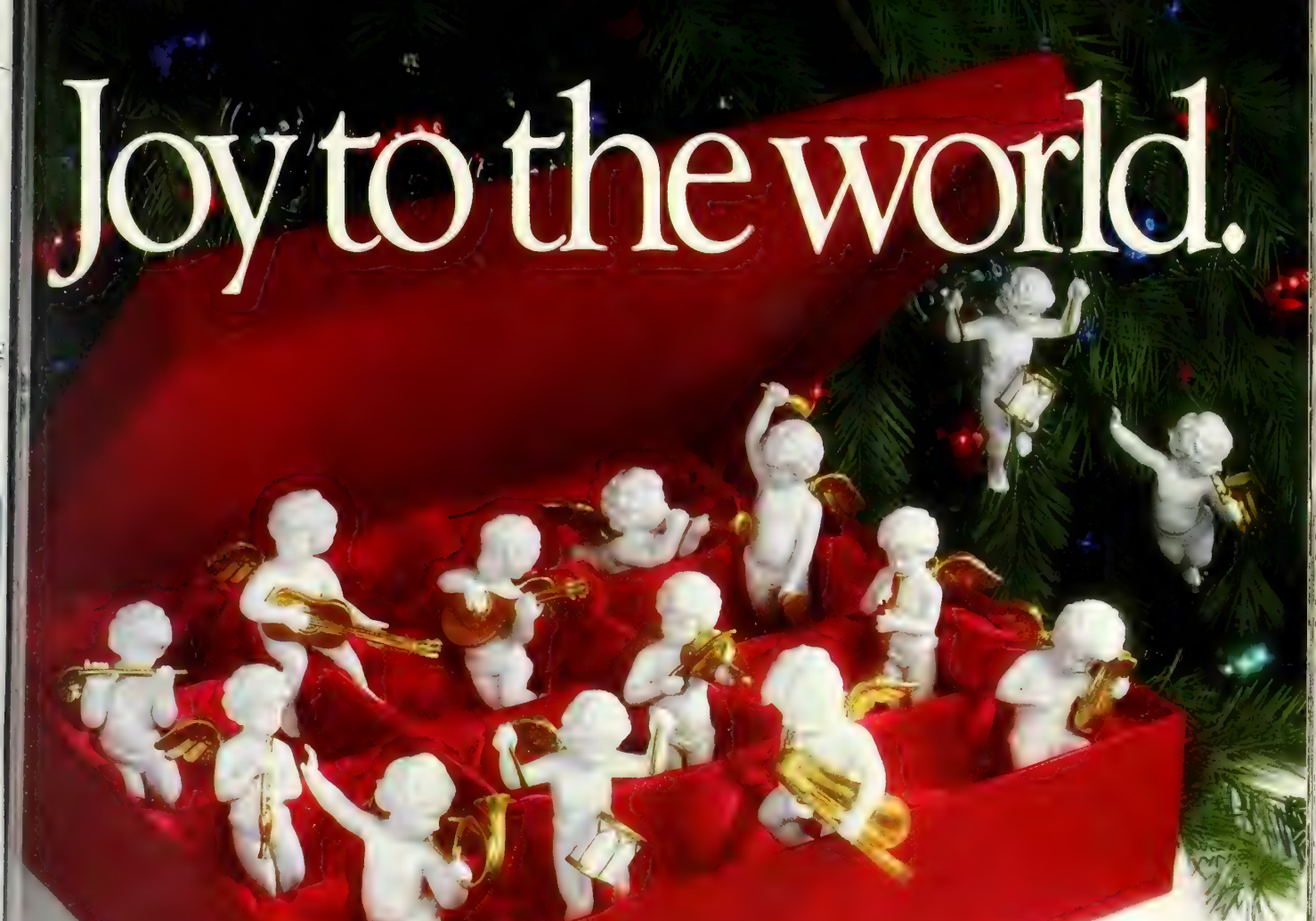




COURTESY THE HISTORIC NEW ORLEANS COLLECTION

Above: The Pontalba buildings face each other across Jackson Square, the spiritual heart of the New Orleans French Quarter, in a 19th-century engraving. *Top:* Statue of Andrew Jackson with St. Louis Cathedral behind. *Right:* A detail of the fine iron-grillwork balconies that grace the Pontalbas.

Joy to the world.

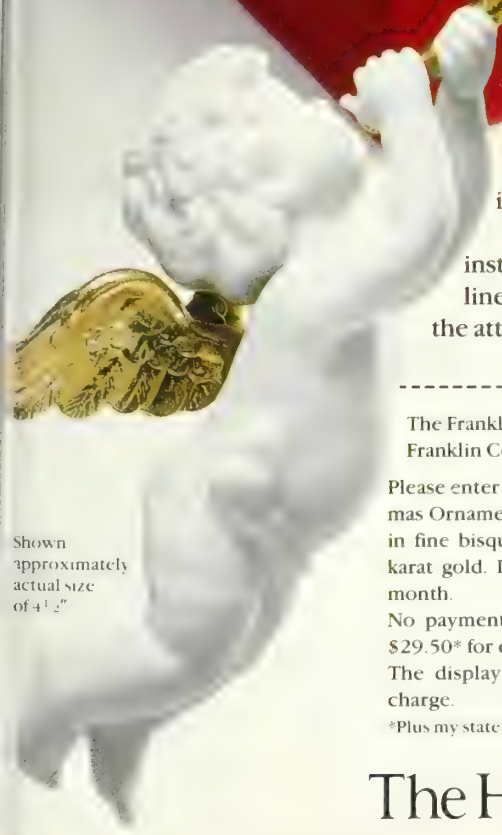


An angelic ensemble of twelve heirloom ornaments crafted of fine porcelain and hand-decorated in 24 karat gold.

For generations, families the world over have delighted in decorating their Christmas trees with heirloom ornaments. And now, in keeping with this cherished tradition, the famed artist Gianni Benvenuti has created a collection of 12 magnificent porcelain angel ornaments that will endure in your family for generations.

Twelve works of art for your tree. Each angel is portrayed playing a golden musical instrument from the Renaissance. And to house your collection, an exquisite satin-lined display box is included at no additional charge. To begin your collection, return the attached reservation form by January 31, 1988.

© 1988 FM



Shown approximately actual size of 4 1/2"

RESERVATION FORM

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

To complete the collection in time for Christmas 1988, please mail by January 31, 1988.

Please enter my order for "The Heralding Angels Christmas Ornament Collection," 12 ornaments to be crafted in fine bisque porcelain and hand-decorated with 24 karat gold. I will receive them at the rate of one per month.

No payment is required at this time. Please bill me $29.50* for each imported ornament prior to shipment. The display case will be provided at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and $1 for shipping and handling

SIGNATURE

MR/MRS/MISS

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

85508-39

The Heralding Angels Christmas Ornaments.

The Lower Pontalba belongs to the state of Louisiana, the Upper to the city of New Orleans. They're a bit like identical twins raised by different parents



Pontalba facade from Jackson Square

[illegible] and after they were married, her father-in-law tried to kill her. But even then she prevailed. Micaela let a finger in the wreath, her father-in-law would be dead, and her husband is banished the entire house.

It took no less than the determination of the new baroness to complete Jackson Square. When she was a child in New Orleans, the square had been a parade ground leading from the Mississippi River to the three great cathedrals of the city: St. Louis Cathedral, the Cabildo and the Presbytere. When Micaela married and moved to France she visited the Palais Royal and the place des Vosges in Paris and was inspired to return to New Orleans wherever and "make" the square with two monumental arcaded buildings. Each would look like a palace but would contain several private row houses—like the buildings in rank of nearby.

As it was not to be, the baroness brought architects Jean Jacques Vaudry de Lesdernier and Henri Pilié Howard and contractors and finally she ran [illegible] she got her everything she wanted, except a price or less the way we see the square today. Do not hate the she never be forgotten for her trouble, we had the trouble is P—for the families Almonaster and Pontalba—can look the row buildings in the eyes.

The buildings were completed in 1850 and had the finest possible [illegible] when the Civil War [illegible] Pontalba found herself [illegible]. They divided the [illegible] and [illegible] apartments [illegible] and [illegible] Pontalba [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Why don't you become an Interior Decorator?



If you like people and welcome fresh challenges, you may be a natural for a career that offers unusual rewards. Find out how a remarkable new home-study course can get you started.

BY TINA LEE

HAVEN'T YOU WISHED you could find an outlet for that creative urge of yours? Something to make you proud and bring you income besides! Then I think this page is must reading for you.

If you have ever enjoyed redoing even a corner of your own home or helping a friend solve a decorating problem, you may have the potential for success in a very fulfilling career.

Interior decorating is a field humming with opportunity. If you are ambitious and would like to be independent, you can start your own profitable business. You can virtually choose your own hours — part-time or full-time. Or you can simply enjoy the pleasures of making your own home beautiful.



Meet interesting people on a professional level

What's more . . . being a decorator can be fun. You have entree to glamorous showrooms and treasure-filled shops that are not usually open to the public. You move in a world of fashion and design — of colorful fabrics, beautiful furniture, exciting accessories. In this new home-study course you learn where to shop, what to select, and how to put it all together in exciting interiors that win applause from delighted clients and friends. Does this way of life appeal to you?

What Sheffield training can do for you.

Sheffield offers you a fascinating new training program that is expressly designed for study in your spare time. No previous experience and no special skills are necessary to qualify for enrollment.

Our lavishly illustrated lessons come to you by mail. But I think the secret to the unique success of this course is the "Listen-and-Learn" cassette tapes on which you actually hear members of the staff guiding you page by page through these lessons. It's truly like having a private tutor for every lesson.

Classroom was never like this.

You start with easy-to-follow training in the basics of interior decorating. You then move step by step through every phase of furniture selection, room arrangement, color planning, wall and window treatment, and much more. You are even taught how to start your own business, how to gain access to the decorator houses, how to command the decorator discounts, how to succeed as a decorator.

Perhaps most important, your training is always practical and down-to-earth. You receive design projects that give you practice in decorating rooms. *Real* rooms. Your own rooms or friends' rooms. You mail your projects to the school where a professional decorator reviews them and then — speaking to you by name in a personal cassette tape — offers specific tips and friendly encouraging advice to help you sharpen your decorating skills and develop your own individual style.



Enjoy privileged entree to showrooms

Before you've gone very far in your course, you'll probably discover new ways to glamorize your own home — and save hundreds of dollars, too!

Free booklet tells all.

You can see why I think this new program may fulfill a real need in your life. If I have aroused your serious interest, I invite you to send for the School's beautifully illustrated color booklet that explains this remarkable program in detail. No obligation, of course. No salesman will call. And, by the way, I think you will be pleasantly surprised by the low tuition cost for the entire program.

To get the booklet by return mail, call our Toll-Free number — 800-526-5000. Or mail the coupon, below.

"Then the personal touch not usually found in a correspondence course." — D.C. Armijo, New York, N.Y.

"Then amazed at how interested and complete the program is." — Jeremy Eisenpreis, Omaha, Neb.

"In just the first half of your course I've learned more about interior design than in my first two years of college." — Jerry Walling, Walker Heights, Ohio

"After just a few lessons, I've already received glowing comments on my furniture re-arrangement in my own home." — Sarah E. Adams, Lincoln, N.C.



For free booklet, call Toll-Free 800-526-5000

. . . or mail coupon.

Sheffield School of Interior Design
Dept. HG18, 211 East 43 Street
New York, NY 10017

Please mail me without charge or obligation the full-color booklet, "Your Future in Interior Decorating." No salesman will call.

☐ Under 18, check here for special information.

Print
Name _____

Address _____

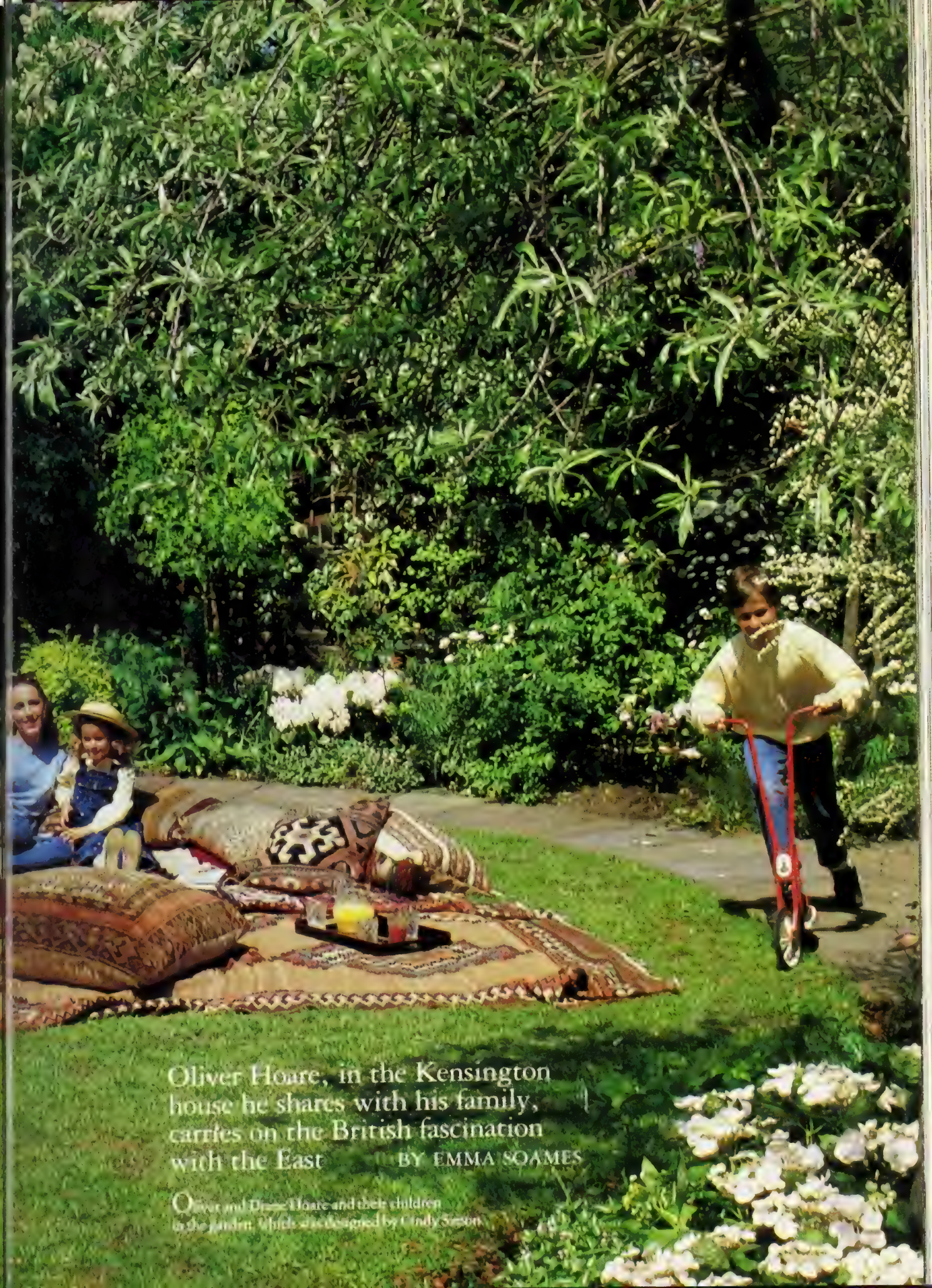
City _____

State Zip _____

Sheffield School of Interior Design
211 East 43rd Street, New York, NY 10017



AN ENGLISHMAN'S ORIENTATIONS

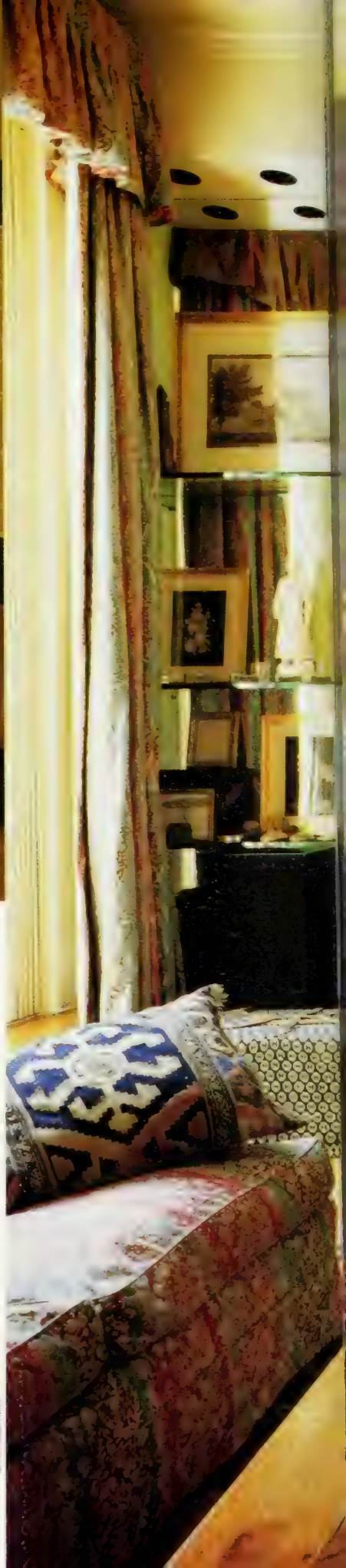


Oliver Hoare, in the Kensington house he shares with his family, carries on the British fascination with the East

BY EMMA SOAMES

Oliver and Diane Hoare and their children in the garden, which was designed by Cindy Sisson





The garden seen through drawing-room doors, *above,* painted by Javier Botana. *Right:* The 14th- or 15th-century Moorish doors hang over an 18th-century French fireplace from Geoffrey Bennison. On either side, Persian traveling cases from Azerbaijan. At far right, a 1st or 2nd century B.C. marble stand from Alexandria in front of a Venetian column of Turkish marble.

Oliver and Diane Hoare have been married for nearly twelve years. He is an Islamic art dealer who worked at Christie's before becoming a private dealer. Diane is French and does not let down her countrywomen. I remember going to lunch with Diane in her parents' house on the avenue Foch when we were both schoolgirls. She was wearing Givenchy and smoking Kent cigarettes; I was wearing Biba.

Diane's father was the baron de Waldner, head of an old French Huguenot family whose title her brother Gérard has now inherited. Her mother, Lulu, is a famous gardener and a considerable eccentric. Diane was brought up in Paris by an English nanny and spent her childhood summers in the bracing air of Scotland with her maternal grandmother. "Ever since I can remember my mother and grandmother used to take me to museums and antiques shops rather than the zoo and the circus," she says.



Oliver's expertise in Islamic art is an obvious influence, but his eye ranges further too. "A dealer once told me that the function of a work of art is to make you dream. That's the best definition I've ever come across for my own taste"

Her taste developed at a tender age. She decorated her first apartment on the Left Bank with old English oak furniture she bought in London and a collection of turn-of-the-century French Mauritian portraits picked up one by one all over Paris.

Oliver's mother was a White Russian émigré who married a member of an English merchant bank where many of Oliver's relations still work. He was educated at Eton and then studied art at the Sorbonne before taking off to travel extensively in the Middle East. He worked at Christie's for seven years in the early seventies, which he could only afford to do by setting up his own company, Flying Carpet. He used to make weekend buying trips to the bazaars of Iran where he bought kilims.

When Diane and Oliver married, the very first objects they bought before they had any furniture or indeed even a house were the Moorish doors that are over the fireplace and the poppy wallhanging now in the drawing room. "We never even thought about where we were going to put them, but luckily the ceilings in the house were high enough." With such insouciance was this stunning house conceived.

The Hoares' house is an opulent depository of different collections. Oliver collects Islamic calligraphy, Diane collects Chinese narcissi pots. Together they have found a wonderful collection of giant objects—an outsize shoe (the mascot of a French shoe shop), a portrait of a giant. Then there are prayer beads, dervishes' chin rests, and camels. Despite all this, Diane insists that they are not collectors: "We do not invest in art. We never buy anything with a view to selling it. Everything in this house is purely for decor, nothing else."

Oliver's expertise in Islamic art is an obvious influence, but his eye ranges further too. "A dealer once told me that the function of a work of art is to make you dream. That's the best definition I've ever come across for my own taste." Indeed, the lofty high-ceilinged house is cool and quiet and full of things to inspire dreams. It totally absorbs the presence of two dogs, three children, and a small but comforting staff. Diane's taste is more classic than her husband's—more avenue Foch than Fulham Road—but they complement each other throughout the house. "Where I would say they coincide most neatly is in the poppy hanging," says Diane of the massive wall-size hanging that originally was part of a Mughal picnic tent and takes up a whole wall of their drawing room. It is vast and delicately embroidered with red poppies on a cream background. "It really is a great re-



Islamic calligraphy—the center drawing is an angular Kufic design of a repeated word—and watercolors. Oriental paintings, and a row of dervishes' chin rests are above an 18th-century ormolu-mounted *secrétaire* in Oliver Hoare's study. On the desk, to the left, a collection of calligraphy tools.







The Hoare children, Olivia, Damian, and Tristan, and their parents in the Turkish pavilionlike conservatory with kilim-covered benches. On the table, a collection of Ottoman prayer beads, an Indian hubble-bubble, and a Turkish incense burner. *Opposite:* Hat-covered Victorian stand in the hallway.





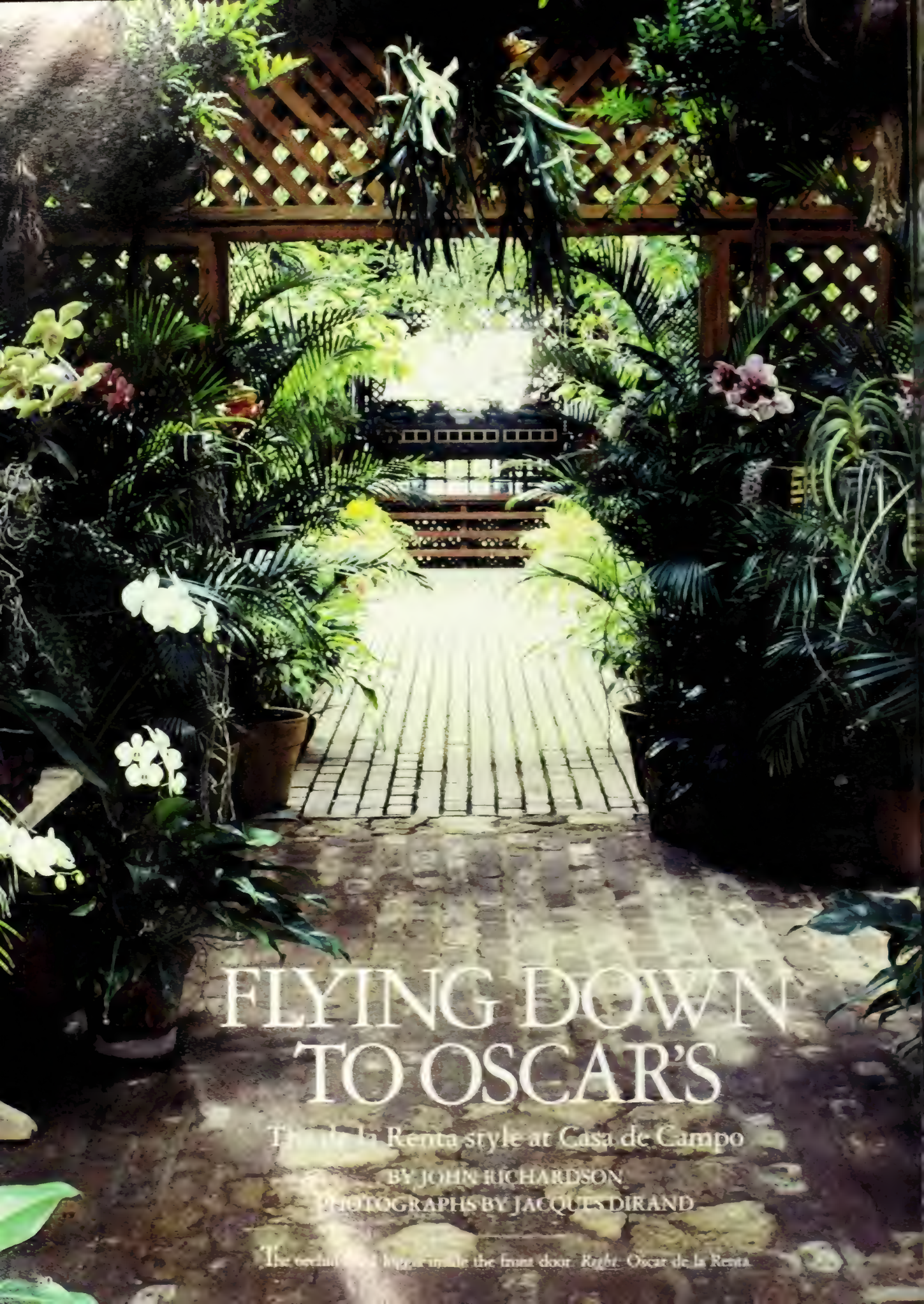
lief that it's hanging here and not in a museum," says Diane. "I believe objects should be used, not put away behind glass." So downstairs in the dining room the tablecloth is a priceless Bokhara wallhanging on a gold background: "I'm sure it's improved over the years from having a few bottles of wine thrown on it," says Diane cheerfully.

Throughout the house there is an attention to detail and a high quality of finish that reflects Diane's perfectionist French standards. This is complemented by Oliver's contacts in the international art world. For his business he and David Sulzberger, his partner in Ahuan Art, travel all over the Middle East, the States, and Europe buying privately and selling mostly to museums and to a "few private collectors, increasingly in the Middle East again." The pursuit of dream-provoking objects once led Oliver to buy Marilyn Monroe's pink mesh bra at an auction at Sotheby's. "My partner was going to get it, but he lost his nerve because there were so many press about. So I put up my hand and bought it. We were mobbed by the papers, who sent around some amazing girl to model it. When asked why I'd bought it, I said because it contained the American dream." □

Editor: Judy Brittain

Diane Hoare, *above*, in the dining room. *Right:* A Bokhara wallhanging covers dining table set with 18th-century Coalport dinner service and four 18th-century French ormolu candlesticks. Oliver's guitar collection hangs on walls marbleized by





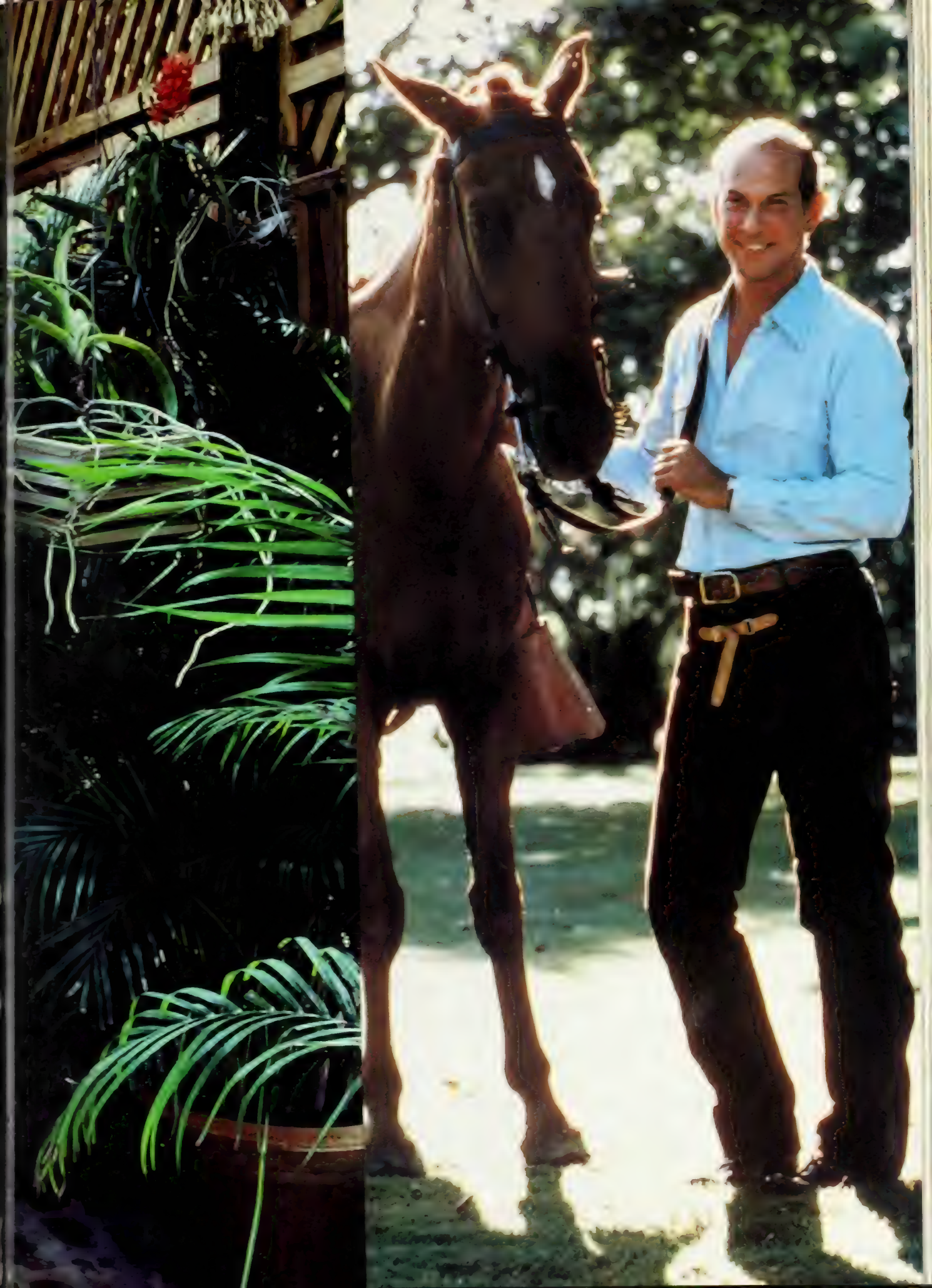
FLYING DOWN TO OSCAR'S

T[illegible] de la Renta style at Casa de Campo

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

The [illegible] hippie inside the front door. *Right:* Oscar de la Renta.







In the high-ceilinged main room, *opposite,* the wood walls have been left in their natural state as in all the rooms. The rattan furniture was made in the Dominican Republic. *Above:* The exterior of the house, with the lattice-covered veranda, as seen from the guesthouse.

Some 25 years ago Oscar de la Renta went to Bangkok, intent on seeing the legendary Jim Thompson. Thompson was the man who put Thai silk on the map and, after assembling a magnificent collection of local antiquities, disappeared without trace into jungle darkness. His famous house, now a museum, built in the traditional Thai manner was a revelation to Oscar. "The decor was dated," Oscar says, "but the great wooden house—basically one huge room surrounded by a veranda—was a dream. I swore that whatever I built in my native Santo Domingo would look like that."

Back in the Dominican Republic a few years later, Oscar discovered that Gulf & Western had bought up a number of local enterprises, including the sugar plantations and refinery at La Romana, a sleepy, rather run-down town at the southeastern point of the island. His brilliant Cuban friend Alvaro Carta, who had been put in charge of the operation, realized that the place had enormous potential transcending that of sugarcane. Given its ideal climate (blue skies and balmy breezes) and scenery far better than the scrub-covered coral reefs of the Bahamas, La Romana would make the perfect Caribbean resort—a rival to Round Hill or Lyford Cay. And so Carta set about building a hotel (Casa de Campo), laying out two superb golf courses (every bit as attractive and tricky as Pebble Beach), championship tennis courts, and no less well-equipped facilities for polo. He also set about luring attractive people to build houses on Gulf & Western's vast holdings of land. As the island's best-known native son, Oscar got to have first pick of the available sites: a picturesque scoop of prime coastline with what has turned out to be more than enough space for an ever-growing cluster of buildings (latest addition: a tiny house for his adopted son, Moses) and an ever-proliferating garden (latest addition: an amphitheater-shaped enclosure for orchids).

True to his word, Oscar and his late wife, Françoise, came up with a version of the Thompson house. "In the tropics," Oscar says, "people have a terrible tendency to live in glaring white rooms in glaring white houses. No wonder they never take their sunglasses off. I wanted the reverse of that: a lofty room, like Thompson's, that would be all the more a refuge from the sun for being dark and shady. And so I opted for walls and ceilings of natural wood and a house consisting of one vast space open on all sides to a wraparound veranda shaded by huge overhanging eaves. The room is always fresh, but in the event of a hot spell there are old-fashioned fans to stir the air." Air, I may say, that is heavy with tuberoses. A further advantage, the acoustics are perfect for the music (Verdi, for preference) that wafts into the garden of an evening—guests permitting. Meanwhile, in the garden night-scented flowers, which Oscar





A handsome pair of Chinese lacquer export armchairs and chaise longue made in about 1830 are in one of the guest bedrooms. The chair on left is Victorian lacquer.





plants wherever possible, waft into the great romantic space of the house.

As for furniture, Oscar is rightly proud of his island's skills. Everything, he has always insisted, must be made in the Dominican Republic. He has designed most of the furniture himself, including a bamboo four-poster bed like a Thai temple made by immigrant Chinese craftsmen. Oscar originally furnished the veranda with traditional-looking deck chairs and stools of mahogany with rush seats: furniture that evokes the atmosphere of Conrad's novels so powerfully that one expected to see them occupied by Lord Jim or Almayer rather than Henry Kissinger or Ahmet Ertegun. More recently Oscar has replaced these with banquettes that are less Conradesque but more comfortable. He has also discovered and helped to train a local cabinetmaker—nicknamed Chippendale by the guests—who has an instinctive grasp of the English eighteenth-century vernacular and the possibilities of local mahogany; witness his stylish bookcases for Mica Ertegun's New York library as well as the beds and side tables he has made for his patron.

Over the years Oscar has attracted legions of friends—Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Agnellis to name but a few—from both sides of the Atlantic to La Romana; indeed he has been the key factor in transforming a province backwater into a recherché resort. But, as this great promoter of the Dominican Republic says, "it's crucial that La Romana retain its indigenous character and not become an American outpost where the principal role of people would be catering to foreign tourists. Thank heaven there are a great many attractive and discriminating Dominicans—the Vicinis and Bonettis, for example—who have built magnificent houses here. Eighty percent of the new houses belong to Dominicans." Oscar is also delighted that La Romana has become the favorite winter resort of many prominent Spaniards. When I was there last Christmas, there were Marches, Fierros, and Domecqs galore. And the Cisneroses—who divide their time between Madrid, New York, Caracas, and one of the most spectacular local houses—had flown in a group of Gypsy dancers from Seville so that the Spanish visitors could feel at home and keep up their flamenco *(Text continued on page 163)*

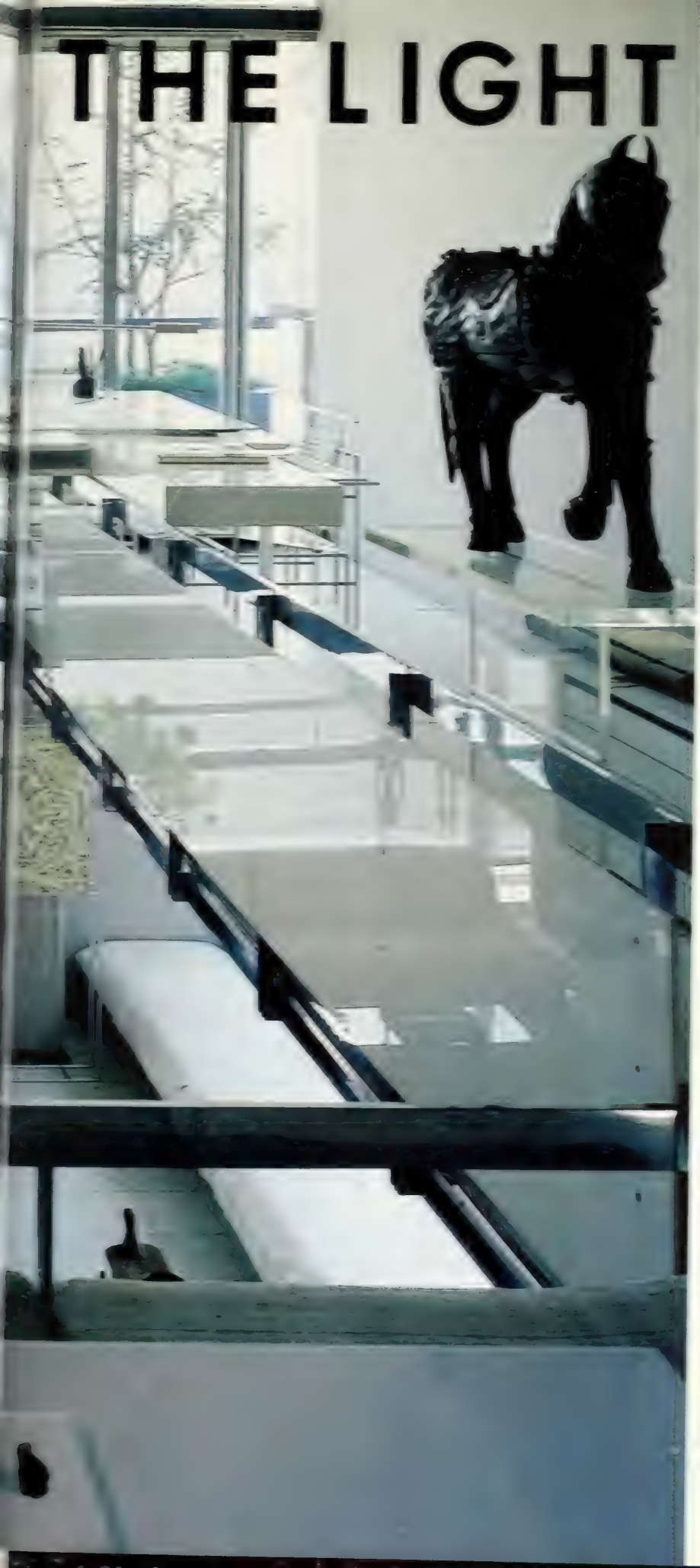


View across the saltwater swimming pool to the sea. *Opposite above:* Guest bedroom has tub in the center of the room and a Japanese lacquer kimono rack used for towels. *Opposite below:* The walkway outside Oscar de la Renta's bedroom in a separate cottage, formerly the pool house.

THE LIGHT HOUSE

Paul Rudolph's triplex aerie suspended over the Manhattan skyline

BY MICHAEL SORKIN



Perched atop a row house on Beekman Place, this sleek aerie brackets a park above an otherwise sedate neighborhood. Made up of two floors, a profusion of skylights and generous living space at each end receiving four levels of light and air. By day this extraordinary penthouse carries the street's green upward skyward. At night, eyrie is taken to pierce the skyline a small but luminous jewel in Manhattan's corona.

This is the home of architect Paul Rudolph. Begun in 1979 and still being modified with the place is at once residence and scene of experimentation, a laboratory for living. It is easily one of the most arresting pieces of modern urban domestic architecture produced in this country, a structure packing more finesse and design vitality in its compact confines than nearly all of Rudolph's peers manage to produce over entire careers.

This will come as no surprise to Rudolph devotees. Indeed, the house only provides further grist for speculation about the conundrum of Rudolph's career. It was it many years ago that he was one of the undisputed superstars of American architecture. Dean of the School of Architecture at Yale during its golden age, designer of its magnificent and widely celebrated building—arguably the seminal work of the mid-

The living area, on the mezzanine level, also contains Rudolph's drawings and his drawing board, which is considerably neater than his living room. Below the drawing board, a plaster plaque from a Louis Sullivan building in Chicago, which Rudolph has had since he taught at Yale.



ties—Rudolph was rising fast. Project after project affirmed his genius as a space maker, his succinct plasticity.

Then it stopped. By the end of the seventies Rudolph had fallen to the rising fashion for fashion, the arid wastes of Postmodernism. His commissions dried up, and for the past ten years the master builder has been virtually unconstructed in the United States. This disgraceful condition is somewhat mitigated by a number of projects built recently in Asia and by the continued loyalty of a few American clients.

The Beekman Place apartment offers stunning evidence of Rudolph's undimmed powers. A visit dazzles. The initial impression is one of complexity, of a vast constellation of floating elements, of spaces soaring away. The materials sparkle and glow: beams laminated in stainless steel, closet doors of skylighting plastic, glinting vinyl, thick plexiglass, marble, metal.

If things seem initially tough to sort into familiar bits, the key words are interpenetration and elaboration. This is an incredibly rich environment. While the apartment is nominally organized on four levels, this reflects the conventions of use rather than the dimensions of experience. Here's an architect who conceives of space tactilely, as a living thing that pours through the environment and seeps into its recesses. In this, Rudolph is the heir to Frank Lloyd Wright, headwater of "flowing space." He also shares with Wright a fascination for the idea of integral decoration. Both achieve it geometrically out of a further buildup of architectural elements, what Rudolph calls the "multiplication of members."

The central spatial event in Rudolph's apartment—the double-height volume at the center of the main living area—recalls both this lineage and Rudolph's own prior work. Like his Art and Architecture Building at Yale, it's reminiscent of Wright's great Larkin Building, likewise organized in tiers around a soaring space. The entry in the apartment is up a flight of stairs climbing eastward. One passes first through a little bar adjoining a cozy library and emerges in the big space. A window wall opens to the south. To the east a flyover compresses the space again, forming a more intimate sitting area replete with Rudolph settees. The furniture acts in the larger composition: "The seat is really a floor, the back is a wall." The condition is one of sitting low, looking out onto a higher space. Glass doors open onto a small terrace above the East River.

Ascending another flight, one comes to the dining area—again with table and chairs by the architect—which overlooks the great space. To the west

Paul Rudolph, *above,* in the sitting area in front of some of his architectural studies. *Opposite:* The living room is divided into a single-height library, with fireplace and Rudolph settees, and a sitting area near the glass wall to the south known as the summer living room. The dining room is above the library, and the master bedroom is visible at the top.



PETER AARON



DUANE MICHALS

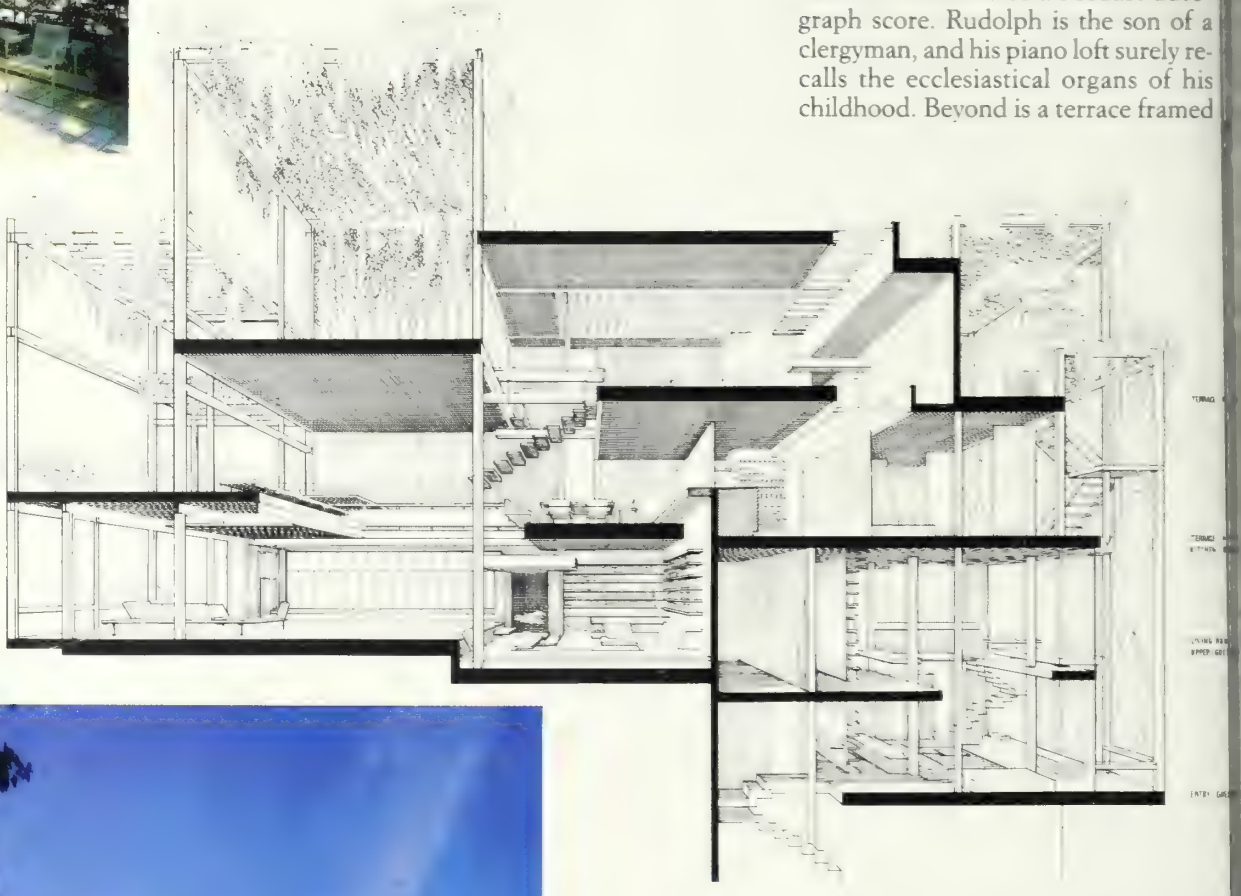


The dining table holds a collection of miniature stone heads, and chairs are Rudolph designs in plexiglass and steel. *Opposite:* The architect has ensconced his large collection of tiny Mexican tin miracles in the dining area between sheets of plexiglass. He also keeps a group of toy robots, which he paints in various colors.

PETER AARON



the kitchen. To north, south, and east a mezzanine surrounds the volume. On one side is Rudolph's drawing board, cantilevered out over the void, and on the other his Steinway. A wall nearby holds a facsimile of a Mozart autograph score. Rudolph is the son of a clergyman, and his piano loft surely recalls the ecclesiastical organs of his childhood. Beyond is a terrace framed





out double height and overhung with wisteria. On the other side of the kitchen is a sitting room and bath opening onto its own terrace and lit by an interior skylight.

At the dining level the stair switches from the south side of the house to the north, signaling that it now climbs to Rudolph's private quarters. These comprise a generous bedroom, sybaritic bath, and large terraces to east and west. The eastern one is magnificent, supporting not merely Rudolph's prototypical wisteria bower but also a miniature system of canals lined by lush vegetation. The level of the terrace is a few feet higher than that of the bedroom so that from the interior of the house one is able to look both over and under its plane, lending the illusion of flotation.

To the west there's another side to the house. Organized around a smaller double-height volume, it holds a separate guest *(Text continued on page 168)*



The living room in the [illegible] has curving steel stairs that lead to a sl[illegible]g loft. *Opposite top:* One of the terrac[illegible] with double-height trellis. *Opposite cent[illegible]* A section drawing of the apartm[illegible] *Opposite below:* Rudolph's [illegible]house with cascading greenery atop its Beekman Place row house.



IN THE FABRIC OF THE FAMILY

Manuel Canovas at home in his Left Bank apartment

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



"I had to start my own company or give up because no one would produce my designs in France," says textile designer Manuel Canovas, 52. "My drawings were turned down for being too colorful and on too large a scale." An initial investment of 10,000 francs in 1963 has 25 years later turned into a personal empire with an annual turnover of 120 million francs. Forty new fabrics are created each year along with carpeting, wallpaper, and *parfums d'ambiance*. "What I had to present was totally new at a time when everything was old and traditional—but traditional in a false way since taste generally was based on a nineteenth-century bourgeois vision of the eighteenth century."

Canovas was 28 years old when he opened his first tiny shop on the rue Saint-Roch. "When I started, the colors in decoration were limited to *vieil or, vieux rose, vieux bleu, vert Empire*. They dated to the nineteenth century and the bourgeoisie's fear of bad taste."

Canovas took up the more violent and contrasted colors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His exotic palette changed the look of the French home in ways that his own Paris apartment shows off. "There will soon be a significant return to the eighteenth century," he says. "I detest the nineteenth century. It may be *in* now with some decorators, but it is a period of pastiches: fake Gothic, fake Louis XV, fake Middle Ages."

Pointing out two eighteenth-century fauteuils at one end of the living room upholstered with original fabric

In the dining room, *above*, a 17th-century bust of Hadrian and an ancestral portrait, school of Pantoja de la Cruz, against Canovas's *vieux rose* Tzarine moiré. *Opposite:* In the same room, a 17th-century Spanish still life over a table skirted in the Spanish manner.



dating to 1740, he says, "Look at those vibrant colors—bright red, bright yellow. In those days people weren't afraid!"

The one person who wasn't afraid in the sixties was David Hicks. "He crashed the gates of tradition and brought violet, yellows, and Matisse blues into the home, even into Buckingham Palace where he did a dining room in *rose shocking*." Doors were opened. "We had the same vision at the same time, with color and with a certain geometrical esprit." First there were Canovas checks (*carreaux*), then the famous jacquards. His favorite fabric designers? Philippe de La Salle (1723–1804) and Suzanne Fontan, who has left her mark on the twentieth century with colorful, nature-inspired printed percales.

A year ago when it came to doing over this Left Bank apartment overlooking the stately gardens of the Champ-de-Mars, Canovas says color was the point of departure. After deciding the living room should be yellow—"the way they often are in England to bring an effusion of light into a gray climate"—he set about designing the carpet in the same soft yellow with dabs of blue, almond green, madder red (*rouge garance*), and violet picking up on different things in the room.

"The lemon yellow of the two Niderviller rafraîchissoirs basically does not go with the yellow moiré of the walls. But there is a kind of miracle that happens at a certain moment in a decor when everything functions well together. That's where decorators go wrong who want colors to match exactly. These little discrepancies make a house elegant.

"It is exactly like a man who dresses too perfectly," he continues. "Being too impeccable is inelegant. True elegance is a pocket handkerchief a bit rumpled and not the same color as your tie." Canovas wears only Chiffonelli suits, Charvet shirts, Brooks Brothers tasseled loafers, and a gold crest ring emblazoned *Todo Es Nada* (Everything Is Nothing), a sober family motto.

Manuel Canovas has made his greatest mark as a *coloriste*. "There are no ugly colors, just ugly combinations. Take a severe color like *caca d'oie* (goose doody!), put it between taupe, rose-beige, slate, or brown, and it sings." Canovas's recently published guide to fabrics provides a lexicon of colors that includes everything you've ever or never heard of, like Isabelle: "Legend has it that Isabelle la Catholique made a vow not to wash until her husband's return—and her clothes took on a color quite like *café au lait*."

The lexicon does not begin to cover all the elements of the infinitely subtle Canovas palette, which uses 7,000 color bases. "The durability of my image is my instinct for color, having a sense about what's to come." Over the years the designer's keen eye has found sources of inspiration far and wide. At first it was the Otomi Indians and Mexico. Then India. "It is as though in poor countries color is the only luxury," he says, going on to describe what he calls another color shock: women working on the roads in Rajasthan in saris of absinthe green, shocking pink, saffron, and fuchsia. "I only learned later on that eighteenth-century



Manuel Canovas, *above,* in the living room with his wife, Catherine, and Alma, four months old, with family portrait of an Austrian prince behind. *Left:* In the light-filled living room the walls are covered in a yellow moiré; the Cabochon Paille carpet was designed especially for the room. *Below:* An 18th-century armchair, signed Cressent, is covered in an original period fabric. Above are a portrait of the future emperor Joseph II of Austria, 17th-century Flemish still-life paintings.







Canovas's Bien Aimée peony fabric covers walls, *opposite,* leading to the bedroom, *above,* where paintings of American Indians by Antoine Tzapoff hang against Canovas's Pali fabric, after 18th-century cotton indienne. An early American quilt covers bed upholstered in Alexandrine striped moiré. A Louis XVI table is against the wall under pastels by Yves Lévêque. A David Hicks lamp is on the night table under a 17th-century Japanese painting.

France possessed these vivid and audacious tones."

California's *atmosphère clean* brought new greens and white into the scheme. Then early American decoys, of which he has a vast collection, and quilts triggered a whole new Americana line. From the Japanese, Canovas says, he learned rigor: "They have achieved a synthesis of expression, an extreme stylization that has influenced my abstract designs and geometrics. The Occidentals like to show; the Orientals like to suggest."

Not one to let anything slip through his fingers, Canovas has collected 120 different colors of sand from beaches around the world: "From the most extraordinary places," he says, "like Circe's grotto." The sand, kept in enormous glass jars, is part of the Canovas archives found in the library/entrance hall, which also houses 3,200 books. All exquisitely bound, each book sports the colors of its category: blue-red is English, green-black is German, red-yellow is Spanish. . . Nabokov and Proust are favorite authors.

"For me, a beautiful house is one where there are lots of books, lots of photos, and flowers from a garden, *not* from a florist. These are much more important than having signed furniture or paintings by great masters. Look how few people have books, how few people dare to display photographs because they're afraid photos won't give them enough importance. Fewer still are lucky enough to have a garden."

Manuel Canovas cultivates flowers with the mania of a botanist. Among the 215 seedlings he has planted into the flourishing Candides collection are the peonies of Bien Aimée in the boudoir, a fabric designed to point out how erroneous a cliché it is that large patterns aren't right for small rooms. The extravagant larger-than-life peonies are rendered with absolute exactitude from detailed studies. He is currently working on a particular lotus that is flown in daily from Southeast Asia straight to his drafting table.

The same concentration goes into the replication of fabrics from historical documents. In these "flashbacks" Manuel Canovas reproduces the motifs of an antique cashmere shawl and reedits hand-painted nankins and indiennes. The bedroom's cotton wallcovering depicting a cocoa bean is one such indienne dating to the eighteenth century.

Canovas was raised to respect Classicism by his Spanish father, Blas, an accomplished painter in his own right. "When I was eight years old, he would take me on his knee and read me Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks! Later on, a professor came to the house to give me lessons in anatomy and *(Text continued on page 169)*





CONNECTICUT MADE SIMPLE

It took five years, but Ira Howard Levy finally got what he wanted: a weekend retreat that was both classical and modern

BY MICHAEL BOODRO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

For many, a country house evokes casual images of muddy Wellingtons tossed in a corner of the front hall, overstuffed sofas strewn with Hudson's Bay blankets, and a battered pine table in a large fragrant kitchen. Deer Run—despite its bucolic name—is not that sort of place. But then one must expect something else from a house whose owner proudly proclaims, "I created this house as a place for my soul to reside."

Indeed, he has backed up this ambitious statement by having every one of the 93 rare varieties of cone-bearing trees on his property catalogued and individually labeled and has printed a brochure pinpointing their location for visitors. His triple-glazed windows were built according to proportions dictated by Palladio's *Quattro Libri* and precisely fitted with teak on the outside and mahogany within by a yacht builder from Maine. At a convent in Ireland nuns embroider the stylized deer head logo he created for bed and bath linens, green on white.

Ira Howard Levy, the owner in question, who spent five years designing and building the house, has become an expert in developing and packaging products during a long career with Estée Lauder, where he is now senior vice president of corporate marketing and design. He is responsible for the image of such lines as Clinique and Aramis, and at Deer Run—"a saga of determination"—he has produced perhaps the ultimate package for the country life.

When he bought the land in Litchfield County crossed by the Appalachian Trail and surrounded by a vast nature preserve, he was committed to the idea of escape from a hectic New York life. "I've always been

Deer Run sits on a knoll overlooking a pond in the foothills of the Berkshires. Inspired by a Georgian house Levy owned in Ireland, it has only two bedrooms and its windows were built according to the proportions in Palladio's *Quattro Libri*.



taken with the English notion of a country house that comes out of the eighteenth century," he says. "That notion of the Enlightenment and the Georgian era, of repairing to the country and having a balance, an enlightened balance, a place where you can get the rhythm of nature."

The size of the house, which has only two bedrooms, was inspired by Levy's once having owned a Georgian house in Ireland and by his stay in a renovated caretaker's house on the property at Deer Run while the new house was being conceived. "In Ireland, unlike England, 'stately' is not a matter of size but of proportion. Although stately," he adds, "is never a word I've been comfortable with, Irish Georgian houses are very spare. And I wanted this house to be spare. And the caretaker's house at Deer Run brought my whole sense of grandeur, my sense of scale, down," he pauses and laughs, "to a human proportion."

The selection of an architect was no easy matter, just as Levy—who states emphatically, "If I had it all to do over again I'd be an architect, no question"—could not have been the easiest client. The difficult search ended fortuitously with the selection of Gabriel Sedlis, a Lithuanian who had studied in Italy, spoke fluent Italian, and had designed for both Mario Buccellati and Pierre Matisse.

Sedlis proved the perfect architect to develop Levy's conception of a modern yet classical house. "The idea behind the house is very simple," Levy explains. "It's based on New England architecture, the Georgian and Federal character of New England villages. I did not want a Postmodern house. I'm violently anti-Postmod-



ern. I wanted a classical house that feels like a contemporary house."

Together Levy and Sedlis not only poured over Palladio's *Quattro Libri,* which, in Levy's words, "became the discipline for the house," they also traveled to Italy. They went to Palladio's Villa Malcontenta, where, thanks to Levy's friendship with the Foscari family, they "stayed and measured and paced off."

During other trips to Europe they also worked out details. They developed the high-tech ambient halogen lighting fixtures, which were manufactured in Milan, and created oval doorknobs to be cast in bronze in Rome. The forty pages of architectural plans Levy happily exhibits illustrate the care and time that went into Deer Run's design. "There was no rush," he says proudly. "I was so committed to quality."

In the living room, *opposite,* a Regency mirror hangs across from the Edwardian-shaped sofa covered in bleached raw silk. Floors are of cherry wood culled from the property. *Above:* Also in the living room, a contemporary Native American sculpture by Michael McCleve, a lighting fixture designed by Levy and Sedlis, and a painting by Robert Dash over a Scottish hall table.



The building is characterized by Levy as an "extraordinary marriage" of client, architect, and builder, and he has nothing but praise for the workmanship on the house. The fine work of the New England craftsmen is evident in the wood floors throughout and the wall of Shaker cabinetry in the guest bedroom, all made from kiln-dried cherry trees cleared from the site.

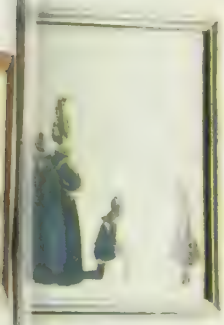
Furnishing the house was a much less arduous task not only because Levy already owned approximately half the pieces but also because his interests and tastes are so varied and eclectic. A former trustee of the Museum of American Folk Art, he is vice chairman of the Contemporary Arts Council at the Museum of Modern Art. He's also practiced in furnishing homes which, in addition to his Manhattan apartment, include a beach house on Long Island he has since sold, a Frank Lloyd Wright house he is currently renovating in Arizona, and a house he is planning to build in Seal Harbor, Maine.

For Deer Run, Levy says, "I wanted simple, masculine, but slightly eccentric English furniture of the eighteenth century." But true to his all-inclusive eye, Levy has ended up with a house that is, he admits, "a very strange combination of things, although I do think there's a continuity to my taste." He has freely mixed Irish and English, Bauhaus and Biedermeier, artworks





In the master bedroom, some of Levy's collection of American 19th-century silhouettes, above an English Regency settee, *left,* and, *below,* on the antique mantel painted with a view of Deer Run by Stephen Gemberling. *Right above:* A door from the master bedroom to a small balcony. *Right:* In the dining room, Brno chairs, pikes from the French Revolution, and a late-18th-century Pembroke table.









In the guest bedroom, two Cooperstown pencil-post beds, *right*, one original, one copied, and, *above*, a wall of Shaker-style cabinetry in cherry wood from the property and an original Shaker rocker.

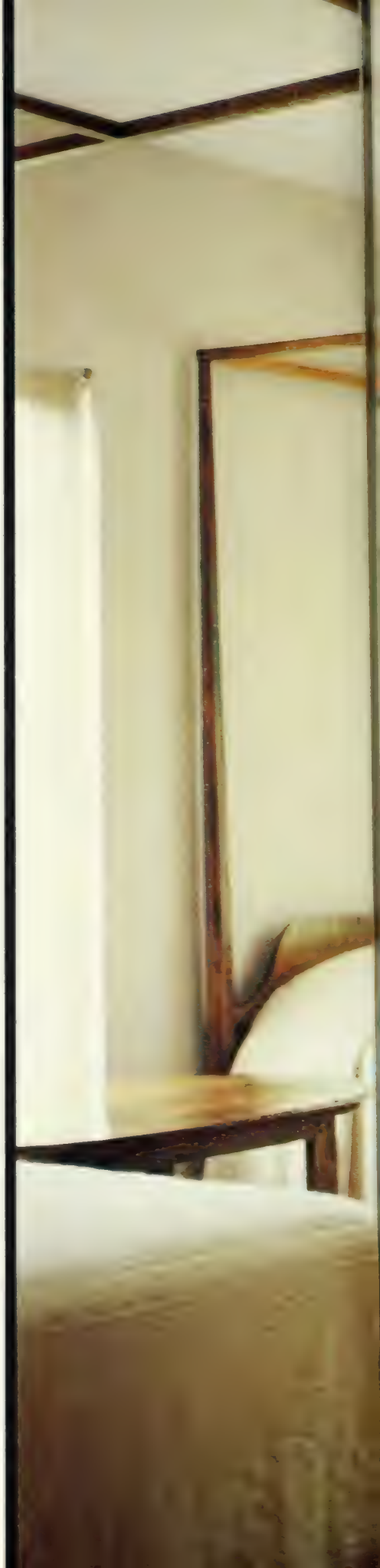
by contemporary Indian painters with eighteenth-century architectural drawings.

The result is a house that stands prim, almost chilly and forbidding in its gleaming whiteness against the rolling foothills of the Berkshires. But inside, the severe symmetry is softened by the pale mauves and greens of the carpeting, by the precise and loving way elements are fitted together, by bright sunlight filtered through pleated silk shades. The house asserts its New England heritage in its small high-ceilinged rooms, painted throughout in a dozen shades of white, and in its many warming fireplaces. Despite its formality, Deer Run seems somehow snug and foursquare, its exacting construction endowing it with a reassuring shipshape feel.

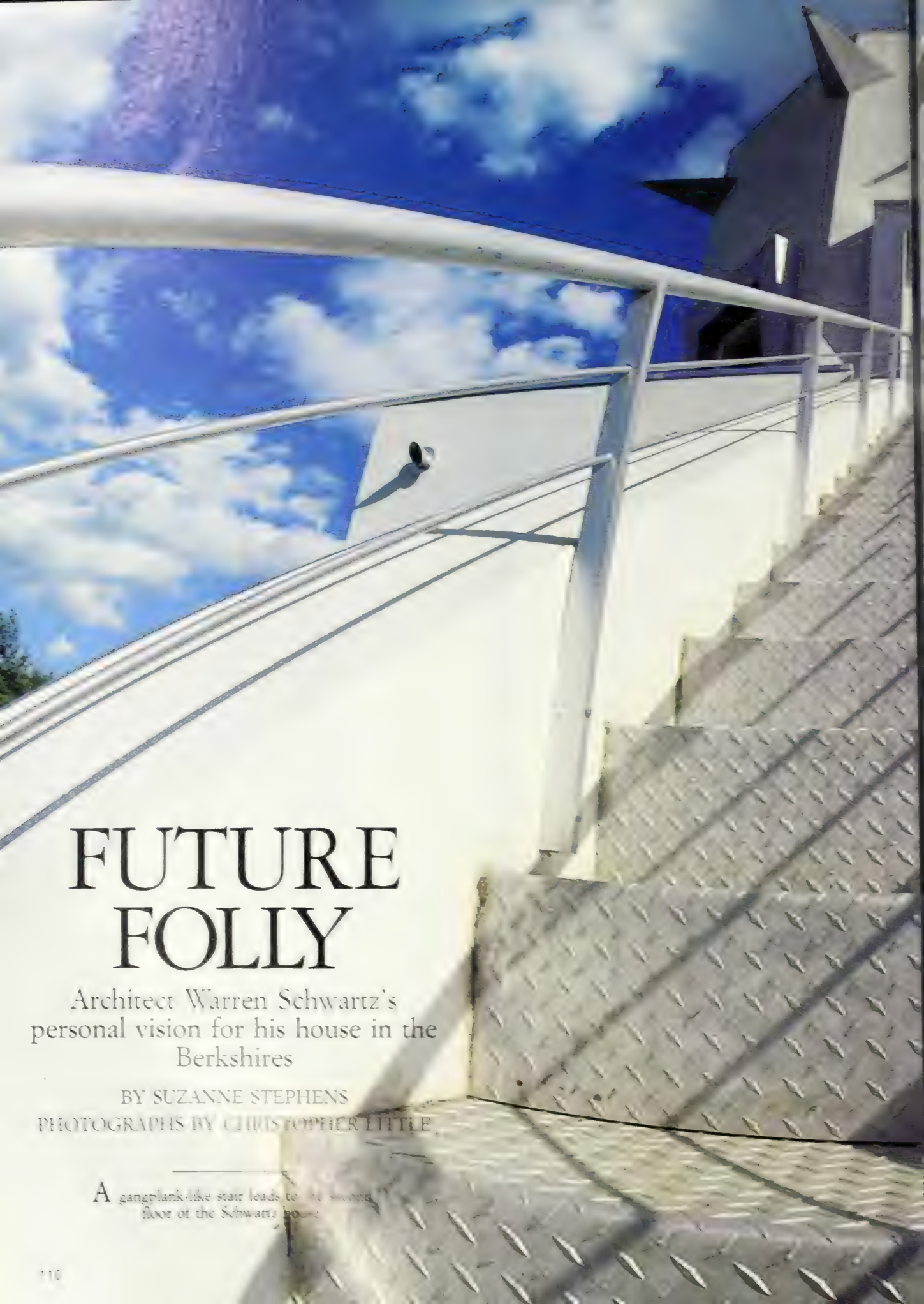
Upstairs in the octagonal sitting room, Palladio makes himself felt more strongly in the house's sweeping views through the high arched windows, in the photo of Villa Rotonda tucked on a bookshelf, in the trompe l'oeil depiction of an eighteenth-century servant boy and Levy's cat on a secret door, a playful allusion to Veronese's famous murals at the Villa Maser.

After two years of using the house on weekends, entertaining at casual luncheons or small dinners for six, Levy feels settled in. He has no desire to change the house in any major way. "I like it worn and cozy and comfortable," he says with a smile. "I hope I never have to repaint the inside of this house. In that sense I do want it to be like an English country house, not in the chintz sense."

If he should feel a *Text continued on page 169)*







FUTURE FOLLY

Architect Warren Schwartz's personal vision for his house in the Berkshires

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

A gangplank-like stair leads to [illegible] floor of the Schwartz house.







Aluminum trim and pronglike aluminum scuppers add to the tough and quirky image of this otherwise straightforward house

Some houses up here are spooky," observes Sheila Fiekowsky about the Berkshire retreat designed by her husband, Warren Schwartz. "This one is crazy." The glint of the five-foot-long javelinlike scuppers that pierce the brow of the octagonal-shaped house doesn't do much to prove her point, however. Judging from the screech of car brakes as area tourists catch a first glimpse of this aggressively charged apparition high on a knoll, the passersby don't exactly think of it as a "home." But then we are talking about visitors who come to the Stockbridge, Massachusetts, area to stay in tidy little Victorian bed-and-breakfast inns where patchwork quilts are carefully tucked over brass bedsteads.

These urban folk line up to get a peek at the innards of the picturesque Norman Rockwell Museum. Or if they seek higher-brow Americana, they head for the Mount, Edith Wharton's stately turn-of-the-century Classical-style home in Lenox. As they rumble around in tweeds and traipse through the bucolic landscape with its rolling hillsides, tall leafy trees, and clapboard farmhouses, they do not expect space-age architecture. Coming upon the Schwartz-Fiekowsky weekend house often takes their breath away.

"Everyone always thinks it is much bigger than it is," says Schwartz, as if size were the only cause for palpitations among unsuspecting spectators. In reality the West Stockbridge residence is only 1,200 square feet of living space on two floors. But since it is stark white stucco, punctuated by aluminum trim over windows and doors, bedecked with those aluminum bristles (and don't forget the pointy skylight), it looms even larger on the horizon than an electrical substation.

Naturally the first question from a visitor expecting to find another gabled-roof cottage done up in barn red with forest green trim is "Why?" "I'm from Miami," Schwartz offers. "I've been working in Boston for so long, and everything there is so *brown*." The architect had originally thought of drenching his house with Miami's own "national" colors, hot pink and vibrant yellow, but when the house was well into construction, he had second thoughts. These hues were so, well, sunny and happy and light. Drained of color, the bleached, bone-white, angular cottage took on a pris-

Architect Warren Schwartz stands on the deck of the house he designed for himself and his wife. The bedrooms of the symmetrically organized villa occupy the square base, while the main public spaces are located in the octagonal tower.



tine, purified air. "It makes you look at the form, not at a colorful surface," the architect adds hopefully.

Warren Schwartz's favorite photograph, which he carries in his wallet, shows the house in dead of winter looking as if it is sitting atop a windswept dune in southern Florida. Not even a chimney has been included to indicate to the geographically disoriented that the house might actually be far from a beach studded with palms. Clearly the house is a study in the inversion of natural expectations. While one would be hard put to argue for its being contextual in the stylistic sense of fitting into the vernacular of the region, in many ways it is very much a product of the current architectural climate. It calls forth a number of associations to past architectural images including medieval fortresses, nineteenth-century American octagonal houses, and even Erich Mendelsohn's 1921 expressionistic concrete observatory in Potsdam. Gestures to more contemporary works can also be detected. Is there not in the shape of the tower a touch of Aldo Rossi's Teatro del Mondo designed for the 1980 Venice Biennale? And, for true cognoscenti, does it not also make a bow to the campanilelike fountain replete with spearlike telescopes and bladelike projections that another Boston architect, Schwartz's friend Jorge Silvetti, designed recently for a Sicilian town?

"I don't get to do many houses," says the formerly repressed architect. The practice Schwartz established in Boston with partner Robert Silver has a reputation for sensitive renovations and additions for offices, stores, and schools. These projects are for no-nonsense clients who generally know what they want. With his own house, Schwartz at last could cut loose, and his wife, Sheila Fiekowsky, a violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, turned out to be an ideal client. (Architects love clients who say things like, "I knew whatever Warren designed would be wonderful.") Nevertheless she did reject the first scheme because it looked too much like a silo.

One thing that Fiekowsky wanted was a space to play music in. Thus the multipurpose main room (living room, dining room, kitchen) fills the entirety of the octagonal tower. Designed to function virtually as a music box, the ultraresonant room was fitted with maple floors, skim-coated plaster walls, a thick partition to block off the kitchen, and spruce ceilings with steel trusses. Because Fiekowsky and Schwartz entertain and receive a lot of guests, especially during the summer when the Boston Symphony is in residence at Tanglewood, they needed an acoustical conservatory that would easily accommodate informal musicales. The acoustics rival those of most concert halls. "They are almost too perfect. I

(Text continued on page 166)

The stark pristine form, *left,* sits jewellike in the surrounding greenery. *Opposite:* The octagonal living-dining room with its plaster walls, maple floors, and spruce ceiling with steel trusses creates an acoustically resonant space ideal for playing music. Colorful scatter rugs and wicker furniture offset the austere architecture.





STAGE FRAUGHT

The Venice rooms of actress Valentina Cortese are a romantic extension of her real home, the theater

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Valentina Cortese, in Capucci, with one of a quartet of 19th-century marble busts of four seasons by Antonio Bottinelli. *Opposite:* Overlooking the Campanile, San Marco, and the Palazzo Ducale, the salon of Cortese's pied-à-terre on the Giudecca is furnished with opulent antiques, including a pair of 19th-century Indian silver armchairs.



Carefully arranged photographs include signed greetings from Franco Zeffirelli and Herbert von Karajan as well as Nancy and Ronald Reagan, old Hollywood friends. At center, a 1980 wedding photo of Valentina Cortese and her husband, Carlo de Angeli.



Cortese's screen credits include, *clockwise from above left, Malaya* (1949) with Spencer Tracy, *Day for Night* (1973), and *The House on Telegraph Hill* (1951). *Opposite:* Her bedroom, inspired by Venice's Caffè Florian, with glass-covered painted panels and mirrors.

Looking out on one of the most famous urban panoramas in the world, Valentina Cortese describes the vacation home she has recently completed for herself and her husband of seven years, the Milan inventor and pharmaceuticals magnate Carlo de Angeli. "This is my stage, my plateau," she says of her extravagant pied-à-terre on the Giudecca, the large southern island of Venice. "It is a poetic place, a dreamy place." It is above all a glamorously theatrical setting, not just a romantic evocation of the city itself but also a tribute to the power of illusion and the spell of imagination. The sixtyish Cortese is best known in this country for her movies, beginning with a string of Hollywood pictures in the forties and fifties (she married the actor Richard Basehart in 1951), then shifting in the sixties and seventies to such distinguished European films as Federico Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits* and François Truffaut's *Day for Night,* which brought her an Oscar nomination for best supporting actress in 1973. But she feels her most important work has been in the legitimate theater, especially during her fifteen-year liaison with the Italian stage director Giorgio Strehler.

Evidence of Cortese's pride in that part of her varied career can be found throughout this high-ceilinged apartment on the piano nobile of the seventeenth-century Palazzetto Mocenigo, which has been converted into more practical living units, including one on the ground floor for her son, Jack Basehart, also an actor. For example, a small cherry orchard in the surprisingly large and almost rural garden behind the house was planted to commemorate her role in the eponymous Chekhov classic. The grandest room in her flat, the salon, has been painted with scenic trompe l'oeil by the artist Fabio Palamidese, a young protégé of Renzo Mongiardino and of the scenographer Lila de Nobili, who designed the sets for several Strehler productions. And on tabletops throughout the house are scattered the signed photographs of Cortese's many friends in the performing arts, including Nancy and Ronald Reagan, whom she and her first husband knew in Hollywood before the couples' career paths diverged so dramatically. She visited with them during last summer's economic summit in Venice, during which the Reagans stayed at the hyper luxurious Hotel Cipriani, just several doors away from Cortese's house on the Fondamenta San Giovanni.

The salon has an immaculate crispness that seems more like a Visconti vision of Venice than the authentically shabby palazzi of the Golden Book families. Although the designer Filippo Perego provided a great deal of help in assembling the components of this painstakingly detailed scheme, there is no question that the persistent and demanding muse was the owner herself. Sitting one day in Caffè Florian, the historic coffeehouse on the Piazza San Marco, Cortese remarked of the 1858 decor—painted panels of Orientalist ladies at their leisure, framed within gilded arabesques—that it would be wonderful to wake up to such a vision of exotic, indolent luxury. This casual observation inspired the design of her new bedroom, in which mirrors and painted glass-covered panels give the small room the luminous atmosphere of a soundstage on which filming is about to begin. An amusing personal twist is added to one of the paintings: the central woman is Valentina Cortese, a conceit borrowed from Madame de Pompadour, whose bedroom at the Château de Bellevue was decorated with painted panels *à la turque* in which her own features figured prominently.

Although the look here is sumptuous—heavy silk fabrics, extensive gilding, Claude Declercq's gold passementerie, and cabinet-quality woodwork—the touch is light, the colors refreshing, and the cumulative effect far removed from the claustrophobic clutter common in many present-day attempts at decorating in the Continental grand manner. The leavening is provided by the personality of Valentina Cortese, for although she takes her profession quite seriously indeed, she nonetheless approaches it with sheer delight in make-believe. That same spirit transfuses her home with a kind of innocent enthusiasm and unadulterated pleasure in living a fantasy made real. □

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Beatrice Monti della Corte

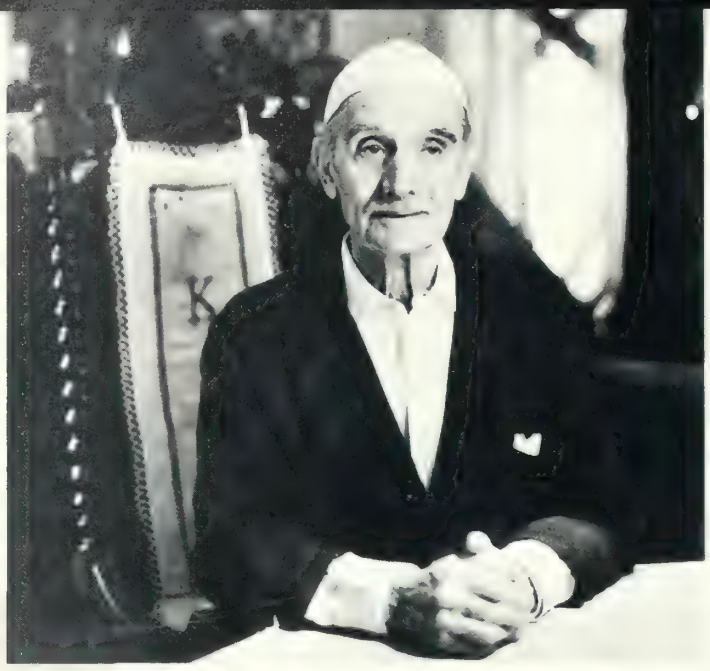




The salon is painted with scenic trompe l'oeil by Fabio Palamidese. The Sèvres and crystal chandelier is 19th-century French, the mirror over the mantelpiece Swedish.



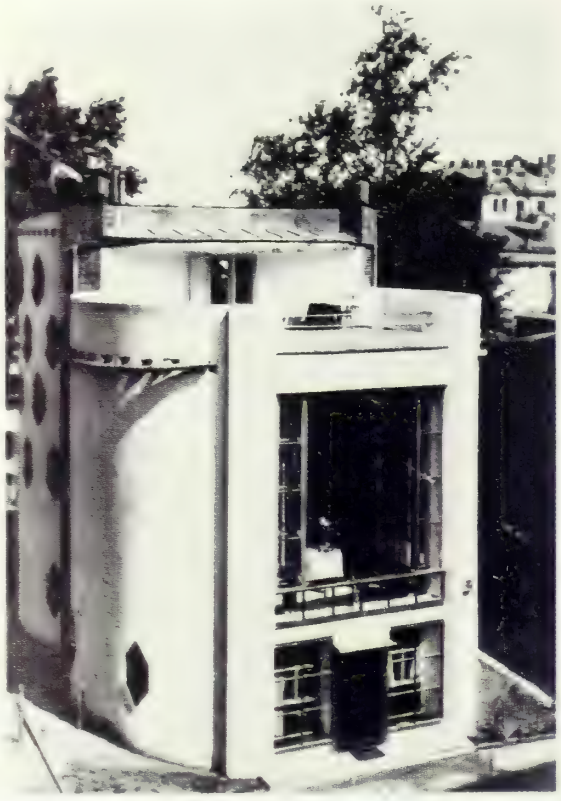
WHEN THE REVOLUTION CAME HOME



Bruce Chatwin recalls his moving visit with Konstantin Melnikov, the Russian Constructivist who dreamed of changing the world with his architecture

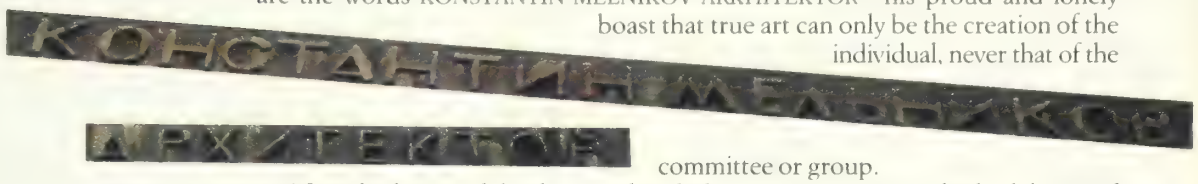
IN January 1973, on a morning of stygian gloom, I called on Konstantin Melnikov, the architect, at his house on Krivoarbatsky Lane in Moscow. I had already been in Moscow a couple of weeks trying to ferret out survivors from the heady days of the leftist art movement of the early twenties. I had, for example, a wild-goose chase in search of an old gentleman, once a friend of Tatlin's, who owned a wing strut of the glider *Letatlin*. I even tried to find the man who, as a homeless student of the Vkhutemas School, had installed himself and his bedding *inside* the Constructivist street monument *The Red Wedge Invades the White Square*.

One evening, I went to supper with Varvara Rodchenko, the artist's daughter, in a studio that had also been the office of the magazine *LEF*. The shade of Mayakovsky, one of its editors, seemed to linger in the room. The bentwood chair you sat on was Mayakovsky's chair, the plate you ate off was *his* plate, and the fruit compotier was a present brought from Paris by a man who called himself "the cloud in pants." On the walls there hung a selection of Rodchenko's paintings—less fine, of course, and less mystical than those of Malevich, but making up for that with their dazzling display of vigor. In his daybooks, crammed with sketches, you could watch him anticipate and race through every style and variation of the postwar abstract movement in Europe and America. Small wonder, then, that by 1921 he had believed that easel painting was dead, and when I asked his daughter whether she still possessed the three canvases he had shown at the exhibition "The Last Picture Has Been Painted," she unrolled onto the floor three square monochrome canvases: one yellow, one red (and what a red!), and



one blue. For all that, my visit to Mr. Melnikov was the high point of the trip, since, by any standards, the house itself is one of the architectural wonders of the twentieth century.

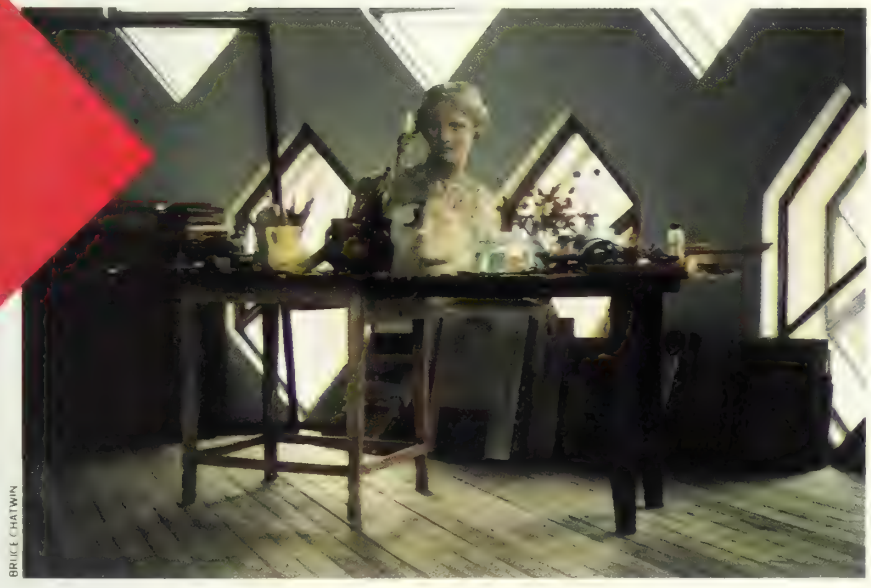
The Arbat was once the aristocratic quarter of Moscow. It was largely rebuilt after the Napoleonic fire in 1812, and even today, in palaces of green or cream-colored stucco, one or two of the old families linger on with their possessions. Melnikov's house—or rather pavilion in the French sense—is set well back from the street, a building both Futurist and Classical consisting of two interlocking cylinders, the rear one taller than the front and pierced with some sixty windows: identical elongated hexagons with Constructivist glazing bars. The cylinders are built of brick covered with stucco in the manner of Russian churches. In 1973 the stucco was a dull and flaking ocher, although recent photos show the building spruced up with a coat of whitewash. On the front façade above the architrave are the words KONSTANTIN MELNIKOV ARKHITEKTOR—his proud and lonely boast that true art can only be the creation of the individual, never that of the committee or group.



After I had entered the door on that dark January morning, I climbed the spiral staircase painted emerald green and came into the circular white salon where the architect himself, lying on a kind of Biedermeier chaise longue, was having a grated apple for his elevenses. His son, Viktor Stepanovich, was grating the apple. The old man, he explained, could not take much solid food. He was very frail and disillusioned, and when he blinked his hooded eyes one had a sense of hopes abandoned and lost ambitions.

Viktor Stepanovich took me upstairs to the studio that on a summer's day must have been one of the lightest and airiest rooms imaginable, but on this day of muddy clouds and snow flurries the atmosphere was one of liturgical solemnity. He was a painter. His canvases lay this way and that against the walls. He was also something of a mystic and mountain climber, and while we sat drinking vodka and cracking pine nuts, he showed me several pink Monet-like impressions of dawn in the Caucasus, which struck me as extraordinarily beautiful. When I asked if I could take some photographs of the house, he said, "You must be quick!" For what I hadn't realized was that Anna Gavrilovna, the architect's wife, was hiding in the bedroom and thoroughly disapproved of having a Western visitor.

The house, as I said, was somewhat dilapidated. There were water stains on the walls, nor was it particularly warm.



BRUCE C. HATWIN

Melnikov's studio, *above*, photographed by the author. *Top:* Inscription from house façade.

Beds in the house were stone pedestals, and walls polished stone for a dust-free purity—all in open chambers for better circulation of air.

Architect Konstantin Melnikov at 82, *opposite above*, in a 1972 portrait by Henri Cartier-Bresson. *Left:* Melnikov's daring house of interlocking cylinders built in Moscow in 1927. There has always been speculation about whether it was a prototype of much-needed public housing or a defiant independent statement.





COURTESY VARVARA P.

Melnikov's son, Viktor Stepanovich, *above left,* painting in the studio. *Below.* A drawing for the exterior of Makhorka Pavilion, 1923. *Bottom:* Melnikov's desk, with drawings including the Soviet pavilion in Paris.

Yet because Melnikov, for reasons of economy as well as aesthetics, had eschewed a slick, mechanical finish, and because he had stuck to the materials of his peasant boyhood—rough-cut planks and plain plaster—the effect was never shoddy but had an air of timeless vitality.

By the time we got downstairs, the old man was sorting through papers on his desk. By the window there was a plaster cast of a Venus: the yearning of a Russian for all things Mediterranean. He showed me photographs and drawings of projects—realized and unrealized—from his entire career.



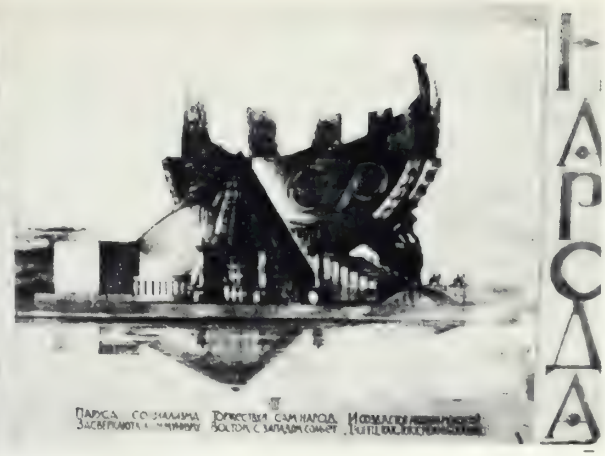
Among them were the Makhorka Pavilion from the 1925 Moscow fair; the brilliant free-form arrangement of street stalls at the Sukharevka Market; the Paris pavilion of 1925; the Paris car park; the Leyland bus garage in Moscow; his various workers' clubs, which proved that he, like Le Corbusier, was a "poet" of reinforced concrete; the plan for a monument to Christopher Columbus (to be erected in Santo Domingo); and, finally, a project for the Palace of the Soviets—half pyramid, half lotus—so wild in conception as to make the loonier architectural ramblings of Frank Lloyd Wright seem like so many little sand castles.

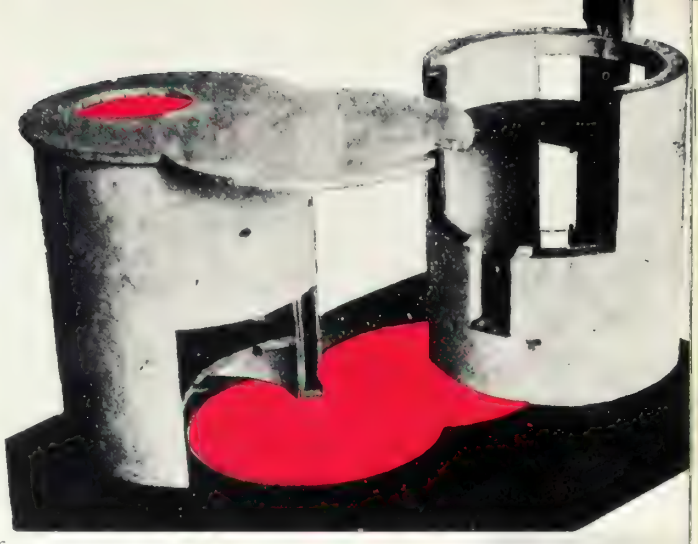
Among the photographs from Paris, he showed me one of himself, a dandified figure standing on the staircase of the Soviet pavilion. Then having pointed meticulously to the hatband of his homburg, his cravat, and his spats, he asked me: "What color do you think they were?" "Red," I suggested. "Red," he nodded.

How a private family house—and not any old house but a symbolic coupled duet—came to be built in 1927 in the heart of Moscow, can only be explained within the framework of Melnikov's strange career. Fortunately there is now a first-rate guide in S. Frederick Starr's *Melnikov, Solo Architect in a Mass Society,* from which one can extract the bones of the story. Kostia Melnikov was a bright peasant lad whose father was a milkman. The family home, known as the Hay Lodge, was a cabin sixteen foot square in an outlying suburb of Moscow. "Today," he wrote in old age, "looking back on my works, the source of my individuality is clearly visible . . . in the architecture of that building. Built of clay and straw, it looked like a foreigner in its own homeland . . . but all the magnificent carving of the surrounding houses yielded before it."



BRUCE HAFFEN





The milkman Melnikov supplied a nearby academy where his young son was soon to be found rooting in the wastebaskets for scraps of paper to draw on. The family apprenticed him to an icon painter. His next job was in a firm of heating engineers whose proprietor, a second-generation Englishman, Vladimir Chaplin, recognized the boy's artistic talents and sent him to the prestigious Moscow School of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

This institution, Mayakovsky once said, was the "only place where they took you without proof of your reliability." It seems that Chaplin hoped his protégé would blossom into a painter of country scenes and was a bit chagrined when Melnikov changed tack from painting to architecture. The young man, however, was a wonderful architectural draftsman. He designed schemes for grandiose Neoclassical buildings. He married a plump, pretty sixteen-year-old girl from the middle classes, Anna Gavrilovna, and by the time the revolution came he had already built a car factory.

The savage winter of 1917–18 found the young Melnikovs half-starving, back with his family at the Hay Lodge. But gradually, as the nightmare of the civil war receded, Melnikov—like Ladovsky or the Vesnin brothers—began to emerge as one of the most forceful architectural theorists of the renamed Vkhutemas School. His asymmetrical Makhorka Pavilion was a success among intellectuals and workers. At almost no notice, he designed the sarcophagus and glass cover for the embalmed corpse of Lenin and later would recall that one of the party hacks threatened to have him shot if he didn't get the work done on time. Then in 1925, partly for his proven skill at operating within a minimal budget, he was awarded the commission to build the Soviet pavilion at the Paris Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs.

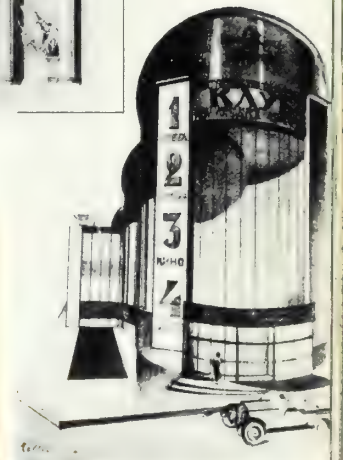


With such outstanding exceptions as Le Corbusier's Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau, the exhibition was an exercise in opulent kitsch—the essence of Art Deco. Competing in vulgarity were a pavilion of Old Granada, a Ruhlmann and Patout pavilion, the Italian Fascist-Renaissance pavilion, and the English pavilion—perhaps the silliest of all—in the Hollywood-Anglican style.

The Russians, in contrast, with their budget of only 15,000 rubles (at the time an equivalent of U.S.$7,650) had no alternative but to build light. In fact, the whole structure, which sat on a site between the Grand Palais and the Seine, was made of the cheapest Russian timber, roughly shaped by peasant craftsmen, sent by train from Moscow, erected in next to no time, and painted red, gray, and white. Its plan, sliced with two staircases at the diagonal, was incredibly ingenious. Among the exhibits was a small version of Tatlin's tower, which when the show was over was left to the French Communist Party who promptly forgot about it and failed to pay the storage charges of the warehouse where it sat unrecognized until it was chucked out and probably burned sometime in the early sixties.

An English publication, put out by His Majesty's Stationery Office, had this to comment: "The pavilion of Russia was of *(Text continued on page 158)*



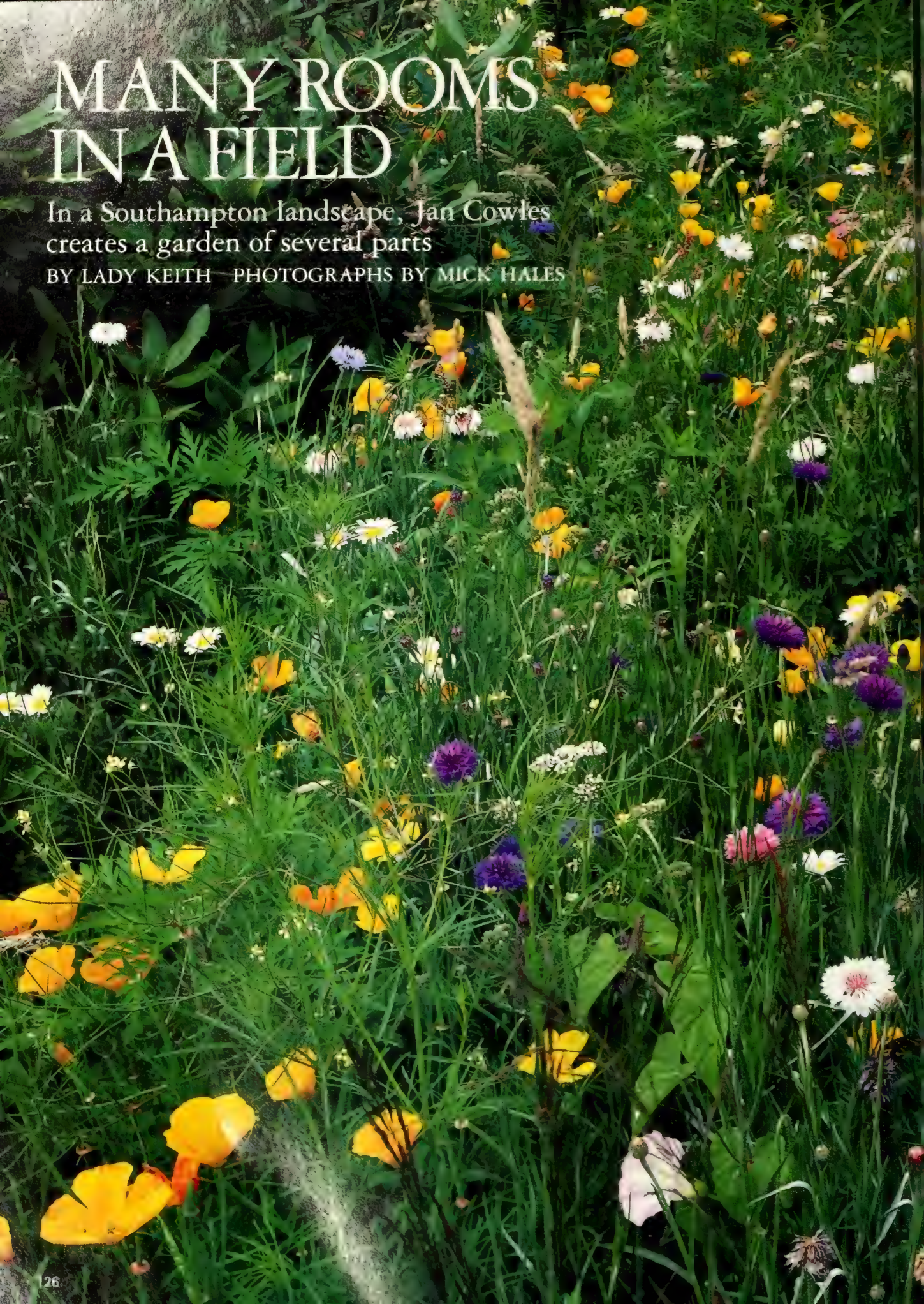


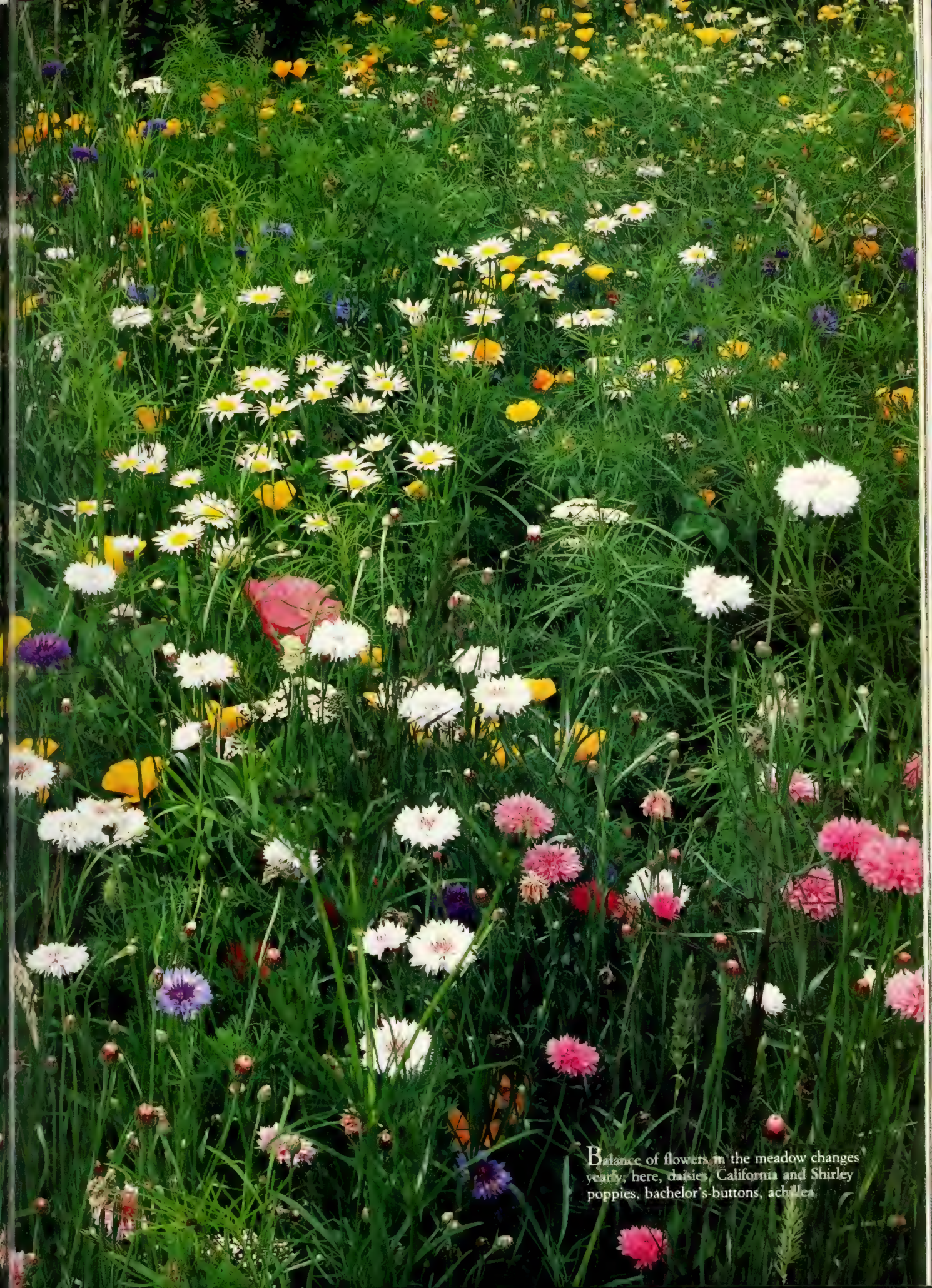
Four Melnikov projects, *clockwise from top left:* proposed Palace of the Soviets; a model of the architect's house; a student project of 1914; workers club of the Zuev factory, Moscow, 1927. *Above:* Melnikov, standing second from right, in 1923 with the architectural section of the Vkhutemas, leading school for revolutionary art and architecture in the USSR.

MANY ROOMS IN A FIELD

In a Southampton landscape, Jan Cowles creates a garden of several parts

BY LADY KEITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES





Balance of flowers in the meadow changes yearly; here, daisies, California and Shirley poppies, bachelor's-buttons, achillea.



LIZZIE HIMMEL

Mrs. Cowles never lets you see everything at once. She rarely lets you see more than one thing at a time. The genius of laying out the paths—sodded grass "wonderful for walking barefoot on," as Jan puts it—and turnings and crossings in her garden never allows you to see around the corner. All the garden's vistas, plantings, and beds remain a surprise until you have come upon them. Choose a path in any direction. A bit of color will beckon you to follow it to a sweep of wildflowers, a bamboo room, a garden of columbines or heavily scented tea roses.

Five years ago Jan Cowles's four-acre garden in Southampton was not much more than a big back lot with deep tire ruts from the motorbikes of the former owner's teenage boys plus a generous hole in the privet hedges to accommodate their egress. With the help of landscape architect Bruce Kelly and landscape designer Galen Williams it was turned into a succession of seaside rooms. "I wanted a garden you could stroll in, and Bruce Kelly arrived at the idea of rooms in a field."

From the loggia at the back of the house a sweep of groomed lawn is bordered by a low post-and-rail fence along a traditional and ever-changing English border. Thickly planted with white phlox, Japanese, Siberian, and bearded iris, sedum 'Autumn Joy', geum, pink and white astilbe, 'Hidcote' lavender, artemisia 'Silver Mound' and 'Silver King', the lawn is backed by bayberry, hydrangeas, and bush honeysuckle creeping along the fence among climbing tea roses and shrub roses. In the distance is a dense planting of strong pink floribunda 'Carefree Beauty' roses, daylilies, and lupines in all colors.

Jan Cowles, *above,* in her Long Island garden. *Right:* Cool surprise at the end of a bamboo-lined lane is a round bamboo room. Artemisia 'Silver Mound', sedum 'Autumn Joy', and blue oat grass ring the central pool.



Not far from here one can pass through a six-foot-high curtain of golden beige and lavender grasses. Here Galen Williams planted various kinds of miscanthus, ranging from yellow-and-green-striped zebra grass to 'Silber Feder', and these grasses are in front of a backdrop of higher, darker shrubs which lead to the greater garden beyond and the field of wildflowers. Galen Williams had ordered pounds of specially mixed wildflowers from a company in Colorado. The field was plowed and raked twice before it was first sown in the fall of 1984. Enormous patches of blue nemophila appear from mid April until early June, and orange California and pastel Shirley poppies come out in mid May until June along with blue, pink, and white bachelor's-buttons. Mixed in are such shrubs as blueberries, potentilla, and deep red dwarf barberries. By July and August spiky purple, mauve, and lavender lythrum, black-eyed Susans, deep burgundy and yellow calliopsis, oxeye daisies, and Queen Anne's lace appear.

To offset the yellow and white colors of the field in late August, Williams created a garden of columbines and late-blooming flowers. So in a southwest corner of the garden are three or four varieties of columbine, as well as wild bleeding hearts, 'Silver Mound', little English geraniums, eupatorium in purplish blue, thalictrum in lavender, sweet rocket in mauves and white.

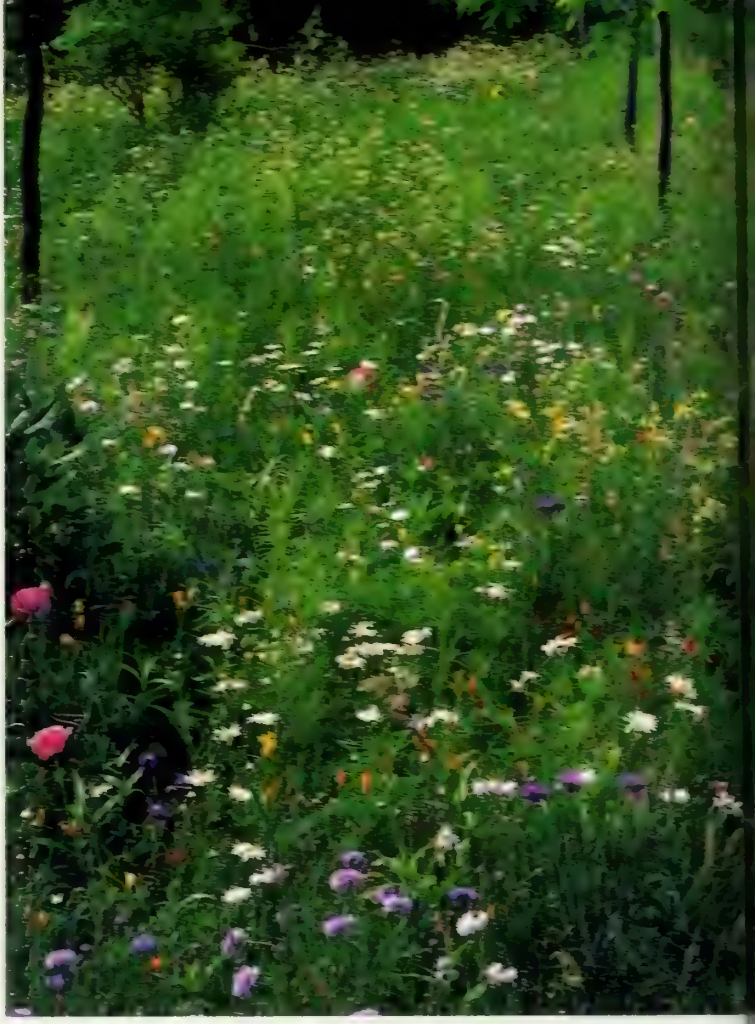
On the northeast side of the garden a curved narrow bamboo corridor gives onto an enclosed circular area lined with bamboo. In the center is a pool with a fountain enveloped in cascading blue oat grass. Concentric circles of 'Silver Mound' and sedum 'Autumn Joy' and 'Ruby Glow' surround it and are divided by paths. A Lutyens bench is alongside.

You leave the serene green room by way of a path lined with grasses so tall that you barely notice the roofline of a gazebo. Designed by Kelly, it is open on all sides. Jan says it's "like a big umbrella" and calls it her Adirondack room.

Near the gazebo is a shade garden of ferns with a weeping cherry in its midst, and to the south is a blue garden of hydrangeas carpeted with vinca. On the seaside perimeter that runs alongside the long meadow is a row of poplar trees in military order, green-and-silver columns lined up, moving only slightly in the gentle breeze from the sea.

One would say it is a garden with a sense of both introspection and abandon. No wonder almost every day in summer and autumn a lone figure can be seen walking down the grassy paths first thing in the morning and then again at sunset. □

Editors: Babs Simpson and Senga Mortimer





Take another path, find a different scene. *Clockwise from above left:* Meadow colored by poppies, bachelor's-buttons, daisies. Hydrangeas pale to dark, orange daylilies. Silvery lamb's-ears, cleome, veronica, and echinacea. Gazebo engulfed in rugosa roses.





BLACK AND WHITE

Jerry Della Femina and Judy Licht's graphic New York penthouse



IN COLOR

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

In the two days before I visited the Della Feminas in their penthouse on Riverside Drive, I had been reading Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. This novel contains about three dozen scenes in which working stiffs draw in their breath when admitted to luxurious Manhattan apartments owned by Wall Street brokers and furnished in the age of Reagan and Boesky. I don't intend any very exact analogy here. For one thing I am not a working stiff. And Jerry Della Femina may have toiled as an adman, but a business-suit tycoon he is not. Nor does he go for ostentation. Still, the first effect of the apartment is moderately gasp making. By knocking out the walls of three rooms, he and his wife, Judy Licht, have got themselves a skyline-to-river view with a twentieth-story perspective. By revolving slowly in the middle of the newly created space one can, so to speak, cover a lot of ground.

The Della Feminas (you say Della Fe-*mean*-a, of which more later) operate a division of labor. He spends the days on Madison Avenue, where he's recently sold his agency to the London-based Wight Collins Rutherford Scott, and he insists on views and heights. She works part-time for WNYW-TV while nurturing two-year-old Jesse, and she does the interiors. The penthouse was their joint project after years of living—alone or with other spouses—in limited accommodations that sometimes had commanding views and sometimes didn't.

Since the hectic overused word *flamboyant* is so often employed to describe Jerry's style as an image maker, I was braced for a riot of color contrasts and campaign souvenirs. But the main area of the apartment, a large living room with dining section en suite, is almost austere. Judy Licht—who says she's always hitherto gone for "intense color"—went for interior designer Da-

Black and white is the scheme in the Della Femina living room where two English 19th-century bronze vases from Reymer-Jourdan Antiques on the mantel flank a Dutch mirror. On the tables: left, in front of a Terry Rosenberg collage, a sculpture from the Nolte gallery and a geometric vase from Zona; right, an Ivory Coast mask and a vase from Gordon Foster Antiques.



Judy Licht [illegible] in Calvin Klein at ease in the bedroom. *Left:* Sculpture above bedroom mantel is by Jane Rosen; faux-marble fireplace painted by Gail Leddy. *Right:* Louis XVI armchair in living room and dining chairs in background from Didier Aaron; sofa fabric, Hinson & Company.



vid Salomon's pale furnishings, widely spaced and set off by dark fittings. A black piano, some ebony carving, and dark frames for the mirrors and pictures. Some heavy but not ornate bric-a-brac. "I once took a course at the New York School of Interior Design," she says, "and I have my own ideas on these things." An arm of the apartment, leading through a medium-size kitchen, turns into a basic but light and airy child's and nanny's wing. The child gets the best view of midtown. The river view, or the New Jersey view if you absolutely insist, is afforded from the living room and the bedroom. It overlooks the whole working reach of the Hudson up to the George Washington Bridge.





The space—and the sense of space in an apartment that seems larger than it is—is enhanced by a good deal of mirroring. This trick is repeated in almost every room and culminates in a multimirrored Jacuzzi bedroom-bathroom. A bed, with an oaken chest at its feet, gives a countrified impression to the room, which is slightly contradicted when at the press of a button an enormous TV set rises slowly from the chest. But, as she says, they both get enough TV at the office to justify camouflaging the ones at home.

Both he and she now own a horse. But both stress that the high life is new to them. Jerry Della Femina was born in Brooklyn and had what he describes as a *Radio Days* upbringing. At PS 95 his scary teacher Miss O'Connor mispronounced his Neapolitan name, but it stuck with the other kids after he feared to contradict her, and he now keeps it even though his parents and children all say Della *Fem*ina. (He has three grown-up children from a previous marriage.) "When I was growing up, I loved those Fred and Ginger movies. There was one—*Flying Down to Rio*—which had a great Manhattan penthouse. I didn't even know how to want one." The two dogs, Panda and Tortellini, are white and black and white, but they were chosen to suit Jerry's allergy problem rather than a thirties and forties color scheme.

Judy Licht says that she's now "reveling in domesticity, child, dogs, decor" after a lifetime of career-womanship and basic apartments. "Our last place together, at the top of a building on the corner of 72nd and Central Park West, was the world's most expensive one-bedroom deal." And which came first, the new penthouse or the decision to have a baby? "I found I was pregnant and we had to move. I was out to here while we were looking."

The building, put up by Emery Roth & Sons in the late 1930s, was recently landmarked—"fortunately *after* we had done all our restructuring." There

(Text continued on page 166)



The penthouses of the Fred Astaire movies Jerry Della Femina saw as a child often had baby grands; so does his own. On the piano are two bronze 19th-century sculptures from Reymer-Jourdan Antiques. Vase on table at left, Gordon Foster Antiques.









GIPSY HOUSE

The daughter of Roald Dahl describes the past life and recent refurbishing of the family's Georgian farmhouse in Buckinghamshire

BY TESSA DAHL KELLY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

Between rows of pleached limes, *left*, the author of *Kiss, Kiss*, *Tales of the Unexpected*, and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* heads for his writing hut, accompanied by Chopper. *Above:* Gipsy House, home of the Dahls for over thirty years.







An 18th-century Matthias Lock mirror, *left*, stripped down to its original paint by Roald Dahl's wife, Felicity, hangs in her study. Armchair fabric, Christopher Hodsoll. *Above:* In the hall, Provençal crocks on 19th-century terra-cotta tiles.

When my father married my stepmother, Felicity, my brother, sisters, and I were anxious. Would she or wouldn't she? Would he let her? We knew she was itching to get her hands on it. Gipsy House. Our childhood home. Gipsy House, this remarkable place that has embraced us Dahls for over thirty years. A rambling, sprawling Georgian farmhouse that has allowed my family to use, abuse, extend, and take over its entire body. Giving us security and warmth, nurturing and caring for us all. This was no ordinary home—Gipsy House was our friend and ally. Holder of our confidences, deepest secrets, and most precious times. Receiver of our triumphs. It had been the breeding ground for massive creativity, shuddered at the tragedies that it had had to be a part of. And it had enveloped our bodies and accepted our selfish carelessness with more tolerance than the best nanny in the world.

Gipsy House seemed to have shared in my parents' marriage vows: "For richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, for better, for worse." They stuck to them pretty well for 27 years, then packed it in. Gipsy House did not. She clung on, deserted and apparently battle-scarred. Lonely and worn. We did not notice her exhaustion.

My mother, Patricia Neal Dahl, had hung in the bathroom downstairs a beautifully painted quote from *The Velveteen Rabbit*. We all learned it by heart. Every time we, as young children, sat on the loo, we would whisper it very fast: "Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off and your eyes drop out









Without question it was the most relaxed, easygoing house I have ever known. Yet it had a natural elegance

and you get loose in the joints and very shabby but these things don't matter at all because once you are Real, you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

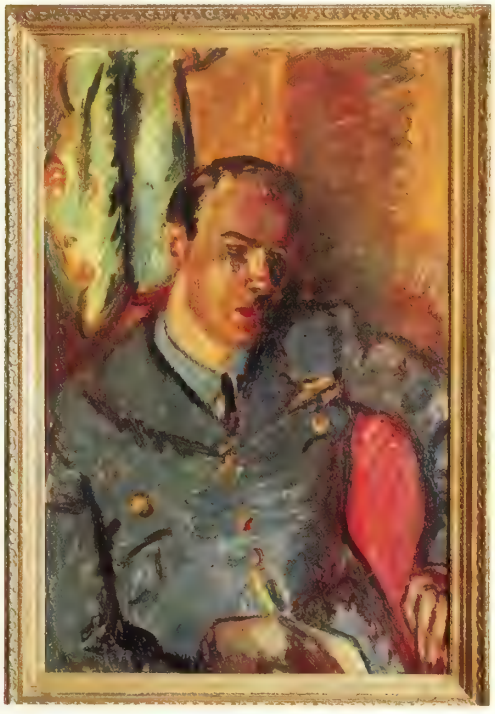
Would she understand, the new Mrs. Dahl? Theo, Ophelia, Lucy, and I were as territorial as a pack of wolves, as possessive as tigresses with cubs, filled with nostalgia.

My parents had bought the house unseen in 1954 for £4,250, when Mrs. Sofie Dahl, Daddy's mother, had bid successfully for it at an auction in the Georgian Dragon Pub, Great Missenden. It was a simple square house typical of its period with a dusty yard and rickety outbuildings.

My parents are wildly determined and gifted people. They would turn this place into their haven, and they did. My father brought his film-star bride there for the first time in 1955. For the first five years of their married lives they visited country-house auctions, buying up old paving stones, furniture, and statues. They scoured an-

---

In the sitting room, *left,* the Dahl collection includes abstraction by Lyubov Popova, 1912, portrait of Lucian Freud by Francis Bacon, peasant woman by G. B. Tiepolo. On the table, flanking the decoupage lamp, are two Roman glass vessels. *Below:* Portrait of RAF officer Roald Dahl by Matthew Smith, 1941.



My father and my stepmother became consumed with the task of decorating. Wonderful pieces of furniture started to appear

tiques shops in remote villages for treasures. The house was slowly transformed. Inside and out. The lawns were laid. Beds of lilies, old English roses nestled with glorious herbaceous plants. While clematis crawled up the brick-and-flint outhouses, a Nevada rose cascaded over a stone queen rescued from an "auction by tender" of tired statues from the houses of Parliament.

My father adored restoring old paintings and mirrors in those days, and he could often be found fiddling with an exciting discovery under coats of paint and varnish. They built a guesthouse, though I don't know why because Daddy distressed Mummy's American friends (especially theatricals) as effectively as he would a wooden frame. As we were born they enlarged the house like a Lego set—simply adding a chunk where it would fit—eventually joining it all up when the guesthouse reached the main house and became a sitting room. This was a sizable family home now. Yet it had a natural elegance. My father has always believed in "plain good taste." Outstanding art works, a Picasso or a Matisse, would hang beside one done by the children. The furniture, virtually all eighteenth century, was treated with nonchalance but never abused. I remember as an eight-year-old being firmly but kindly asked by Daddy to stop using the Regency picnic table as a collapsible slide (we discovered that when you sat on it the legs caved in).

Without question it was the most relaxed, easygoing house I have ever known. Anyone could go anywhere, with one exception—my father's work hut. Built in 1956 for £100 with single-brick walls, it was out-of-bounds. His inner sanctum, the only place he could escape the chaos and drama that seemed never-ending. Contact was only possible if the main electric fuse was switched off. Then his light would flash: once for something normal, twice for an emergency.

It was the emergencies, the ghastly, awful tragedies that slowly devoured the Dahl family. My baby brother, Theo, was badly brain-injured in an accident; my sister Olivia died of measles encephalitis; my mother suffered three massive strokes. Although my brother was saved by a special shunt perfected by my father and two others and my mother eventually recovered, the heyday of Gipsy House was ending. It started to feel as sad as its occupants, tired and *(Text continued on page 165)*



In Lucy Dahl's bedroom sits Mr. Fox with a karate trophy. Overhead, witch balls provide protection against witches, who are supposedly scared off by their own reflections. Above the painted cast-iron bed hangs a landscape by Roald Dahl, and on right wall a seascape also by the author.







DOWNTOWN DEALINGS

Gallery owner Hal Bromm hangs it up at home

BY DODIE KAZANJIAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HALL

I'll be right down. I'll pick you up on the elevator," says New York art dealer Hal Bromm over the intercom. Twelve floors up, doors open on a hall ablaze with raw strokes in pure hues. "I commissioned Russell Sharon in 1985 to paint this, and he turned it into a magical country landscape. That's the sun. Here's a tree coming up. He's famous for his red trees. Lots of grass. Come on in."

He opens the door to his Tribeca loft, and we're greeted by more Russell Sharon—three playful seven-foot-tall figures as bright as Sunkist oranges carved out of Dutch elms. We pass through twelve-foot-high spaces filled with sculpture, walls crowded with paintings and drawings, to get to a more conventional oak library where we settle down for tea: Hu-Kwa in green Dresden cups and saucers on a black-topped coffee table designed by artist Jay Coogan which stands on three bulbous yellow legs bearing Dalmatian-like spots. "I call it a low table," he asserts. "Doesn't 'coffee table' sort of work with words like occasional chair? And if it's occasionally a chair, then what is it the rest of the time?"

At 40, Hal Bromm is not a newcomer to contemporary art. He's been selling it since 1974, first as a private dealer, and then twelve years ago he opened his gallery in Tribeca, now on a lower floor in this same turn-of-the-century former office building. In 1985 he opened a second gallery in the East Village. He's been buying contemporary art since about that time after spending a year in London designing furniture. His collecting began when he was fifteen with antique lap desks and tea caddies, followed by tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl card cases. Next American ceramic cookie jars from the forties and English biscuit tins. Then contemporary art. Now he's collecting houses in Key West, Florida.

Bromm points to a portrait of himself by one of his artists, Roger Cutforth. And Grace Graupe-Pillard,

Keith Haring's *Crib, opposite,* is flanked by Rosemarie Castoro's black steel *Flasher* and *Portrait Flasher* in Hal Bromm's Tribeca loft. *Above right:* Bromm in front of *Rotating Corners,* Castoro's graphite on gessoed wood screen. *Above left:* A coconut sent as a postcard to Bromm from Hawaii.











A Macyn Bolt sculpture, *top,* hangs in the Yellow Room. *Center:* Julian Opie's oil-on-steel *Sweet Composition* is in the dining room. Faux-malachite candlesticks are by Richard Taddei. *Left:* Graphite-on-board faceted piece is by Castoro.

another of his artists, did a portrait of him on cut-out canvas. This is just the beginning of the portraits of Hal Bromm, and the one by Graupe-Pillard seems to be painted right on the wall.

"And this is Jody Pinto," he says pointing to a drawing. He makes the introduction as if he were introducing me to a friend standing right in the room. He represents Jody Pinto, too. He introduces me to a drawing by Terry Rosenberg—not one of his artists—as well as a photographic triptych by Mac Adams and a totem made of painted driftwood by David Wojnarowicz before coming to a tiny gouache painting of a face on a plaster wall fragment. "This is Luis Frangella. He's one of my artists. He's from Argentina and was the opening show in September at my East Village gallery. Wonderful show of paintings. All candles. The first was an unlit candle, and each one after that was a candle burned down a bit more, and the last was a puddle of wax."

Still in the foyer just beyond the Sunkist figures is a sticklike square table with equally sticklike chairs. It's hard to miss that it's by Russell Sharon because of the trademark colors—bright blue, brilliant yellow, rich red. If Bromm is having one of his buffet dinners for fifty, some people end up eating at this small table, which faces a nine by six and a half foot painting by Rick Prol, another one of his artists, called *Garbage*—a garbage can with dead cats.

An ordinary white window shade pulls down to divide the foyer from the sitting room. It also functions as a screen for projections when people are invited over for a "salon" evening to discuss such things as corporate art collecting or outdoor sculpture. "Marcia Tucker, director of the New Museum, did a presentation once, and Jeffrey Deitch, who is with Citibank, has also done one. There are always some slides. You know, people like a few slides. But not too many."

I suggest we go into the sitting room.

"I call it the Yellow Room."

Sitting room, Yellow Room, salon, whatever. It's twenty by forty feet. Large windows are crowned with half-moon windows made of the same sort of opalescent glass used in Tiffany lampshades. And a swag border runs around the room. "This room had a border of wallpaper with th maker's mark on back, but I put on new paper, with the same mark, fro Cole & Son—they have an incredib reference section of the old woo blocks from all the great countr houses they've ever printed pape for." The yellow striped wallpaper also from Cole & Son. "It's turned ou to be a very good background for cor temporary art, which doesn't alway have to be on a white wall."

To prove the point, the sitting roo houses a profusion of contemporar art along with French, English, an Italian antique furniture on a large Au busson carpet. A massive Mike Bidl painting called *Convergence* hang over a Hepplewhite settee that still ha its original needlepoint. There are number of screens and sculpture act ing as screens.

Out of the Yellow Room, throug the foyer, and into the dining room— his dining-room table is a moder classic by Bruno Mathsson, and th bentwood chairs are Thonet. Acros the room is the collection of Amer ican cookie jars he bought in the ear ly seventies, and next to the table i a crib.

"This is Keith Haring's *Crib*. We did a show with Keith in 1981, and he did this piece. Marty Margulies was here the other day with his wife and new baby, and he said, 'Gee, that would be so great.' I didn't say anything, and he didn't say, 'Would you sell it?' or 'How much is it?' But I know what was on his mind."

In the bedroom one wall has tran soms above a glass door that looks onto the library. Old green oilcloth pull shades provide privacy. "They're a wonderful dead green, which makes them fade away and do the job without making a fuss about it."

The other walls in the bedroom boldly display another of his collections, English taxidermist art in the original show boxes: a South African fruit bat, an owl, a kingfisher, a hawk, egrets, and much more. "When I lived in England, I used to go to the flea markets. These came out of the trophy rooms of the country houses."

Three very alive walking irises stand nearby. "I love plants. These flowers bloom only once a year and stay open only one day. One of my favorite words, which I haven't uttered today, is *correct*. The irises seem correct. Let me correct myself. They are correct." □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé



In the Yellow Room, a Hepplewhite settee with original needlepoint in front of a Mike Bidlo painting.



Luis Frangella's *Early Seduction* dominates the dining-room wall. *Opposite:* An eclectic mix on the wall in the dressing room: a birthday card and silk Pollock-like tie by Mike Bidlo and a card by Jody Pinto.


Jackson Pollock
HAPPY
HI
Silver



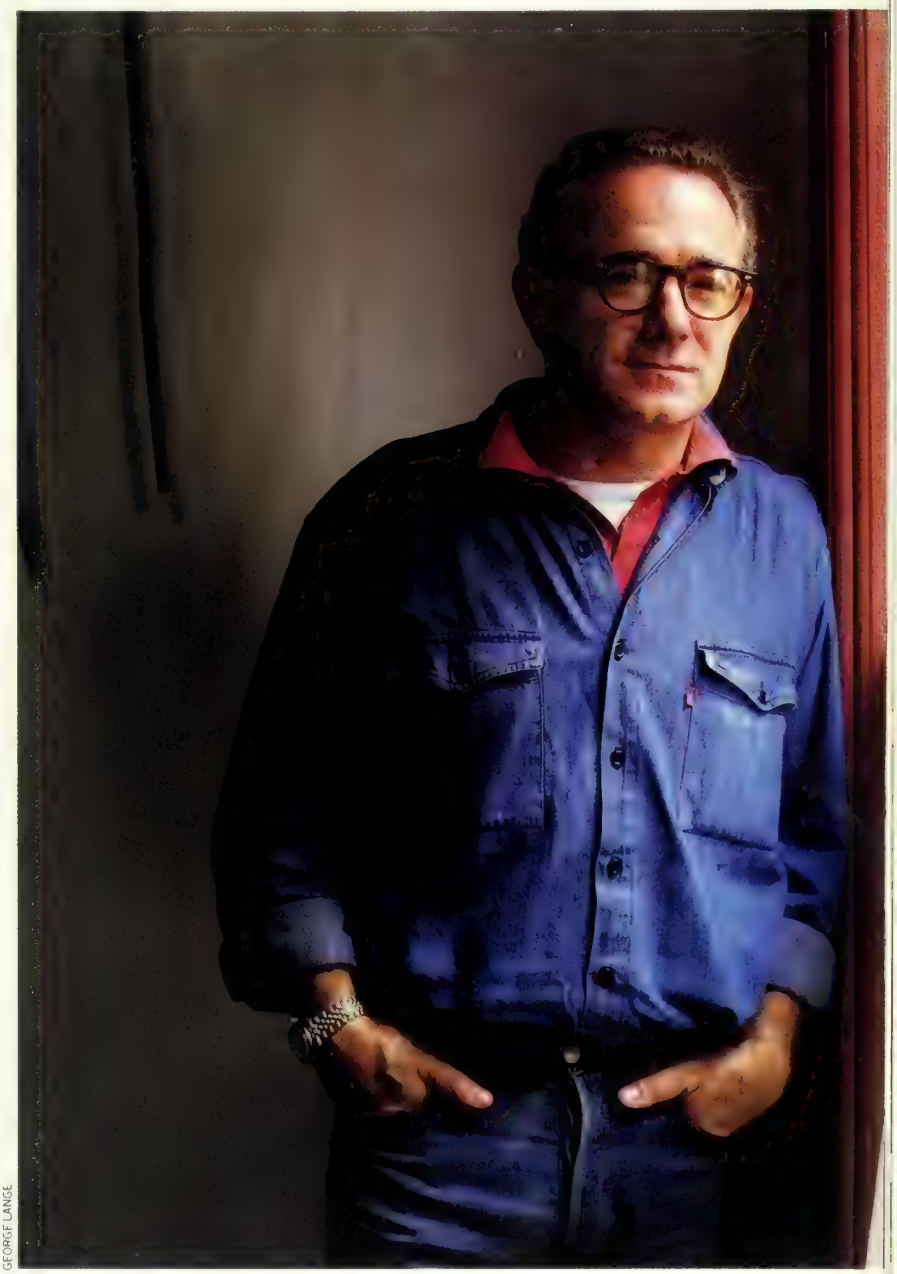
JACQUES DIRAND

ESCAPE TO MOHAWK VALLEY

Far from the hopping Hamptons, designer Alain Mertens and other art-world figures have found a place where nothing happens

BY DORIS SAATCHI





GEORGE LANGE

Alain Mertens, *above,* a Belgian-born designer who lives about half the year in London, at home in his Charlotteville, New York, house, a restored and renovated church rectory. *Left:* Rear façade of the house with newly added octagonal windows. A Greek temple birdhouse sits on the picket fence.



In its heyday at the turn of the century Charlotteville—a small town in a remote part of New York's Mohawk Valley—had two seminaries, four general stores, a couple of hotels with ballrooms, two newspapers, and a population of 1,000. By the time Alain Mertens got there in 1983 it consisted of a cluster of turn-of-the-century buildings by a two-lane blacktop county road that passes through town on the way to somewhere else. Before he knew it, Mertens had paid $7,000 for a small house on half an acre and bumped the village's current population up to 75.

"I had no idea what I was doing," says Alain. "A house in the country was the last thing I wanted, but for that money I didn't stop to think what I was getting into." The house was built as a rectory for the Methodist church across the road and, according to church records, dates from 1878. "There was nothing in it when I bought it," he says, "except for one rattan table and a couple of dead flies because it hadn't been lived in for a year or so, but apart from that it was okay. It even had rudimentary central heating and double-glazed windows. All I really did was open up a lot of small rooms into more comfortable spaces."

Armed with a pile of do-it-yourself manuals such as *The Old-House Journal, Historic Preservation,* and *The Family Handyman,* Alain started the work on a Labor Day. Through the general store and the local hardware store—"always the best place for God-given information"—he located carpenters "who mostly have lived here their whole lives" and local builders to



Mertens found the painted iron bed, *above,* in a Massachusetts antiques shop. In left corner is an 18th-century English oak coffer; a Tantric drawing rests on one of a pair of ladderback chairs. *Opposite:* Work on the house included opening up small rooms to create comfortable spaces, as in the study seen through a doorframe painted in Williamsburg Palace Study Blue.

help him. As he tells it in his charmingly accented English, he had no trouble communicating what he wanted. "I think what I was doing was quite new for them, but the main thing was that I was there the whole time working alongside them."

Although his father trained as an architect in Belgium, Alain's only formal preparation for renovation was a course at Columbia just before he discovered Charlotteville. "It never occurred to me to study architecture because I was very bad at geometry," he remembers. Even without any training Mertens was reorganizing and refurbishing spaces early on. His first solo project in the late 1960s was his own D.M. Art Gallery in London, which hadn't up to then seen much black studded-rubber flooring and plain white walls. In recent years he has switched with ease between projects, including supervising work on one of New York's fringe art galleries for English Minimalist architect John Pawson and filling a London town house with antiques for an English communications tycoon.





The church, *above left,* was built in 1840. *Above right:* The rectory, purchased in 1983 for $7,000. *Opposite above:* The dining room has ebony-stained pine floors and is furnished with Thonet chairs. On the walls are 19th-century landscapes, a Dogon mask, a statuette of Parvati. *Opposite below:* Piranesi etchings hang in the drawing room; chairs include Georgian shepherd's-crook armchair, Howard leather chair, Victorian desk chair.

While admitting to being a Classical Modernist "deep down," Alain says his course at Columbia has made him more open to tradition and to efforts to preserve the past. "In America when you see what they did in the country a hundred years ago and what they've done in the past fifty years, it becomes obvious that what they did earlier—with limited means—was so much better. They've only demolished things in the past fifty years and replaced them with ugly schools, ugly fire departments, and ugly post offices."

In Alain's house there is not a single "up-to-the-minute" sliding glass door or picture window, causing locals to remark that "after all that work and all that money you still have an old house." Purists will note that he has used an interesting European version of a well-known synthetic counter surface in his kitchen and the colors of the walls—inspired by a visit to Williamsburg—are historically "wrong." On that same trip Alain went to Thomas Jefferson's house. "That someone who was not a trained architect could build Monticello gave me great admiration for Jefferson," says Alain. "He was such a universal man, so many interests, and he excelled in so many fields." Equipped with the knowledge he gained from work on his own house, Alain converted the local hotel for a friend, and he is now restoring a Federal farmhouse for art dealers Jason McCoy and his wife, Diana Burroughs, near the comfortable resort town of Cooperstown twenty miles away.

To the bemusement of lifelong residents fourteen Charlotteville buildings have now been repainted and restored—by both local people and recent arrivals. One of the most successful preservation projects in the area is the Methodist church across from Alain which, though not deconsecrated, is now used primarily for concerts and lectures. Another is the Charlotteville Museum next door. Once a general store, it now celebrates the history of the village through a permanent installation of documents, photographs, artifacts, and memorabilia. (All pertinent donations will be gratefully received by the museum's director and curator, Dr. Marilyn Karp, who with her husband, Ivan, owner of New York's O.K. Harris Gallery, discovered the area as a retreat from the city almost twenty years ago.)

Once a region of small dairy farms, many of which have closed down, the Charlotteville area now depends on the manufacture of maple syrup and a bookbinding operation that employs about sixty people. Early in the spring each year the local sap collectors arrive and hook up buckets to two big maple trees in Alain's front yard. "Everyone allows them to do it," says Alain, even though he doesn't get the sap they collect. "I adore maple syrup. I have a very sweet tooth. Fortunately there's a good local dentist."

Does Alain worry that in this place, which seems to be caught in a time warp with its evocative names like Cobleskill and Schoharie where there are no street addresses and people don't bother to lock their doors, there will now be an influx of city folk to spoil it all? "Most people want things to do," observes Alain. "When they ask what do we do here in the winter, we say 'nothing.'"

"We" is a small group of like-minded members of the art world—in addition to McCoy and Burroughs and the Karps, they include dealer Eugene Thaw and his wife, Clare, and artists Ralph Goings and Richard Artschwager—who have been drawn to the area precisely because there is "nothing" to do there. "Forty-five minutes to go and see friends for dinner or a movie is absolutely no effort once you get used to it," says Alain. "I found I even had the luxury of deciding to visit some people because they had a good television set and I didn't have one at all. It was my first encounter with *Dynasty* and *The Colbys* and *Falcon Crest*—all those really exciting programs—and I decided the only way to deal with them was to go on not having a TV." Instead of watching television, he reads, ensconced comfortably in an elegant disarray of piles of design magazines and picture books of exotic places, ranks of family photographs, and a hodge-podge of objects accumulated over the years in his world travels—everything looking very much as if, like the house and the village, it had been there forever. □

Editor: Babs Simpson





(Continued from page 125) matchboard construction and was painted red. . . . The exterior was largely of glass, and the whole looked like a dilapidated conservatory." Others compared its aesthetic to that of the guillotine or said it was a "stab in the back by the warriors of the Bolshevik Revolution." But this did not prevent Melnikov from being the toast of the town, nor the great names of Modernism—Hoffmann, Le Corbusier, Perret, Mallet-Stevens—from admitting with great generosity that the Soviets had stolen the show. Le Corbusier took the young Russian under his wing and showed him all the Modern buildings worth seeing—among them his studio for Amédée Ozenfant—which may have put ideas into Melnikov's head about building a place of his own.

Melnikov was even the toast of White Russian émigrés who held a costume ball in his honor: guests came dressed as the "new Constructivist architecture." He went on holiday to Saint-Jean-de-Luz where, in answer to a commission from the Paris city fathers, he devised a scheme for a multistory car park for a thousand cars to be flung across the Seine like a bridge and supported by colossal Atlas-like caryatids on either side. The commission, needless to say, fell through.

Meanwhile, Melnikov's friend Rodchenko, who had come with his project for a workers' reading room, far from reveling in the high jinks, detested Paris and all it stood for. "The cult of women," he wrote home, "like the cult of worm-infested cheese or oysters, has reached a point where to be fashionable is to be ugly."

Melnikov, in later years, said he was terribly tempted to stay in France, yet his peasant instincts seem to have called him back. He boarded the train for Moscow where he soon found he had stirred up a hornet's nest of jealousy in the Vkhutemas School. The denunciations followed, but buoyed up by an apparently limitless faith in his own genius, he decided to press on regardless. He built an extraordinary depot for the Leyland buses, which the Soviets had bought from England. Then, in 1927, he set about building his house.

He seems to have hoodwinked Nikolai Bukharin, the party official who put the site at his disposal, that the design would have immediate relevance to the problem of mass public housing. But, as he himself confessed, the time had come he felt to be both architect and archi-millionaire.

Given the fertility of his imagination and his litmuslike ability to grasp some feature and use it for his own ends, it is hard, if not impossible, to pinpoint Melnikov's sources. He is known, as a student, to have studied the utopian projects of Boullée and Ledoux, both of whom designed cylindrical buildings. He is thought to have admired the interlocking cylinders of grain elevators in the American Midwest, which were published by Le Corbusier in his *L'Esprit Nouveau*. He examined the structure of certain Muscovite churches. And as for the honeycomb construction, whereby windows can be added or subtracted without affecting the weight load, it reminds me of the cylindrical brick tomb towers of Islamic central Asia. There was, it is well known, a strong Islamic influence on early Soviet architecture.

I would also like to think that on one of his summer drives around Paris someone drove him to the parish of Chambourcy to see the Désert de Retz, a building that was being "discovered" around that time by Colette, among others.

The Désert, a colossal truncated Doric column with a stack of oval and round rooms piled up around a spiral staircase, was designed and built by an eccentric Anglomane and friend of Boullée, the Chevalier de Monville. It is surely the most imaginative building of the eighteenth century still standing. Yet, although classed as a national monument since 1941, the French government in its wisdom allowed it to fall into ruin. The windows of the drum are oval and rectangular, but there is something about their arrangement which strikes me as being very close to that of Melnikov's house. At the time I didn't have the wit to ask him, so we shall probably never know.

Melnikov himself, in answer to the self-imposed question "What is it that prevents genius from manifesting itself in architecture?" wrote that his lack of money was converted into an "immense richness of the imagination." His sense of autonomy had swept away all sense of caution, and the practical economies forced him to risk as much, relatively speaking, as was risked by Brunelleschi when building the dome of the Florence cathedral.

I never got a chance to go into the bedroom because Anna Gavrilovna was hiding there. I suspect, however, that the altarlike beds had been done away with as well as the uniform yellow-green color of the walls which Melnikov, who had certain theories about color and sleeping patterns, associated with restful sleep.

Scattered all over the house were bits of bourgeois furniture, Neoclassical chairs, or an Art Nouveau carpet—in fact, throughout there was an atmosphere of antimacassar and samovar at odds with the original spirit. Viktor Stepanovich told me that during the years of the Stalinist "night" his mother had salvaged whatever she could from her old family home.

Melnikov, mercifully, did not have to share the fate—of cattle trucks to Siberia—which befell a Mandelstam, a Babel, or a Meyerhold. Yet gradually the vultures closed in. First his colleagues denounced him as a Formalist. Then at a meeting of the Soviet architectural establishment about eight hundred hands shot up in support of a motion that would prevent him from practicing his profession.

The death knell of visionary architecture in Russia had already been sounded when Lenin's commissioner for enlightenment, Anatoly Lunacharsky, announced, "The people also have a right to colonnades." It did, admittedly, take time for the spread of that deadly megalomaniac style known as Sovnovrok (New Soviet Rococo), which was bound to be an anathema to Melnikov. For forty years he simply sat at home doing nothing. From time to time there was talk of his rehabilitation, but nothing really came of it, so that by the time of my visit the house, for all its vestiges of vitality, had become a somber and gloomy private palace—as somber as Prokofiev's 1942 Sonata.

When I bade the old man good-bye, he smiled a smile of wistful melancholy and, raising one hand, drew in the air a graph of his blighted career. If one could have recorded it accurately on paper, it might have looked something like this:



© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

LOWEST TAR CHAMPION.



NOW IS LOWEST

By U.S. Gov't. testing method.

ALL BRAND STYLES ABOVE ARE 100mm.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Jan. '85 FTC Report or FTC method.

BOX: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report JAN. '85; BOX 100's: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's, MENTHOL: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Chocolate soufflé with hot chocolate sauce and sweetened whipped cream served at a stylish plantation inn



ONLY *Gourmet* IS GOURMET

To sample this delectable soufflé, you can dine in the spacious flower-scented rooms of a pillared plantation in Chatham County, North Carolina.

Or, you can read GOURMET—and recreate this exquisitely rich dessert in your kitchen.

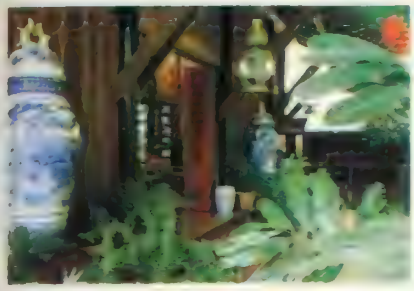
In every bounteous issue, you'll be swept away to enjoy the very finest in cooking, dining, travel, and all the components of a graceful life-style—ranging from breakfast in Bangkok, to a recipe for James Beard's special couscous stuffing, to tips on shopping for leather goods in Florence.

GOURMET celebrates your quest for good living—and provides you with the inspiration and guidance to enjoy yourself fully.

And now, thanks to this extraordinary offer, you can get a year of GOURMET, delivered to your home for just $12. A saving of 60% off the $30 single-copy cost. (Basic subscription rate is $18.)

Why not take advantage of it with the accompanying postage-paid card. (If card is missing, write to: GOURMET, P.O. Box 2980, Boulder, Colorado 80322.)





Blue-and-white ware on the veranda outside the great room.

(Continued from page 86) lessons.

Nor should we overlook the Cuban influx—a logical development given the affinities in climate and products (rum, sugar, tobacco) between the two countries. Ever since Gulf & Western sold out their Dominican interests to the Cuban-born brothers Alfonso and Pepe Fanjul, the place has been tinged with the glamor of pre-Castro Cuba.

> In the tropics people have a terrible tendency to live in glaring white rooms in glaring white houses

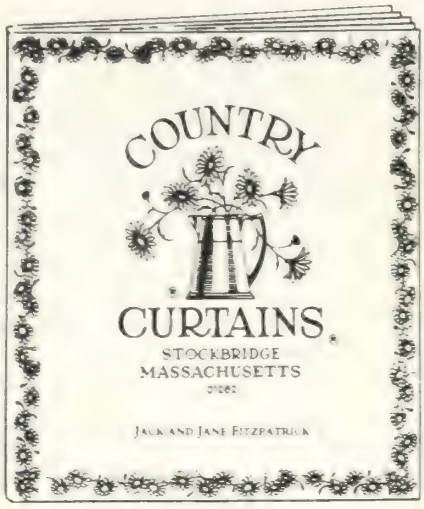
La Romana has become so stylish that the airstrip can no longer cope with the crush of private jets; a new airport is being built. By revamping the hotel and other amenities the Fanjuls are attracting a flock of affluent yuppies. A new golf course is on the way, but let us hope no more hotels. La Romana's charms should not be overexploited.

Back, however, to Oscar. Just as he has drawn on local resources for all of his furniture, he draws on local resources for the superb food he—or rather his gifted cook Maria—provides. "Naturally I am grateful for all the goodies that friends bring from Paris or Rome or New York," he says, "but to be honest I could do without everything except the pasta and Parmesan. Let's face it, European delicacies like caviar and foie gras taste all wrong in the tropics. Local ingredients are fantastic if you know what to do with them." And so Maria and sometimes Oscar comb the local markets for

Country Curtains.

SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG

Country Curtains . . . a New England tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service. Curtains in cotton muslin or carefree permanent press, some have ruffles, others have fringe or lace trim . . . also, tab curtains, lined and insulated curtains, charming balloon and lace curtains, bed ensembles, wooden rods and much more! All perfect with antiques, Victorian and 20th century furniture! **Please call 413-243-1300, 24 hours a day . . . seven days a week** or write us for a free color catalog. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**



Visit our retail shops in Stockbridge, Salem, Braintree, Sturbridge and Sudbury, Massachusetts, Avon and Westport, Connecticut, Providence, Rhode Island, Newington, New Hampshire, and Far Hills, New Jersey.

COUNTRY CURTAINS®
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept. 1478, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Name _____ ☐ PLEASE SEND
Address _____ FREE
City _____ COLOR
State _____ Zip _____ CATALOG



The magical window nook is one delightful way Pella Windows make an ordinary space into someones favorite place. Easy washing from indoors and exteriors that need no painting help make your home a better place to live. See lots of magical ideas, only at your Pella Window Store. Find us in the Yellow Pages under "Windows."

The Pella Window Store®
Windows, Doors, Sunrooms & Skylights

Free Pella Idea Book Please send me a free booklet on Pella window and door ideas.
I plan to ☐ build ☐ remodel ☐ replace
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Telephone _____

Mail to: Pella Windows and Doors Dept. CG8A6, 100 Main Street, Pella, Iowa 50219. Also available throughout Canada. © 1987 Rolscreen Co.

the excellent local fish and crustaceans—especially langostinos and the romantically named *palomas de cuevas* (pigeons of the caves), which turn out to be succulent land crabs. Thanks to Oscar's know-how and Maria's skills, those plantains and roots that look so unappetizing in tropical markets turn out to be as versatile as the potato. Pureed yucca roots make some of the world's best fritters; they are also the basis of the brittle yucca bread: an ancient Carib staple that would have been served to Columbus on one of his first stops in the New World: this island.

The rarest treat that Oscar serves is a salad made of the unraveled heart of a palm tree—rare because the unraveling takes five pairs of hands five hours to achieve. No less a delicacy and no less difficult to find is the fragrant nispero: an ugly medlarlike fruit that outshines all its rivals, even the passion fruit, in flavor. It would be folly to eat it any other way but raw. Guavas, mangoes, papayas, and cherimoyas, on the other hand, are turned into marvelous sorbets and purees; and, thanks to the local rum, *bananes flambées* are incomparable. Meals draw to a close with an assortment of local pastes—cashew, coconut, guava, molasses—accompanied by a delicate goat cheese and slices of fudgelike *dulce de leche*. And then there is excellent local coffee or *canarino* or, my favorite, ginger tea, said to make you sleepy and amorous.



The master bedroom in the former pool house.

Everything else in this delectable house has an informal stylish charm: for instance, the constant *va-et-vient* of maids from one guesthouse or pavilion to another. These majestic girls remind me of Gauguin's Martinique scenes the way they move in file carrying great flat baskets of linen or food. During the day they will be wearing voluminous aprons and bandannas made of gingham, in the evening white broderie anglaise and lace.

And then the setting is so idyllic. Whether you eat in the thatched rotunda built out over the waves, on the rocky terrace overhung with copey, on the mahogany veranda of the main house, or heaven knows where in the garden, the sea is always in view. At lunch you can watch cormorants or dolphins or sleek young snorkelers. At dinner fireflies compete with hundreds of lanterns and the far-off flicker of fireworks, which usually means the Fanjuls are having another party. Oscar offers his guests a different variety of fireworks: verbal ones. The rockets, squibs, and fusees that emanate from his volatile guests light up the night no less brilliantly. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

MIZNER VILLAGE. A QUALITY OF



He was an extraordinary man with an extraordinary dream. Addison Mizner. Architect, socialite and renaissance thinker who envisioned a South Florida lifestyle of unprecedented luxury and leisure.

In the heart of Boca Raton, there is a new Arvida community which lives up to the Mizner dream.

Mizner Village.

The Boca Raton Hotel and Club

Situated along the Intracoastal Waterway, on The Boca Raton Hotel and Club Estate, this unique gathering of residences offers all the elegance and charm of Mizner's original "golden city on the gold coast."

Mizner Village features Mizner Court and Mizner Tower – two offerings that would make even their namesake proud. Blending romantic architecture, waterside amenities and unabashed luxury, both offer an exciting variety of floor plans ranging from 1,500 to over 2,800 square feet. Plus complete amenities that include a jogging trail, putting green, tennis, swimming an

A PRIVATE ARVIDA COMMUNITY AT THE BOCA RATON HOTEL AND CLUB

This rendering is an artist's representation and not to scale. Mizner Court: The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor: CD85-0211. Void in all states where prohibited by law. The property is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. NJA No. 0278602SF. Mizner Tower: This advertisement is not an offering to New Jersey residents. Void in all states where prohibited by law. This advertisement is not an offering. No offering can be made until an offering plan is filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York. Only Mizner Court is being offered to New Jersey residents. Mizner Tower is not registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission.

(Continued from page 144) frayed. Even though my parents' creative energy and vast successes continued, their personal lives were exhausted and they divorced in 1983. Almost in empathy, the house, too, became worn out.

Ophelia, Lucy, Theo, and I all adored our stepmother, Felicity, from the beginning. When she and Daddy married, we should have never nurtured the trepidations we did. Our only concern was for Gipsy House; we never feared her in any other way. We discovered within weeks that Felicity clearly had read *The Velveteen Rabbit,* too; she *did* understand.

She also displayed a great gift. Not only did she have a green thumb but terra-cotta fingers. Things started to sprout quite painlessly. Every architect's plan was given to us for approval. Jurylike we sat and nodded with delight while colors were cleared and fabrics filed past. Gipsy House started to purr, and so did Daddy.

I would be lying if I gave an impression of totally painless plastic surgery. Renovation is never without its agonies, but other than a couple of weeks when Daddy began to look haunted as he picked his way over bricks and copper piping and a few disappointments because he simply would not allow frills or frippery—"I see no point in bunching and fussiness. Curtains are fine as long as they are plain"—the transformation ran with almost unknown calm.

My father perked up when the walls were plastered and his snooker room was completed. As if a young man again, he along with his bride became consumed with the task of decorating. Wonderful pieces of furniture started to appear from auction houses; remarkable paintings were hanging medallike from her walls. Drops (Felicity is a City & Guilds–trained carver and gilder) tumbled gracefully down gaps. Even Chopper, our deeply loved Jack Russell, had his own mahogany dog chair, invented by Daddy, designed jointly, commissioned by Felicity, and hand-carved by a local craftsman. The garden is as much of a triumph as the house: knot and Italian herb gardens, herbaceous borders spilling lavender and peonies over the edge. The avenue of pleached limes that forms a guard of honor to my father every day as he strolls to work is utterly beautiful and will be even more so.

There have been only two concessions. One each. Felicity has never touched my father's hut, filled with mementos and eccentricities, such as the head of the femur removed from his right hip, the prosthesis removed from an unsuccessful operation on the left, and the disc (in a bottle) taken from his spine. There is a ball of heavy silver paper he made between 1934 and 1935 from the chocolate bars he consumed, a model of the shunt he invented for hydrocephalic children, a desert star.

And my father's grudging concession has been to allow antique-lace linen on their bed. In Daddy's words, "Gipsy House is lovely." Happy days are here again. □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

LIFE THAT LIVES UP TO ITS NAME.

health club facilities.

Mizner Village also offers easy access to Boca's financial center, as well as its outstanding restaurants and elegant shops. And presently, as a resident, you'll be eligible to apply for membership in the exclusive Boca Raton Hotel and Club. As a member, you'll enjoy world-class golf, tennis and dining, as well as swimming pools, marina, a health club and much more. Plus glittering social activities throughout the season.

For more information, simply send in the coupon or call (305) 394-3700.

Mizner Village. Everything Mizner meant Boca to be.

From $295,000.

MIZNER·VILLAGE



Name _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Address _____ Mizner Village, P.O. Box 100, Dept. 7, Boca Raton, FL 33432 QM302

Announcing a major improvement in plastic.



The Mileage Plus First Card. It's the only Visa Card that earns one bonus mile in United Airlines' Mileage Plus Program for every purchase dollar you charge – for travel or anything else – at over five million locations worldwide.

The Mileage Plus First Card is yours *free* with no annual fee for the first year. Thereafter, the annual fee is just $45.00. And our variable annual percentage rate is indexed at 9.4 points above the prime rate as published in The Wall Street Journal.*

Apply today and you'll receive a $25.00 travel certificate when your account is opened.

You'll also get an introductory upgrade package after you make your first purchase with the card.

Plus comprehensive travel protection benefits worldwide.

To apply, fill out the application on the next page. If it's missing, call 1-800-621-1203, or pick up an application at United Airlines ticket counters or your Travel Agent.

Applications submitted for the Allegis First Card will be honored for the new Mileage Plus First Card.

*For example, based on a June 15, 1987 prime rate of 8.25%, the annual percentage rate on July billing statements would have been 17.65%. There shall be a cash advance fee for each cash advance which you obtain other than Visa checks equal to 2% of the transaction amount.

UNITED AIRLINES

FIRST CHICAGO CORPORATION

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR

(Continued from page 136) is a playroom in the basement and Riverside Park is handy.

The effect of the central living space is dramatically offset when we move to the den. A large painting by Kim MacConnel competes for attention with variegated bright cushions and framed Madison Avenue artifacts and awards. Latest addition is a cushion inscribed "Nouveau Riche is better than no Riche at all." Here is the room for old movies (a viewing screen comes up to fill a window), for the audio and video playground that is the professional lifeblood of both. Even their romance began in the trade—she was asked to interview him when he did an ad campaign for the New York Mets. "He wouldn't return my phone calls, and I thought, 'Who is this guy who won't talk to the press?' It was because of some quarrel with George Steinbrenner. Then I got hold of him, and I started enjoying the phone calls."

The Della Feminas say that most of their friends are surprised to find that they are conservatives. Both of them are keen to stress that they didn't become Republicans as a function of their material success. "When I was six," says Jerry, "I asked my father what was the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. He said that the Democrats were for the poor people—like us—and the Republicans were for the rich people. Right there I



Late-19th-century Balinese bronze deer

decided I was a Republican." Judy adds that even though her favorite film is *Being There* she still admires Ronald Reagan.

Jerry actually worked for the Reagan campaign, conceiving the idea of a Tuesday Team drawn from all agencies. Yet this year he has been asked to consult for Pat Schroeder and Bruce Babbitt, either of whom would have pleased him. He's especially sorry that Schroeder decided not to run. And he says nothing would ever induce him to take on George Bush—"neither smart nor charming."

Having sold his business for $20 million with at least that much still to come, Jerry can say pretty much what he likes about clients and customers, actual and potential. His itch to be outrageous and nonconformist—it was he who proposed "From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor" as a selling point for a Japanese firm—is complemented by a sense of the limits to bad taste. If he had really meant to be mean about the Japanese, he would not now be running a smash campaign with the mendacious Isuzu salesman.

Out on the narrow deck, which follows the side of the apartment like a ship's gangway and which lights up with rheostats after dark, Judy tells me that because Jerry is better with "books" (portfolios) she let him pick from her short list of designers. But one gets the impression that he doesn't have the patience for household detail and that, as long as space and view are taken care of, he's content to leave the rest to her. For one thing, as she says, he's chronically untidy. For another, he likes the broad sweep of a marketing concept with details to come. The piano, Japanese also and sized to fit a knocked-out closet space that isn't there anymore, is *for* him but *from* her. "I kept hoping he'd take lessons because he *is* gifted," she says wistfully. But no sign of application so far.

We return at the end to discussing Tom Wolfe. Yes, everything in New York these days is a battle for space. It's the city where people understand at once when you talk in square feet. Yes, they've got it and few others have. *But* they had to gut an apartment in order to get it. And—hey—"we didn't inherit this. We earned it." That cushion was right. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

FUTURE FOLLY

(Continued from page 114) can't rehearse there because the violin sounds so good," Sheila laments. "It's like singing in the shower." However, their music-minded guests have no complaints about the acoustics or the space, which is made even more desirable by adjoining outdoor decks and a commanding view of the rolling hills.

Tucked below this "stage" are the three bedrooms, all the same size, contained in a square base—a plan that clearly recalls in its symmetry a Classical Italian villa. The dimensions—the 20 by 20 by 20 living room or the 10 by 10 by 10 bedrooms—belong to what Schwartz calls the "dumb" proportional system of the Renaissance models. The small size and tight plan also mean that the house is practical. "It takes us ten minutes to open it, roll up the shades, and kill the flies," the architect boasts.

Schwartz had warned his wife that in



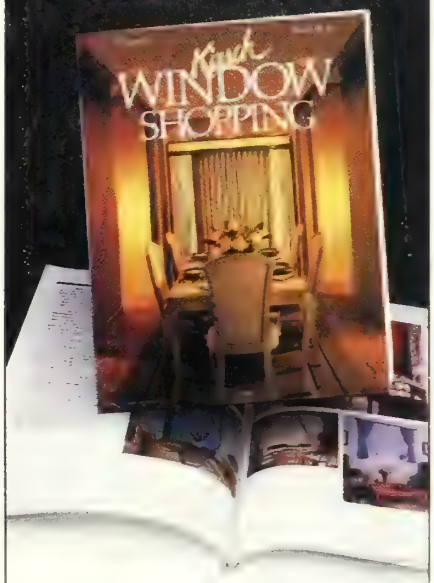
At rear: pointed skylight, kitchen entrance

every architectural project "there is always one major goof." They discovered it when they had a child. Although there is enough space, they find that the acoustics in the upstairs room do not make for quiet bedrooms below. Nevertheless at less than two years their still-angelic daughter is able to sleep through anything when she is tired. But sooner or later. . .

Meanwhile the setting functions extremely well for the adults. Because of its intimate size and scale and proportions, the house after a while loses its mechanistic just-in-from-Mars quality. You get rather used to it. It even starts to feel downright homey. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

Order the all new KIRSCH WINDOW SHOPPING VOLUME II



More new ideas than you have windows

It's here. The brand new edition of the Kirsch classic—Window Shopping, Volume II. With page after colorful page picturing the latest window treatments. All the current styles.

Extraordinary ideas and more! It helps you identify your needs—energy conservation, light and privacy control, etc.—then it helps you satisfy them. Even includes color swatches and how-to-measure information.

135 pages of windows that only you & Kirsch can create. Just $4—order yours today!

Kirsch

Send check or money order for $4.00 to: Kirsch, Dept. K, Sturgis, MI 49091. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

(Continued from page 94) suite. On the first floor a living room is done in leather, gray carpet and fabric, stainless-steel floors: *masculino*. At one corner, a small balcony looking up Beekman Place. Then along a little flight of folded steel stairs to the second level for sleeping loft, bath, and study, all overlooking the virtually cubic central volume.

It is to the idea of a unified composition that Rudolph's practice is attuned, to the idea not of dividing space but of creating it. His apartment is a study in the assemblage of planes, either parallel or at right angles. This is an interest shared with early Wright and with the artists and architects of De Stijl, most emblematically Theo van Doesberg and Gerrit Rietveld. Most conventional architecture assembles planes at right angles. Rudolph's planes float free.

The entire house is an essay in density. Rudolph uses materials ranging from the transparent (glass, plexiglass) through various degrees of translucency (skylighting plastic, water) to the opaque (plaster, leather, stone) and the reflective (mirror, stainless steel, glass). These materials are often employed unconventionally. In the guest suite the bathroom sink is plex and, while washing up, one looks through turbulent water to the room below, out the window, and up the street. The tub in the master bath is likewise plex, forming the ceiling of part of the kitchen, opening up the possibility of a variety of mesmerizing visual juxtapositions. Even more extraordinary are the plexiglass floors in the bridging zone between the front and the back of the house. The view both up and out through a wide variety of densities, translucencies, and adjacencies is spectacular.

Architectural space is materialized by light. And no architect is more heliotropic than Rudolph. For him, light (like space) is substantial, sculptable. In his studies for projects Rudolph actually draws the light—not just according to conventions of shade/shadow but as a myriad of tiny arrows flowing through space, as if he could detect the photons with his pen.

His apartment is a light-catching apparatus. Imagine, then, its movement. On a sunny day it bounces from the river or shines direct, entering sometimes through glass, sometimes after modulation by the shimmering greenery or captive canal water. It penetrates deep through the floating structures, bouncing from white walls, smooth stone, or polished metal. It pours down light shafts and creeps around corners. It shines through the narrow meetings of planes or dances through the agitated water of the Jacuzzi. At night the light sources decompose into points. Outside, the million lights of the city. Inside, lighting is gathered with similar Pointillism miniaturized—Rudolph's photons revealed in the hundreds of small bulbs that garland the space.

This is an architect's house, part of a long tradition of architects' summary visions. I'm reminded in particular of that evergreen architect's favorite, Sir John Soane's house, begun in 1812 and worked on continuously until his death in 1837. Sir John Summerson has praised Soane for his ability to "express growth, movement, and unity," and this power Rudolph shares in spades. Soane's house was also a museum, filled with a profusion of oddities and treasures. Rudolph likewise collects eclectically, from Indonesian Buddhas to tiny Mexican tin miracles—"I collect them because they shine"—to a phalanx of toy robots, which he paints in many colors and displays behind plex, each lit by a tiny light. But Rudolph collects with a purpose. His fleets of small objects don't clutter but enlarge, lending—like the tiny bulbs—a kind of grandeur to the whole. I asked him when he'd become interested in miniatures. "Oh, it's simply a question of scale," he replied.

The affinities with Soane also embrace a common influence, the great eighteenth-century artist and architect Giambattista Piranesi. Piranesi's astounding engravings were dedicated to the study of architectural complexity in light. Rudolph admires (and shares) his "sense of depth." Piranesi's vision, however, was darker; it was about chiaroscuro, about contrast. Rudolph inherited the passion for structurality, but his magnificent house bathes elaborate composition in a gentler glow. Not just the aura of light artfully modulated but the radiation of life beautifully lived. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

IN THE FABRIC OF THE FAMILY



Over three thousand books are kept in the library/entrance hall.

(Continued from page 101) perspective. My father made a deal with me: whenever I submitted a perfect drawing I was allowed to ride horseback for an hour."

The lessons paid off: at seventeen, for pocket money, while a student at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, Canovas designed three scarves for Hermès. Sister Isabel apparently learned her lessons too; she is the designer of fashion accessories and jewelry.

At first destined to be an archaeologist with several years in Rome at the Villa Medici followed by further studies in Mexico, Canovas is one to dig deep. "I like the idea of an ancient object inspiring a modern graphic. Take the eighteenth-century rafraîchissoirs," he says, picking up the thread where we began. "They were the point of departure for Gotha, a totally abstract fabric of fuchsia and yellow stripes."

Just as the past is ever present in the House of Canovas, so it is at home. Formidable ancestral military decorations and family portraits deck the walls. Noblesse oblige. Catherine, his second wife, the mother of his fourth child, and a manager of marketing for Saint Laurent cosmetics, finds the dining room too formal, too cold, too grandiose. "She doesn't like the grand portraits. But she is obliged to put up with them. I told her I can't throw them out. After all, they're family!" □

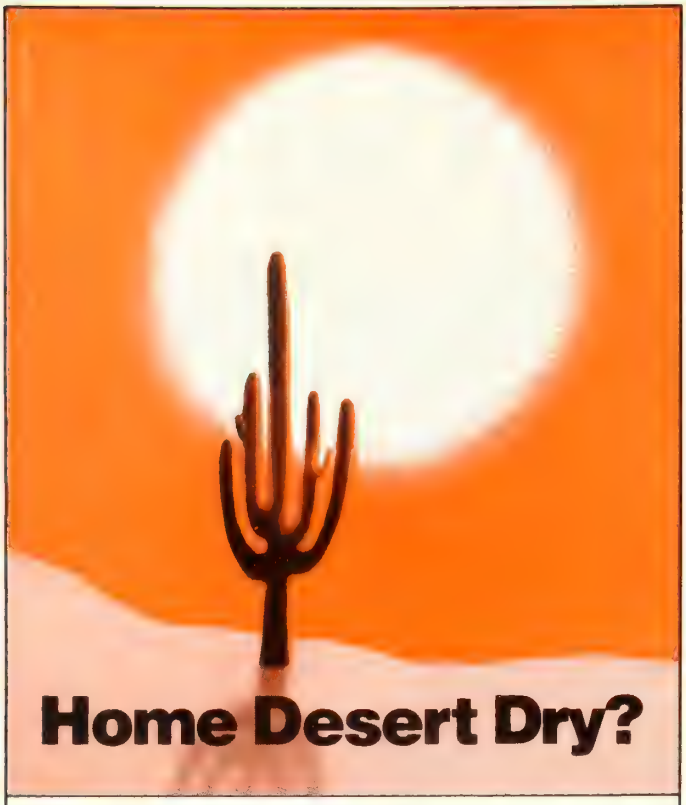
Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

CONNECTICUT MADE SIMPLE

(Continued from page 108) propulsion toward change, develop a desire for a new style, or uncover a new interest, as he recently did on a business trip to Russia where he became fascinated by icons, these will most likely express themselves in new homes, perhaps in Maine, perhaps elsewhere. "All of my lives are different, but none of them are mannered," he says. "People can disagree with me on this, but my homes are not meant to tell the world something about me so much as make me feel comfortable in a different mode."

Of Deer Run, Ira Howard Levy says almost shyly, "You can see that I love it," and then adds, "I can choreograph my life differently there. I can be not so compulsive. I'm a compulsive in everything else. I can relax when I'm up there. I do slow down. I don't talk so fast there." □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



It's hard to believe but it's true. If you're heating your home without a humidifier, you'd be better off living in the Sahara Desert, where the humidity level is twice as high as your non-humidified home.

Fortunately, an Aprilaire® humidifier can provide the humidity your thirsty home needs. Aprilaire eliminates the parched air in your home or condominium which causes itchy skin, a scratchy throat, static electricity and other irritations. And as the added moisture makes you feel more comfortable, it also protects your home and furnishings from the damages caused by air that is too dry.

You can begin enjoying the benefits of an Aprilaire humidifier in your home no matter what type of heating system you have. To change your home's desert dry environment to a spring-like freshness, have your heating and air conditioning contractor install an Aprilaire humidifier today.

For more information send for our free Humidification Facts Booklet. Or call toll free 1 800 356-9652 (in WI call 608 257-8801).

Aprilaire® HUMIDIFIER

Research Products Corporation
Dept. HG P.O. Box 1467
Madison, WI 53701

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

Phone:_____

Send me _____ Humidification Facts Booklet

_____ Name of nearest Aprilaire dealer

URBAN COEXISTENCE

Soaring peregrine falcons raise intriguing possibilities about city and wild life

By Suzanne Winckler



One sunset at Cleo's, the bar on top of the IDS Tower in Minneapolis, I met some friends to watch the peregrine falcons that have taken up residency downtown. Seven young birds had just been released that morning, bringing the total to sixteen. With a telescope and binoculars—to the backbeat of disco and the dusky glow of neon—we watched the falcons perching several stories below us on their man-made aerie, the roof of the Multifoods Building, and swooping off occasionally between flashes of summer lightning that lit up the Mississippi River to the west. Several curious patrons asked what we were looking at. We gave them a look through the scope.

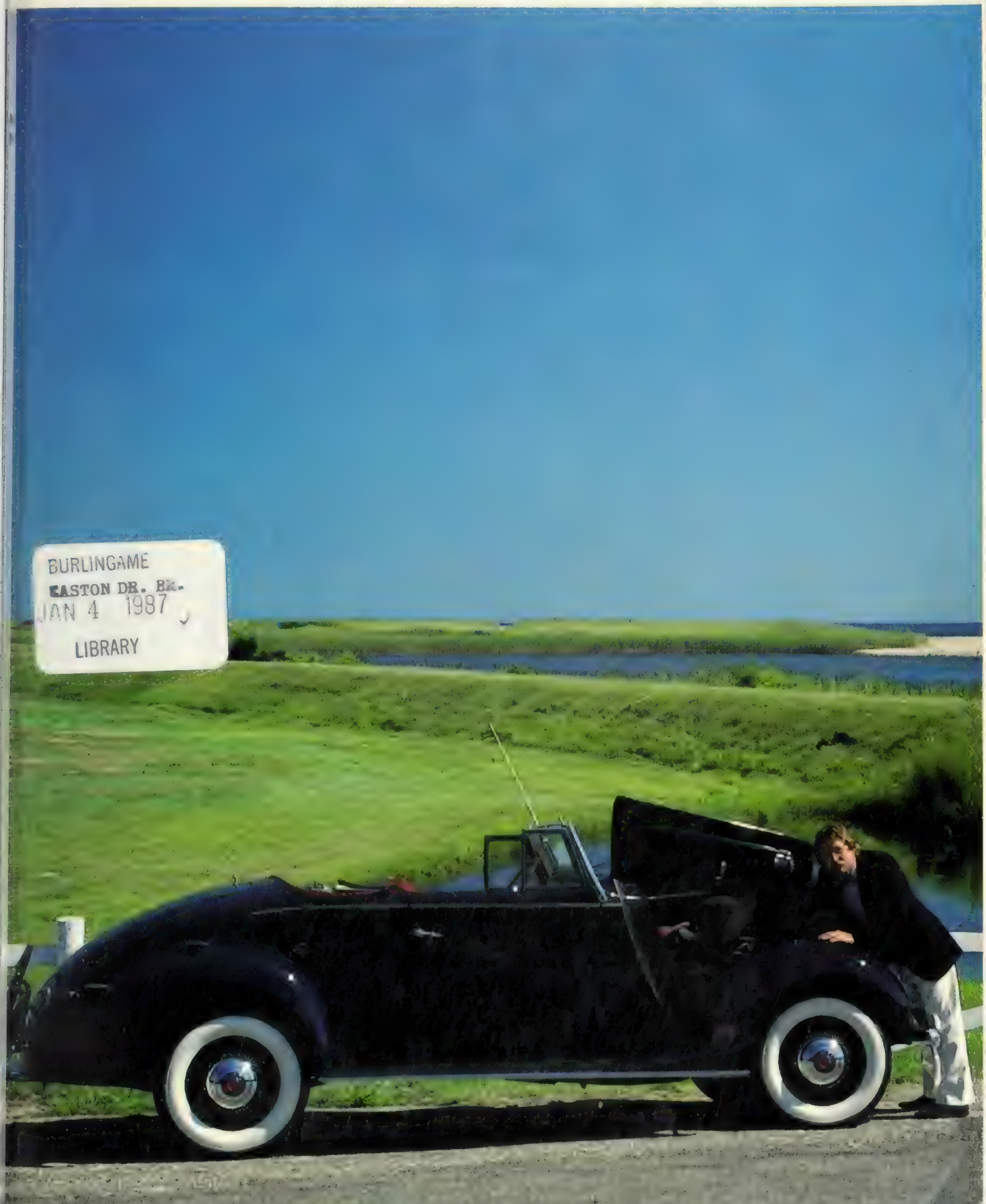
The peregrine falcon is an aerodynamic masterpiece. It is a hunter of samurai precision as well as the most pensive and regal of the North American falcons. In the 1960s its numbers began to crash because DDT residues were thwarting its reproductive capabilities. A ban on DDT in this country solved the root problem, and through painstaking but widespread captive breeding and release programs, which began at Cornell University, the peregrine falcon is being reestablished across the United States, in city and country. A cityscape packed with high rises bears a striking resemblance to precipitous cliffs that are the preferred haunts of peregrine falcons. Besides Minneapolis, the hawks have been released in such cities as Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Montreal, Los Angeles, and most recently, Chicago. They have taken well to cities—and the city dwellers to them. This year one of the Minneapolis peregrines had dispatched a pigeon—their usual urban prey—and started to pluck and eat it on a busy street downtown. A construction worker, seeing that the bird was dangerously preoccupied, gathered up some orange plastic traffic cones and encircled the bird until it had finished its lunch.

Watching peregrines from such a sophisticated prospect as Johnson/Burgee Architects' IDS Tower is in some ways a contradiction in terms, but for those who are attracted to the extreme—and often similar—beauties that reside in wilderness and cities, it is having the best of both worlds. People who suffer such ambivalences don't kid themselves that watching peregrine falcons in urban surroundings means all is going right with the world, but it does provide something of a respite from thinking about the various problems that cities, and we inhabitants of them, create for the natural world, from deforestation in the tropics to the fallout from acid rain to the punching of holes in the ozone layer. Here for a change the city has befriended a creature that is the essence of wildness. Watching the falcons that evening in Minneapolis was something like being present at the marriage of two dear friends who you know are opposites. You feel a little trepidation, but because you love them both, you have high hopes. □

HOUSE & GARDEN

GAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

FEBRUARY 1988 $4.00



BURLINGAME
CASTON DR. EL.
JAN 4 1987
LIBRARY





There was a glorious age in American cabinetmaking when men took pride in the quality of their materials and in the excellence of their execution. This tradition continues in Henredon's Salem — furniture for dining and bedroom that captures the spirit and mastery of the 18th century New England. We invite you to view Salem at your authorized Henredon dealer. For the brochure please send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. G28, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon

1987 Estée Lauder Inc. Photograph Skrebneski

February 1988

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 160, Number 2

COVER
Stephen Mack and his 1937 Packard rumble-seat convertible coupé in Rhode Island. Story page 92. Photograph by Dana Hyde.

AEGEAN IDYLL
Gregor and Beatrice von Rezzori extol the pleasures of a sixteenth-century house on the island of Rhodes
82

AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL
In his eighteenth-century farmhouse Stephen Mack displays a passion for detail/By Charles Maclean
92

L'AIR DUCHAMP
Teeny Duchamp keeps alive the spirit of modern art's master magician By Bertrand Lorquin
100

KLOSTERS COMFORT
In the Swiss Alps with the Fairchilds, the search for the perfect chalet/By J. Fairchild
108

STEELED IN NATURE
André Emmerich explains his vision of sculpture in the landscape
114

SCALED TO PERFECTION
Albert Hadley's small house in Connecticut has a richness created by expert placement and personal details/By Michael Boodro
122

THE OTHER HAMPTONS
Mark and Duane Hampton's weekend life on Long Island By James Reginato
130

THE PROVIDENTIAL BROWNS
Rhode Island's first family and their eighteenth-century house radiate a universal confidence/By Rosamond Bernier
138

A ROYAL REFUGE
Sommariva—part hunting lodge, part love nest—where the first king of Italy went to unwind/By William Weaver
142

MEMPHISTOPHELES
Influential Milan architect Ettore Sottsass is busier at seventy than he has ever been/By Martin Filler
146

HIGH BOHEMIA
The spirited style of Flora Whitney Miller By Steven M. L. Aronson
154

PARADISO
High above the bay of Sorrento, the romantic gardens of the Villa Tritone/By Emily Read
158

CLASSICAL PROFILES
Today's metal furnishings draw a fine line between past and present By Heather Smith MacIsaac
164

DESIGN 14
Vienna Wood
By Martin Filler

COLLECTING 22
The Domino Effect
By George Whitmore

TRAVEL 36
Confederate Crazy
By Jonathan Lieberson

TASTEMAKERS 52
First Lady of Americana
By John Russell

ON VIEW 58
Current Exhibitions Not to Be Missed

JOURNAL 62
On the Arts Scene

IMPRESSIONS 64
The People's Spa
By Suzanne Winckler

FINE WORK 68
Stitches in Time
By Elaine Greene

GARDEN PLEASURES 72
Artful Roots
By Carl Nagin

House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President, Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer, Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years, in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years. Elsewhere, $41 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1988 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322**
Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017

From the Estée Lauder laboratories comes the new technology to rebuild your skin's appearance from the inside out.

Eyzone Repair Gel

Before you notice one more little wrinkle, try Eyzone. Its never-before opalescent formula contains Tissue Matrix Fluid to help restructurize the deepest epidermal layers of the vulnerable skin around your eyes. So of course, Eyzone is ophthalmologist tested and fragrance-free. And it has a unique time-released delivery system. Use Eyzone regularly and dramatically diminish the visible signs of aging around your eyes. Suddenly, the aging effects of time seem to be reversed. And your skin looks and feels younger—from the inside out.



ESTĒE LAUDER

NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS


CLINIQUE
AROMATICS
ELIXIR
CLINIQUE
AROMATICS
ELIXIR



THE MASTERCRAFT OF GRAND RAPIDS COLLECTIONS include many distinctive contemporary designs in brass, glass and exotic materials. The display cabinet illustrated below is faced with antiqued brass and accented with decorative moldings. The interior is lighted and mirrored to feature one's treasured objects. Our Mastercraft collections may be seen in any of our showrooms through your interior designer, architect or furniture retailer.





Distinguished manufacturer and distributor of fine furniture with showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

Baker
KNAPP & TUBBS



Room Design: Sylvia Schulman, Interior Design Ltd.

THE BOUCLÉ COLLECTION

ALL DESIGNS IN STOCK

D&D Bldg., 979 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022. Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington

Trellis-Fleur-7601 Green | Trellis-French Blue | Fresia Royal Blue | Grand Montarnaise

When winter winds begin to howl,
think of someplace warm.



Mill House of Woodbury.

The world brightens when you explore our vast collection of antique furniture, accessories, brass chandeliers and works of art waiting to bring a special glow into your home. Stroll through our 17 showrooms. Inhale the fragrance of walnut, cherry, yew and mahogany shaped by master hands. Can spring be far away?

Mill House Antiques

Route 6, Woodbury, Connecticut 06798 Telephone (203) 263-3446

We're closed Tuesday but open every other day of the week, including Saturday and Sunday.



HOUSE & GARDEN

ANNA WINTOUR
Editor-in-Chief

Editors DENISE OTIS, MARTIN FILLER Art Director KAREN LEE GRANT
Managing Editor PRISCILLA FLOOD Articles Editor SHELLEY WANGER
Senior Editor BABS SIMPSON
Architecture Editors ELIZABETH SVERBEYEFF BYRON senior; HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
Decorating Editors JACQUELINE GONNET senior; KAAREN PARKER GRAY, CAROLYN SOLLIS
European Creative Director MARIE-PAULE PELLE
West Coast Editor JOYCE MACRAE Los Angeles Editor ELEANORE PHILLIPS COLT
Assistant Managing Editor DUNCAN MAGINNIS Copy Editor REGINALD GAY
Copy Associate GABRIELLE WINKEL
Editorial Production Manager KAY SUSMANN
Art Production Editor CAROL KNOBLOCH
Picture Editor THOMAS H. MCWILLIAM JR. Designer LEAH DEMCHICK
Editorial Coordinator LORNA DAMARELL CAINE
Editorial Assistants SARAH KALTMAN, STACEY L. KLAMAN, TIMOTHY M. MONAHAN
ANNE O'CONNOR, KATIE RIDDER
Reader Information MARGARET MORSE

Editor-at-Large ROSAMOND BERNIER
Consulting Editors BROOKE ASTOR, JOHN RICHARDSON
Contributing Editors OSCAR DE LA RENTA; MARELLA AGNELLI
JOHN BOWES-LYON, DORIS SAATCHI
SENGA MORTIMER gardens; CATHERINE MARRON New York
DOROTHEA WALKER, MARILYN SCHAFER San Francisco
DODIE KAZANJIAN Washington, D.C.; JUDY BRITTAIN London
BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE Milan; MARIE-PIERRE TOLL Mexico City
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER

J. KEVIN MADDEN
Publisher

Advertising Director MARTHA MOSKO D'ADAMO
Sales Development Director ROBERT NEWKIRCHEN Advertising Manager RONALD J. MEREDITH
Design Resource Manager ALBERT J. BLOIS
Distilled Spirits Manager DONALD B. FRIES Jewelry and Watch Manager WALLACE B. GREENE
Travel Manager JUDITH A. LAMORT Beauty Manager CYNTHIA R. LEWIS
Fashion Manager SUSAN RERAT Home Furnishings Manager KEVIN T. WALSH

Executive Editor LOUIS OLIVER GROPP

Promotion Creative Director JAYNE INGRAM
Promotion Art Director LORI EDWARDS GLAVIN Promotion Manager NANCY WEBER
Public Relations Manager ANNETTE MARTELL SCHMIDT Promotion Copywriter ALICE MCGUCKIN

New England RICHARD BALZARINI, Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South DENNIS W. DOUGHERTY, 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309
Midwest MELVIN G. CHALEM, 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit JOHN F. MCCLURE, 3310 West Big Beaver Road, Suite 537, Troy MI 48084
West Coast MARGARET M. THALKEN, TRISH BIRCH, 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
DALE C. SONES, 50 Francisco St., San Francisco CA 94133
Florida DAVID RUBIN, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
England ROBERT E. YOST, 19 South Audley St., London W1Y 5DN
France JOHN H. LIESVELD JR., 284 boulevard St.-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GUTHE
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R 0AD
FRENCH MAISON & JARDIN 8–10, boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
ITALIAN CASA VOGUE piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
BRAZILIAN CASA VOGUE BRASIL Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430–Jardim America, São Paulo
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Chairman S. I. NEWHOUSE JR. Deputy Chairman DANIEL SALEM
President BERNARD H. LESER
Executive Vice President JOHN B. BRUNELLE
Executive Vice President JOSEPH L. FUCHS
Vice President–Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN
Vice President VERNE WESTERBERG
Vice President–Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON
Vice President–Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT
Vice President–Circulation PETER ARMOUR
Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution IRVING HERSCHBEIN
Editorial Adviser LEO LERMAN

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Editorial Director



For large 68 page book with 87 color pictures send $5.00 to: McGuire, HG2-88, 151 Vermont Street at 15th, San Francisco, California 94103. Ask your interior designer, furniture dealer or architect about the seven unique McGuire Collections. See them in the nearest McGuire showroom.

New address in New York: 305 E. 63rd (212) 593-1235.

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Vancouver. International: London, Milan, Paris, Tokyo, West Germany.



CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

STEVEN M. L. ARONSON is the author of *Hype* and the coauthor of the Edgar Award–winning *Savage Grace*.

MICHAEL BOODRO lives in New York and has recently completed his first novel

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

ANDRE EMMERICH is president of the André Emmerich Gallery in New York. His books on Precolumbian art include *Art Before Columbus* and *Sweat of the Sun and Tears of the Moon*.

JONATHAN LIEBERSON, an associate at the Center for Policy Studies, the Population Council, New York, is a contributing editor of *The New York Review of Books*.

CHARLES MACLEAN is the author of *The Wolf Children* and *The Watcher*.

CARL NAGIN received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to complete a biography of Chang Tach'ien to be published by Atheneum.

EMILY READ translated from the French *Catherine the Great* and *The Reckoning*. She writes regularly for British *Vogue* and the *Literary Review*.

GREGOR VON REZZORI is the author of *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite* and *The Death of My Brother Abel*.

JOHN RUSSELL is chief art critic for *The New York Times*. His books include *The Meanings of Modern Art* and *Paris*.

WILLIAM WEAVER is the author of *Duse: A Biography*. He has translated from Italian works by Primo Levi, Umberto Eco, Italo Calvino, Alberto Moravia, and Pier Paolo Pasolini. He is currently translating Calvino's last work of fiction, *Under the Jaguar's Sun*.

GEORGE WHITMORE is the author of *Nebraska*.

SUZANNE WINCKLER is a contributing editor of *Texas Monthly* and writes frequently about the environment for *Audubon* and other magazines.


The fabric
is Brunschwig,
the furniture
is, too.
Brunschwig & Fils
75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.
ROCKINGHAM glazed chintz MADELEINE chair and ottoman

VIENNA WOOD

The best-preserved Jugendstil interiors are the real prize at a little-known hunting lodge designed to the smallest detail by Josef Hoffmann

By Martin Filler

On the edge of an evergreen forest in Lower Austria stands a small house that is not far from Vienna—only forty miles away—but seems thoroughly remote from the capital city of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. A charming hunting lodge called Bergerhöhe, it looks at first glance much like the other old farmhouses in the vicinity. As one nears it, however, a motto over the front door of the modest one-story structure becomes visible: *Das Haus des Friedes in Stille* ("The house of peace in stillness"). This verse by Martin Luther is in keeping with the piety of the local farm folk (even though they are Roman Catholic, not Protestant), but what about the lettering itself? The words are inscribed in elegantly stylized characters—unmistakably in the manner of the Vienna Secession, one of the most cosmopolitan art movements in history. That is the only exterior giveaway that Bergerhöhe is not just another agrarian dwelling but in fact a sophisticated and affectionate reinterpretation of the peasant vernacular as high art.



Above left: Architect Josef Hoffmann (in a chair of his own design) remodeled Bergerhöhe from a farmhouse into a shooting box in 1899. *Above right:* The living-room window seat, contained by a sweeping Art Nouveau arch. *Below:* Bedroom furnishings, all by Hoffmann, epitomize the designer's remarkably unified scheme.

This transformation of a rustic cottage into a small gem of innovative design was carried out by Josef Hoffmann, one of the leading avant-garde architects of fin de siècle Vienna. In 1899, Paul Wittgenstein (director of his family's nearby ironworks and an older relation of the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein) asked Hoffmann to remodel a typical *Bauernhaus* at Hohenberg for use as a retreat all year round and as a shooting box during the hunting season. Hoffmann, who was then only 29, had designed much but as yet had built little. Two years earlier he had been among the disgruntled young artists who walked out of the establishment artists association in Vienna and set up their own school, the Secession, to free themselves from what they saw as the deadening influence of Classical instruction. Those would-be revolutionaries wanted art to return to its more "honest" archaic roots. They had an appreciative (if idealized) vision of folk design and the people who produced it, but the notion of those urban aesthetes yearning after bucolic simplicity had something of the air of Marie Antoinette and her ladies-in-waiting playing at milkmaids.



The Jugendstil phase of the Secession—of which Bergerhöhe is the most completely preserved example in domestic interior design—took many of its ideas from indigenous building traditions in rural Austria. The picturesque qualities of those structures were heightened, even exaggerated, here by Hoffmann. Grafted onto regional motifs were many current ideas from other European branches of the Art Nouveau movement, including the Belgian and especially the British.



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue New York, New York 10021 (212)988-9191


Stephanie Hoppen at the Winter Antiques Show
17 Walton Street, London SW3 2HX • Telephone 01-589 3678
305 East 61st Street, New York 10021 by appointment only (212) 753-0175
Member of the British Antique Dealers' Association

SHERLE WAGNER.

HE
SELLS
SHE
SHELLS
AND
HE
SHELLS.





SHERLE WAGNER

NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.

The beauty of these hand-carved gems may well leave one speechless, for they bespeak craftsmanship of a caliber rarely found today. Each and every basin is hewn to perfection from a solid block of marble or onyx. And given the variety of stones available, it is not at all unlikely that he and she may find a single shell they can happily call a we shell.

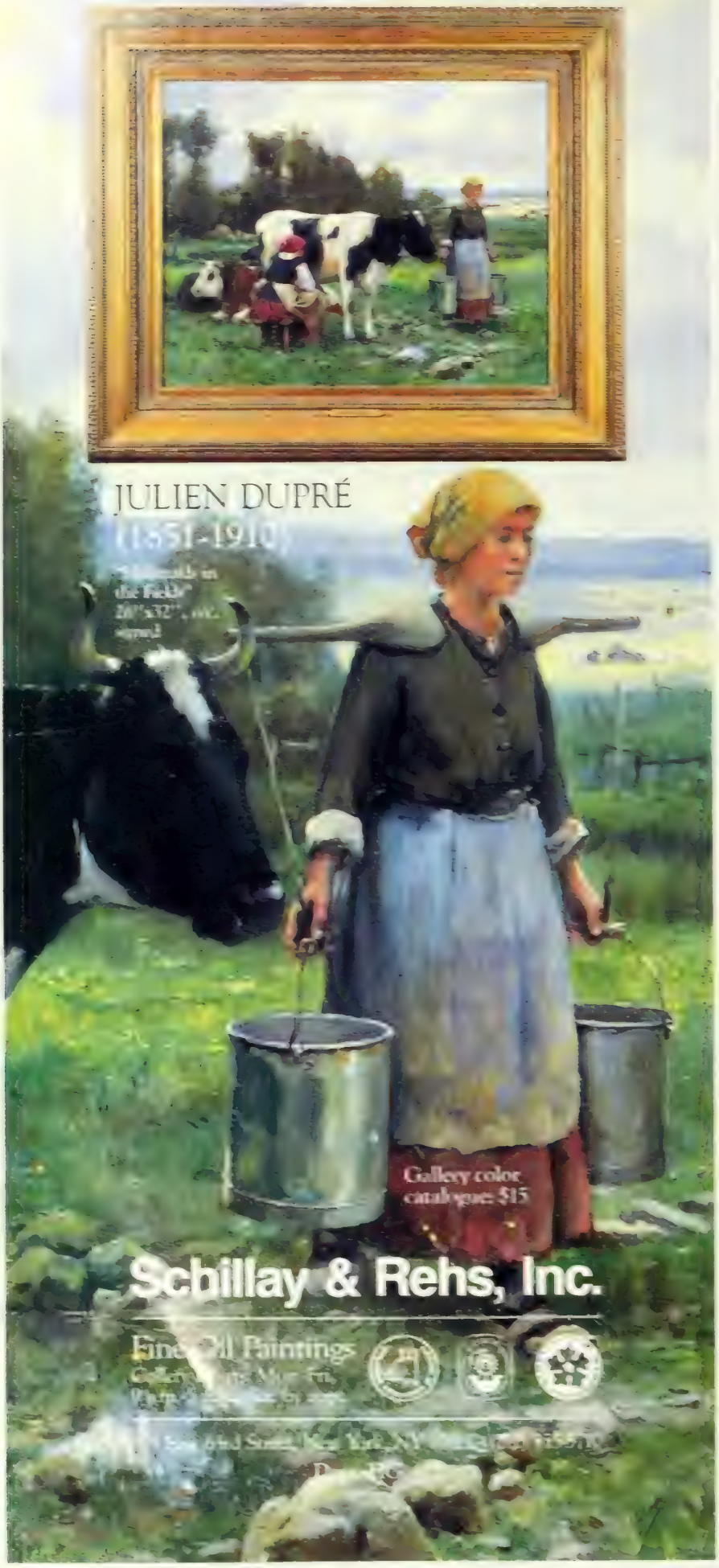
For catalog of all works, please send $5 to Sherle Wagner, 60 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022



At the turn of the century Austria was in the grip of fervid Anglophilia, and the sudden craze for hunting lodges had much to do with the British. Hoffmann was particularly entraptured by the designs of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, and the Austrian's later works owe an even stronger debt to the Scotsman. Bergerhöhe was such a success that Hoffmann was soon asked to design two other hunting lodges in the vicinity. Looking at these charmingly paneled and stenciled rooms, one can imagine Paul Wittgenstein and his friends lounging about in their Norfolk suits, puffing away on Player's Navy Cuts, and then picking up their Purdeys from the gun rack for the day's shooting. *Ach, die wunderbaren Engländer!*



Top: The exterior of Bergerhöhe is that of a traditional Austrian cottage, save for the stylized motto over the front door. *Above:* Portal to the bathroom has a dramatic "horned" overdoor of stained oak.



clarence house

11 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



DRAGON EMPRESS—Jacquard





Good looks aren't everything.

In Thomasville's Founders®Collection, beauty is only the beginning. Behind the rich grain of its carefully selected pecan woods lie hours of precise and painstaking workmanship. And its accents of sculpted brass create a collection that's contemporary and elegant.

The Founders Collection from Thomasville. There's more to it than meets the eye.



To receive *Thomasville's Complete Guide to Fine Furniture Selection*, send a check for $3.00 to: Thomasville Furniture, Dept. 82THG Thomasville, NC 27360.

For the name of your nearest Thomasville Gallery® or Authorized Retailer, call 1 800 225-0265. Ask for Dept. 82THG .

Thomasville

Beautiful furniture, beautifully made™

THE DOMINO EFFECT

Tom Monaghan's obsession with Frank Lloyd Wright has jolted the market for the master's works

By George Whitmore

Outside Ann Arbor, Michigan, in the middle of 1,500 acres of rolling farmland skirted by U.S. 23, the world headquarters of Domino's Pizza, designed by Gunnar Birkerts, looms on the horizon like some gigantic starship fallen to earth. It's a long, low-slung building, mostly roof because Tom Monaghan, Domino's president, founder, and sole proprietor, likes roofs. "Roofs are usually not given the amount of attention they deserve," says Monaghan. And if this one, a humongous hip roof covered with copper, brings to mind one of Frank Lloyd Wright's Prairie-style houses, it's no accident. Tom Monaghan likes Frank Lloyd Wright, too.

Monaghan—an exceedingly ingenuous entrepreneur who has parlayed a few pizzas into a multinational, multimillion-dollar empire—is a great fan of Frank Lloyd Wright, and lately that has led him to take some pretty breathtaking leaps beyond the world of pizza.



In December 1986, Monaghan found himself at Christie's in New York, paddle in hand, at his first decorative-arts auction in a room full of dealers and seasoned collectors. He felt compelled to bid successfully on each lot of Wright designs in a sale that included everything from exquisite leaded-glass turn-of-the-century windows to scruffy-looking plywood benches from a 1947 Unitarian church. Displaying a fine degree of impartiality, Monaghan bought it all.

But most especially he bought a "rare and important" oak high-back spindle side chair designed about 1901 by Wright for the Ward W. Willits house. Monaghan paid $198,000 for the chair, more than three times the reserve price. It was the most that had ever been paid at auction for a Wright design and set a new record for a twentieth-century chair. Then in September of last year Monaghan set another, more significant record by privately purchasing for $1.6 million an 1899 oak dining set, a table and eight high-back chairs, from the Joseph W. Husser house. This is the highest price ever paid for a twentieth-century American decorative-art object. Certainly a spectacular debut for someone who had been collecting Wright seriously for a little over two years.

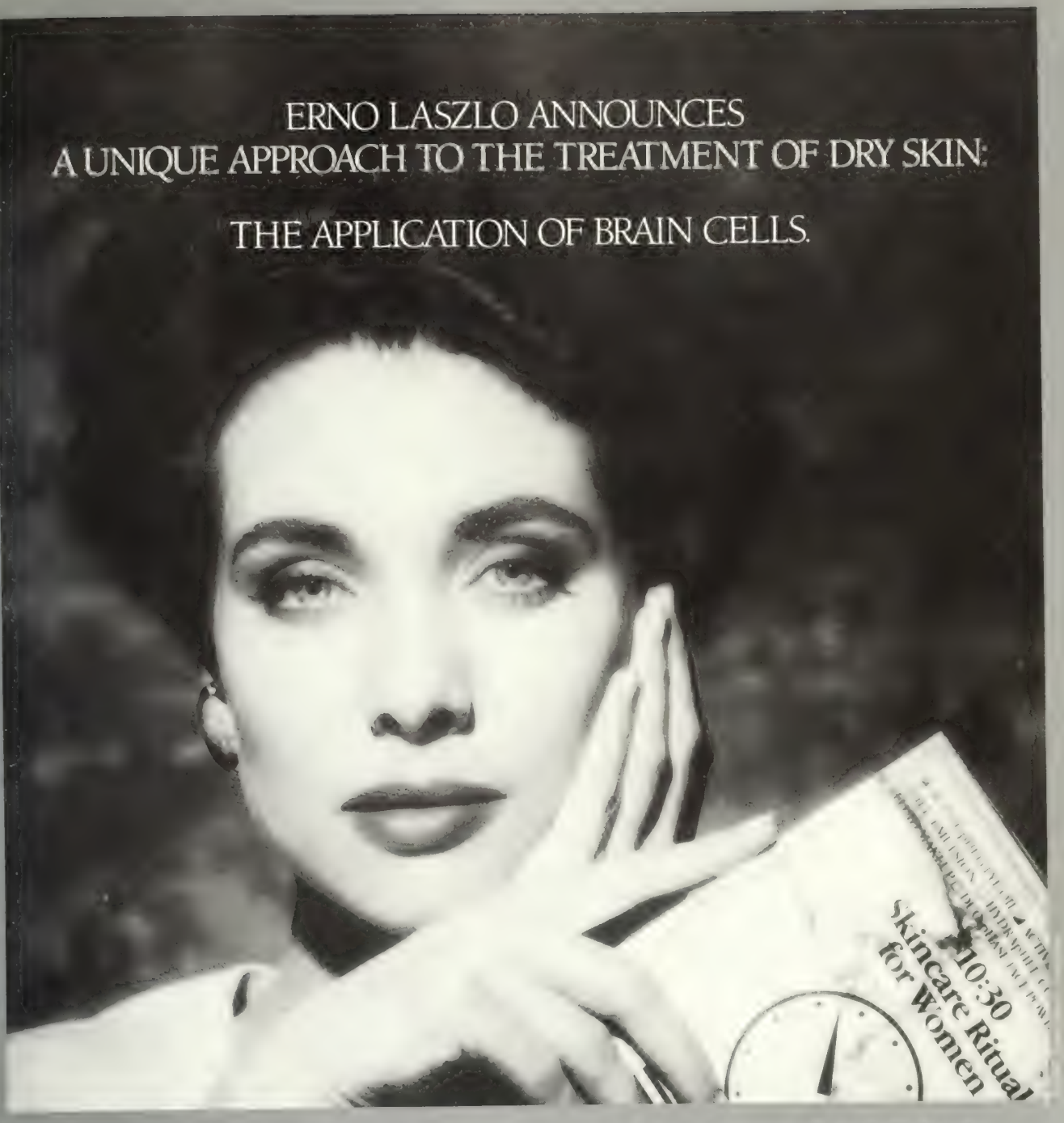
Left: Balloons, Confetti, and Flags, a Frank Lloyd Wright window from the Avery Coonley Playhouse in Riverside, Illinois, 1912. *Below:* Portrait of Tom Monaghan.



WILLIAM WALDRON

ERNO LASZLO ANNOUNCES
A UNIQUE APPROACH TO THE TREATMENT OF DRY SKIN:

THE APPLICATION OF BRAIN CELLS.



GETTING SMART ABOUT DRY SKIN.
Think about it. You've read every bulletin. Seen every cream, every cellular breakthrough, and you still have dry skin. The miracle treatment isn't working, or won't work. The Dry Skin Rituals created at Erno Laszlo because they help you deal with your skin intelligently.

DRY SKIN ISN'T ONE TYPE.
The degree of dryness, the level of sensitivity, even the behavior pattern of your skin make up a very personal portrait. Once we analyze your skin we can begin to solve its unique problems with an Erno Laszlo ritual.

WHY ONE PRODUCT ISN'T ENOUGH.
Every product that touches dry skin must contribute to its improvement. That's why Erno Laszlo Rituals work. Each product is designed to work synergistically with all the others.

A DRY SKIN REQUIRES CONSISTENCY.
Since the cells of dry skin turn twice as slowly as normal skin, you must feel and see daily change. To give you a lifetime of professional support. And since we know a problem with a chance, we're here to reassure you. Finally, smart is. You can solve your dry skin problems. Just by using your head.

ERNO LASZLO SKINCARE

I.MAGNIN



FIRST THE FLOWERS, THEN THE FRUIT.



You may already have picked our flowers. Now you can pick our berries.

Here we have created an orchard scene with some of our new fabrics. Blueberries on a duck-egg background bedeck the trees, alongside laurel berries and an apple print appropriately called 'Orchard'.

Inspired by designs that were popular during the 19th century, the new range co-ordinates with other prints in the collection, plain and patterned.

At Laura Ashley you can pick stripes and stipples, leaves and lattice as well as fruit and flowers.

Our bed linen is famous, but do you know about our fabrics, wallcoverings and lamps? Or our made-to-measure curtains and draperies?

For the complete picture visit one of our shops, or phone 1-800-233-6917 (Canada 1-800-361-4473.)

Then you will discover that it is not just our fruit that is fresh.

laura ashley

In the words of one New York dealer, "Tom Monaghan's a man who knows what he wants and goes after it." Since 1985, Monaghan has moved with extraordinary speed to acquire a vast and exemplary selection of Wright-designed furniture, decorative objects, architectural elements, and works on paper so that the Domino's Pizza collection is now the largest in the country. The sheer scope of Monaghan's acquisitions—everything from the sublime to the not-so-sublime—as well as his willingness to pay premium prices at auction has annoyed a lot of people. For one thing, because of the publicity he's received, other collectors with Wright pieces to sell now approach him directly, and this has upset a few dealers. But his purchase of the Willits chair seems particularly to have exasperated them. "If he'd come to me," says one dealer who preferred not to be identified, "and I'd told him the chair was worth $60,000, he would have said it was too high. But at auction, in the glare of publicity, it's a different matter."

Headline-making purchases are nothing new to Monaghan. In 1983 he reportedly paid $20 million more than had ever been paid for a baseball team when he bought the Detroit Tigers for $53 million (he got the stadium too). In 1986 his purchase of a Bugatti Royale Berline de Voyage for $8.1 million was also widely publicized. Owning the Tigers fulfilled a boyhood dream. As for his 120 classic cars, he says, "I just like being around them."

A little in the way of public relations seems to lurk behind these flamboyant purchases. Baseball isn't bad for the pizza business, and the Bugatti "has been out selling pizzas like crazy" through frequent appearances in car shows, parades, and auto publications. "If anything I do in the way of a hobby gives us publicity, that gives me an extra excuse to dive into it," says Monaghan. Even so, he's had some trouble convincing everyone at Domino's that Wright and pizza go hand-in-hand.

Monaghan grew up in an orphanage—once an enormous Victorian mansion set on terraced grounds in Jackson, Michigan—run by Felician



Wright chairs from, left to right, the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, c. 1917; the Hillside Home School, early 1900s; Donald Lovness house, Stillwater, Minnesota, 1958; Clarence Sondern house, Kansas City, 1940.

nuns. "It was a prison and every time we left I sat right by the window of the car or bus and studied every house and building I went by." Then one day, when he was twelve, he discovered an architecture book in the public library. "In that book were pictures of I don't know how many Frank Lloyd Wright's works. Fallingwater and the Johnson Wax tower—I was fascinated by them. Each so different and all by the same man. I wanted to know more about him, and it's been that way the rest of my life. When he died I was 21 or 22 and I remember it very well; that meant the end of one of my dreams, to have Frank Lloyd Wright build my house." By that time he was in the marines; while stationed near Tokyo, he visited Wright's Imperial Hotel.

Monaghan later enrolled in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and worked at several jobs to stay in school. Then in 1960 he and his brother borrowed $500 to buy a little pizza store in Ypsilanti—Monaghan hoped to earn enough money to go back to school to study architecture. Soon there were branch stores, and, his dream deferred, Monaghan went permanently into pizza. Domino's Pizza promised a hot pizza at your door thirty minutes after a call and today boasts over 4,300 shops in the United States and abroad. "I've always known I'd be a multimillionaire," Monaghan confides in *Pizza Tiger,* his 1986 autobiography. "I never doubted it for a minute. The only question was *when*."

If other interests got put aside over the years, Monaghan's fascination with Wright flourished. In 1975 he gathered up his wife and four daughters and toured scores of Wright's houses in the Midwest in a motor home. "My wife and family are pretty much anti–Frank Lloyd Wright because of it," Monaghan admits ruefully. "I spent a lot of time in various houses talking about Wright and the houses to the owners as long as they'd let me, while my family waited in the motor home."

He sought out Wright on business trips. "One of the most wonderful days of my life was in 1977, when I went to the Renwick Gallery in Washington, D.C. David Hanks's exhibition on Wright was there. I spent a whole day in the gallery looking at all the things that for years I'd seen only in books." Two items in particular—an 1899 spherical copper urn and some windows from the 1912 Avery Coonley Playhouse in Riverside, Illinois—had a special appeal for him that day. Now he owns not one but two of the rare Wright urns and 34 of the Coonley windows—almost all that remain outside museum collections.

His very first purchase was quite modest: a Taliesin-line dining table mass-produced in the mid 1950s by Heritage-Henredon. "Up to that point I hadn't gone near a dealer because I knew I shouldn't buy anything." But an offering in a 1984 auction run by public television station WNET in New York proved irresistible. It was the long-lost Usonian Exhibition House erected in 1953 on the site of the Guggenheim Museum. Monaghan paid $117,500 for it. Another early purchase was a bedroom wing from the 1912 Francis W. Little house in Minnesota, deaccessioned by the Metropolitan Museum in 1985.

At first Monaghan was advised by Leonard Eaton, a professor of architecture at the University of Michigan. It wasn't long, however, before he retained David Hanks, curator of the exhibit that had impressed him so much years before. Hanks is a Wright scholar and decorative-arts consultant whose expertise lay behind the formation of collections at the High Museum of Art in Atlanta and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Montreal.

Early in 1986, Hanks drew up a "wish list" for Monaghan of thirty


The La Barge Collection of fine mirrors, tables, chairs, and screens is available through select showrooms. Ask your designer or write for our free brochure. La Barge, Dept. 641, P.O. Box 1769, Holland, Michigan 49422.
La Barge®
Chicago
Dallas
High Point
New York
San Francisco



The new Gaggenau collection of modern built-in kitchen appliances is made for people who consider the preparation of exquisite food a passion rather than an unpleasant chore: for people who care about a kitchen's good looks as well as its problem-free operation.
Every Gaggenau built-in kitchen appliance has earned its merits through unique advantages in useability, high quality materials and workmanship, and most of all through simple beauty and convenient design. Gaggenau appliances, therefore, were repeatedly recognized with the prestigious 'Gute Form' label and one of the ovens was awarded the German Design Prize.
Gaggenau built-in kitchen appliances can be arranged in any combination to most efficiently meet all demands and needs. In any combination they form an aesthetic whole, representing the internationally high standard: 'Made in Germany'.
Even the first built-in kitchen appliances sold in Europe bore the name Gaggenau. Many of the most interesting and recent innovations in technology were developed or introduced by Gaggenau. Today this world-renowned trade mark stands for a collection of more than 60 outstanding products of the international top class.
The photo to the left shows a typical Gaggenau combination: the integrated, low profile, extremely efficient and quiet cooker hood Gaggenau 250 with pull-out steam visor and beneath the slimline gas hob with electric ignition.
Would you like to learn more about Gaggenau? If so the new comprehensive brochure is yours by sending $5 to Gaggenau USA Corporation, Dept. H-2, 5 Commonwealth Avenue, Woburn, Massachusetts 01801.

The Difference is Gaggenau

"major quality pieces in terms of major houses, major designs"—and then proceeded to acquire them. All but eight or nine are now in the Domino's collection, which includes a tree of life window from the Darwin D. Martin house in Buffalo, two oak side chairs from the Imperial Hotel, textiles from the Taliesin line produced by Schumacher in the 1950s, a hexagonal cypress dining table designed by Wright in 1939 for the Auldbrass Plantation in South Carolina, and a walnut side table from Fallingwater. An important recent purchase, for another record price, is a chest of drawers from the 1902 Little house in Illinois.

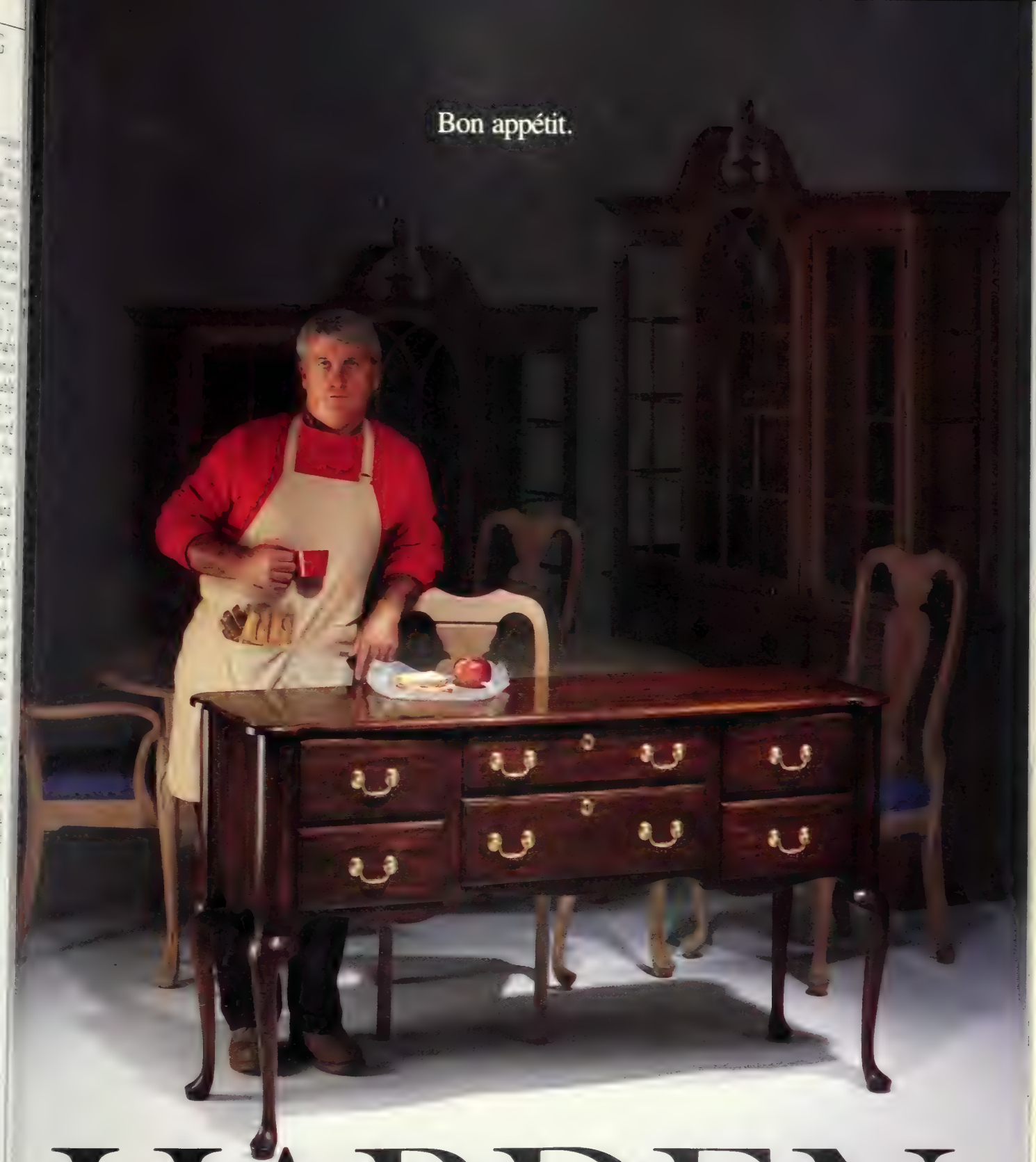
"He has done this extraordinarily fast," says Hanks, "and it's always hard for us to keep up with him. I was guiding him in the direction of what I thought were the most important objects from an aesthetic viewpoint, but he conceives the collection in a much broader sense, in terms of an archival center." To that end, Hanks's firm has put a lot of energy into cataloguing the burgeoning collection with Monaghan's in-house archivist.

"Preservation is the great ethical issue involved in the collection of Wright's designs," states Hanks. Accordingly he and Monaghan early on established a policy of not purchasing items out of houses that are intact, and in some cases Monaghan has actually lent pieces back to houses that are now museums. The company sponsors an annual Wright symposium in conjunction with the University of Michigan which draws scholars and collectors from all over the country. At the symposium last year a $20,000 preservation challenge grant was established, and the Unity Temple Restoration Foundation in Oak Park, Illinois, was awarded the first grant.

In a sense Monaghan is Wright's last great, albeit posthumous, client—firmly in the tradition of the individualistic Midwestern entrepreneurs that were Wright's best customers. He doesn't live with Wright furniture—partly because his wife doesn't care for it but also because it's "too expensive to have in the house with kids and the cats around." But he has long dreamed of building a house Wright designed in 1907 for Edith Rockefeller McCormick, who opted instead for a Palladian-style villa by Charles Adams Platt.







HARDEN

The Harden Dining Room. Crafted in cherry by the hands of Harden. Send $3 for Dining Room Catalog or $12 for Complete Portfolio to Harden Furniture, McConnellsville, New York 13401. *Harden*™

vorite among interior designers and architects. Showrooms in Chicago, Dallas, High Point, McConnellsville, Miami, New York City, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

WOOD-MODE®
Fine Custom Cabinetry

YOUR HOME DESERVES THE FINEST

Wood-Mode. America's best selling line of custom built cabinetry.

Our newest catalogue showcases the quality, selection and value that year after year make Wood-Mode the preferred choice of discriminating homeowners. 100 pages of great ideas and beautiful color photos from actual homes all across America. Traditional elegance. Contemporary flair. And a wide selection of woods, veneers and laminate styles and finishes.

To receive this very special literature, send $5.00 and the completed coupon below.



Name

Address

City State Zip

Send $5 to Wood-Mode
Dept. 37
Kreamer, PA 17833

WOOD-MODE®
Fine Custom Cabinetry

"I think I probably have looked at those plans more than anyone else in the world, except perhaps Frank Lloyd Wright," he's said. At one point he was even negotiating with Wright's heirs to erect the Golden Beacon, an unbuilt Wright skyscraper, on a rise near Domino's corporate headquarters.

With a building for the center for the study of Frank Lloyd Wright opening in March, much of the Domino's Pizza collection is stored in a warehouse, out for restoration, or in traveling exhibitions. But some items are on display in a temporary gallery off the lobby of the headquarters building. Monaghan visits it morning, noon, and night, dropping in from his office upstairs. His private aerie is itself an enormous ("just about two pizza shops deep") Wrightian extravaganza on two floors. Paneled in African mahogany inlaid with bronze strips, it has yards of bookshelves ("I had the librarian at the architecture school buy me a bunch of books, and I still don't have enough"), leather-tile floors, and silk ceilings. A bust of Wright is prominently displayed, as are Tigers memorabilia and models of Monaghan's cars. An adjoining green-marble bathroom boasts plate-glass doors, a gold-leaf quatrefoil vaulted dome, and the "world's champion urinal," an initially enigmatic niche that issues forth a floor-to-ceiling cascade. ("I can't bring myself to use it," he cheerfully confesses.) A fully functioning Domino's Pizza shop is located in the building, and Monaghan enjoys the smell of pizza wafting up through the vents.

His employees tend to regard Monaghan's Wright obsession with good-natured indulgence. "They think it's a toy," he says, "and they're right. My problem is I keep running into things I've got to have. I'm almost disappointed when something really beautiful becomes available because usually the stuff that's most beautiful is the most expensive."

He admits he has paid more than he intended to at auction. "I thought I might intimidate the competition if I bid high on the early things. If I looked like I was going to pay any price, they'd drop out. But it didn't seem to work. I'm afraid to say what's on my wish list, because the prices will go up. I guess all you have to do is look at what I don't have to know what I want." □

To give, to collect,
to display with pride...

CARDINAL

Announcing a remarkably lifelike sculpture—alive with vibrant color

Intricately handcrafted of the finest bisque porcelain and meticulously painted by hand

Exclusively from Lenox



© Lenox, Inc. 1988

Shown actual size

A flash of vivid red bursts into vibrant song as the fiery visitor darts into welcome sight and alights amid a spray of pink-tinged wild roses.

This is the *Cardinal*—proudest and most flamboyant of all our garden birds. With cocky red crest and bold black mask as distinctive as his loud, clear song.

Now Lenox has captured the spectacular coloring and spirited personality of this garden favorite in a superb new sculpture of fine bisque porcelain.

Meticulous hand craftsmanship... uncompromising quality

To achieve *Cardinal's* convincing realism requires an extraordinary amount of handcrafting. The sculpture is actually formed by hand—from 38 separate castings. The graceful wings of the bird, the individual leaves of the wild roses—even the delicate flower petals—are carefully placed in position before firing. And the sculpture is painted entirely by hand.

The result is an original work of art that is remarkably true to nature. A treasure of rare enchantment to display in your home—where its vivid plumage and eye-catching realism are certain to be a continuing source of delight.

The base of each imported sculpture will be inscribed with the prestigious Lenox® trademark in pure 24 karat gold. Your assurance that this splendid songbird is an original work of uncompromising quality.

Available only direct from Lenox

This exquisite new sculpture is available only direct from Lenox and will not be sold through even the most prestigious galleries. And, as an owner of *Cardinal*, you will have the right—but not the obligation—to acquire additional songbirds in The Lenox Garden Bird Sculpture Collection.

The price is $39, payable in convenient monthly installments of just $13 with *no finance charge.* Because each sculpture is individually handcrafted, please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

To acquire this spectacular sculpture, mail the attached postpaid Reservation Application by March 31, 1988. Or, to order by credit card, call **TOLL FREE,** 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, **1-800-537-1600 ext. 908.** 38636



Painted by hand to reveal every detail of the cardinal's distinctive markings.

CONFEDERATE CRAZY

On the trail of the Lost Cause with a Civil War fanatic

By Jonathan Lieberson

At risk of inviting ridicule, I shall reveal an idiotic plan I hatched one day in my room on the 45th floor of an Atlanta hotel. A veteran of bus tours of Virginia Civil War battlefields and a student of many books on the Civil War, I have somewhat overcultivated the subject and have found myself in recent years engaged in such urgent business as tracking down Robert E. Lee's baby hair or the stuffed remains of Stonewall Jackson's horse Old Sorrel.

According to plan, my first day in



Atlanta was given up to similar antebellum and Civil War trivia. I spent the morning tramping around the grounds of an 1840s plantation that the Atlanta Historical Society had restored in such painstaking detail that it included a woman in period dress sweeping the porch of the big house. It was indeed she who misinformed me about how to get back on the main road where a taxi was waiting and sent me through interminable antebellum gardens of cut-leaf Persian lilac, angel's-trumpets, and jack-in-the-pulpits. In the early afternoon I went to the Cyclorama, a diorama of the battles fought around Atlanta in 1864 and seen from one's seat on a revolving platform. Now I do not wish to say that the lecture that accompanied the viewing of the painting lacked zest or vivacity, but the revolution of the platform was so slow and the attention devoted to each portion of the diorama so detailed I was in danger of blacking out and pitching over more than once. I was able, however, to exercise greater self-control in this respect than my neighbor on the left.

He was as thin and lean as John Carradine or Osgood Perkins: I noted that he was listing somewhat during the account of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain; by the battle of Peachtree Creek he was dozing lightly and making sloppy sounds with his mouth, like a fish out of water; when the lecture reached the breastworks of Atlanta, he had assumed the position of one of the dead soldiers photographed by Mathew Brady, with a third of his body sprawled across my own and his open palm stretched beneath my face. The decisive piece of evidence that he was profoundly asleep was the accelerating plink-plonk tattoo on the descending steps of the platform sounded by his pencil when it dropped from his hand. There was no need to awaken him, for when I turned behind me to see if his behavior was disturbing others, I saw that the entire row of people behind me was asleep, uncannily resembling the sleeping Buddhas found in Angkor Wat and other temples. When I returned to my hotel, I decided to cut short my stay in Atlanta. The houses and gardens of Savannah, I reasoned, were worth seeing once more: from there I could easily travel up the coast to the old South Carolina town of Beaufort and from there to Charleston.

In Atlanta, I had seen the Oakland Cemetery on the hill overlooking the city where General John B. Hood had directed the battle of Atlanta in 1864

To walk for an hour or so through the old section of Savannah is one of the most pleasurable experiences a traveler to the American South can have. The old city was laid out as a sequence of large squares, with streets crossing them at right angles. Fires in the eighteenth and nineteenth century destroyed many of the original houses, and they were replaced by others in different architectural styles; what remains is a patchwork pattern of Federal, Greek Revival, and Regency houses and enormous Presbyterian and African Baptist churches. At every turn there are large two- and three-story houses with colonnaded piazzas adorned with ironwork—cast-iron balconies, scrolled designs, iron grapes and tassels.

Along the squares of Savannah stands such a variety of grand houses that one can scarcely credit General Sherman's remark that its water oaks entitled Savannah to its "reputation as a handsome town more than the houses, which, though comfortable, would hardly make a display on Fifth Avenue or the Boulevard Haussmann." Perhaps he was thinking of the house in which he stayed when he concluded his march to the sea, a vulgar Neo-Gothic structure built by a rich

For the serious collector

The DANIEL B. GROSSMAN Galleries



Jean-François Raffaëlli (French, 1850–1924). *Place d'Estienne d'Orves Seen from Rue Magador*. Signed l.r.: J.F. Raffaëlli.
Oil on canvas, 32 × 25⅜ inches (81.3 × 64.5 cm).

PROVENANCE: Daniel H. Farr Company, New York.
Howard Young Galleries, New York.
John Levy Galleries, Inc., New York.
Collection Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr., Sewickley Heights, Pennsylvania.

Daniel B. Grossman Gallery
1100 Madison Avenue
(Between 82nd and 83rd Streets)
New York, New York 10028
212-861-9285

Featured painting on view at
Daniel B. Grossman Gallery
at Place des Antiquaires
125 East 57th Street
New York, New York 10022
212-861-9285

It Keeps On Getting Better™

At Miami's most successful new residential resort community, one success leads to another. And another. And...

The Tower Residences. Our first 31-story tower is almost sold out. The second tower is even more dramatic.

The Mediterranean Village Residences. Phase I sold out in 90 days. Phase II now available for sale. Act Fast!

The Island Club. The exciting social center of Williams Island/World-class dining/Lavish pool-patio area.

The Tennis Club. 12 all weather courts/ Resident pro Roy Emerson/Indoor-Outdoor terrace restaurant.

The Spa. Unique indoor-outdoor facility/Up-to-the-minute equipment/Spa treatments and cuisine.

The Yacht Club & Marina. Secluded, full service dockage for yachts up to 100 ft./Guest docking available.

The Golf & Country Club. 18-hole championship golf course/Par 72/ Clubhouse/Restaurant & Lounge Pro Shop & Locker Room.

Tower Residences from $195,000. Mediterranean Village Residences from $270,000.

Williams Island, 80 acres of exclusive elegance on the Intracoastal Waterway between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale. Sales Office open 9:30 to 5:30. Call 305/935-5555. Toll-free 1-800-628-7777. Or write, Williams Island, 7000 Island Blvd., Williams Island, FL 33160.

WILLIAMS ISLAND 1987 FAME WINNER OF AWARDS



THIS IS NOT INTENDED TO BE A COMPLETE STATEMENT OF THE OFFERING WHICH IS MADE ONLY BY PROSPECTUS FOR THE CONDOMINIUM. PRICES, PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS AND OTHER TERMS OF THE OFFERING ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW. A joint development of The Trump Group and Muben Realty Company, a subsidiary of Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company.
© 1987, 3900 Island Boulevard Associates, Ltd. All rights reserved.

WILLIAMS ISLAND
The Florida Riviera



THE CUFF WATCH. EXCLUSIVELY YOU.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please accept my order for the imported Cuff Watch by Alfred Durante. I need send no money now. Please bill me $39.* in advance of shipment, and the balance in four equal monthly installments of $39.* each, after shipment.

Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE_____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

ORDER FORM Please mail by February 29, 1988.

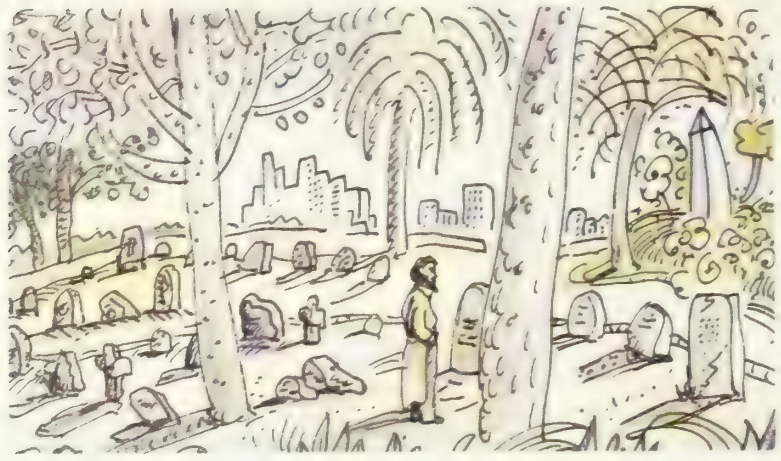
MR./MRS./MISS_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE, ZIP_____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. 11681-120



merchant which has three doorknobs on the front door. But other houses in the city, such as the Isaiah Davenport house or the Owen-Thomas house, are masterpieces of symmetry and proportion. The latter, built by William Jay, an exceptionally imaginative nineteen-year-old English architect in the early nineteenth century, is a Regency villa with a portico and double semicircular stairs at both its front and garden entrances. The house is full of ingenious details: a salon with trompe l'oeil spandrels; a dining room square at one end and curved at the other; an interior staircase that divides halfway up to the second floor and over which Jay built a mahogany bridge; a continuous onlay of brass set into the banisters of the staircase.

It must be said that I saw the city in somewhat unusual circumstances—my driver, Ernest Pendleton, a retired bus driver, was a crusty up-country Georgian of indeterminate but ancient age. On first sight I took him to be in his nineties; he told me he first came to Savannah in the late 1920s, when he worked with a friend delivering ice on a horse-drawn ice wagon. He was also a monologuist who wore dark glasses and drove so slowly that I was able to secure an unbroken view of each stone and tree that we passed, even on a highway.

In Atlanta I had seen the Oakland Cemetery on the hill overlooking the city where General John B. Hood had directed the battle of Atlanta in 1864. There was something mawkish or fuddled about the place: the sculpture of a reclining lion commemorating the unknown Confederate dead and the large obelisk erected nearby by the United Daughters of the Confederacy were like Hallmark cards set in stone, as were the mausoleums with their motifs of baby pillows and empty cribs, doves carrying broken flowers, and children sleeping in shells. Laurel Grove, too, contains the graves of statesmen and businessmen and children and soldiers—and the unmarked graves of victims of yellow fever—but its tone and setting are entirely different. The graves are set among old live oaks, dogwoods, and magnolias. In many places gray moss drips over the tombstones, and between them are overgrown camellia shrubs and palmettos. Many of the stones are overturned or disintegrating.

The Civil War section of the cemetery is unusually simple, a small field of neat white graves the spacing of which suggests how much smaller on the average men were 125 years ago—the average Civil War soldier was five feet eight inches and weighed 143 pounds. In the middle of the plot is a stone pillar with an inscription:

Here rest till roll call
The men of Gettysburg
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with silent round
The bivouac of the Dead
Tread lightly for each man
bequeathed
Ere placed beneath this sod
His ashes to his native land
His gallant soul to God.

There is nothing to suggest the catastrophe of the war in which more American casualties occurred than in World War II. The voluptuous tropical decay that surrounded me as I stood in the hot dusk, pinched by midges and asphyxiated by exudations of jasmine and magnolia, was at such odds with the simple kitsch of the inscription that I was driven to imagine who was buried here and how they came to die: teenagers with letters to their parents pinned to their uniforms before battle, officers who had their horses shot from under them and who smashed their skulls when hitting the ground.

My meditations were abruptly broken by the sound of Pendleton's step. I would be less than candid were I to deny that the man's idiosyncrasies were beginning to irk me. For one thing, I scarcely ever fully understood what he was saying: legs would be pronounced as "laigs," further as "futher," and to ensure that he would not be understood, Pendleton would seem to be quietly laughing as he talked. "Mah bailly's in uh singuluh moooed," he would say, "hee-hee-hee, an ah reckon we kin ketch supin to ate lak aigs—hee-hee-hee." He would also distort the sense of questions I asked him by transposing and otherwise rearranging words in them before he answered them. When I commented on the beauty of Laurel Grove, he said, "Yep, sho is ugly round heah." As we walked about the cemetery, he called out to me some unusual dates he found on a tombstone: "Heeuh's whahn died

DREXEL HERITAGE



Generations of Americans have treasured the memories of the home, the gathering of family and friends, and the special warmth of their surroundings. Drexel Heritage has long been a part of these time-honored traditions.

Now, during the Winter Classic Sale a wide range of superior home furnishings are specially priced for exceptional value.

For the name of the authorized dealer nearest you, call toll free 800-447-4700. In Alaska and Hawaii, call 800-447-0890.

©1988 Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc.

For people who like to smoke...



10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.





New LIGHTS BOX

BENSON & HEDGES

because quality matters.



real yung—boahn in 1856, died 1841."

One thing I could say for Pendleton as a guide: he was a cornucopia of misinformation. He riveted me with one inaccuracy after another as we drove over streets paved with ballast and oyster shells to the cotton factors building. And I came to realize that he used the same number—29—in response to any question of mine that required a numerical answer: 29 was the number of miles from Savannah to Hilton Head, the number of minutes from downtown Savannah to the airport, the year he arrived in Savannah.

Seeing that I could learn more about Savannah by reading a guidebook, I contrived to gain the silence of Pendleton by pleading the demands of work and importantly rustling some papers in my lap. We then drove in silence at an unimaginably slow rate past gas stations and one-story houses outside Savannah, watching old people hang their laundry and passing miles of marshland. Near nightfall we had gone the full 29 miles to Beaufort, where Pendleton helped me check into a motel he highly esteemed. Apart from the fact that there was no hot water in its bathrooms, that my forehead became the central landing strip for the population of flies in the bedroom, and that my neighbors failed to close both their doors and their windows and pursued frenzied alcoholic battles through the night, it was an excellent tip.

The centerpiece of my visit to Beaufort was a walking tour of its old houses and estates organized by the Historic Beaufort Foundation. I had wished to visit the old city ever since I had seen the immortal antebellum photographs of its humid plantation houses and riverside gardens taken by Samuel Cooley. The tour was not an elaborate affair, just twenty or so people walking through a half-dozen candlelit old houses in the immediate area of the arsenal on Craven Street.

My relations with the band of ebullient elderly people I fell in with were cordial until we reached the Daniel Hingston Bythewood house on Prince Street, where I accidentally dislodged an antique boarding pike from the wall and nearly eviscerated two old girls behind me. The incident produced some little cries of disapproval from them, but when I went on to misjudge the date of construction of the house by over two centuries, their attitude toward me turned to one of arctic indifference. At first I felt ashamed of my ignorance but then became resentful of their scorn and childishly set about learning everything in the foundation's booklet so that they would not be able to find me out again.

By the time we swung round to Federal Street I had made myself a nuisance, compulsively correcting others and acting as a tour guide. As we walked along in the darkness I would read from the booklet in the trembling light of one of the soggy matches I had brought from the motel, and sometimes even recite long passages with no relevance to what we were passing. At 409 Hancock Street, I declared, "Wall studs are secured in the sills, both top and bottom, by mortise and tenon. The framework of mortised and doweled construction is principally heart pine with random width flooring." The Henry McKee house on Prince Street, I went on, was bought at a tax sale after the Civil War by Robert Smalls, a slave who had been born on the property. Smalls had a remarkable career, first as the man who captured and delivered a Confederate ordnance transport to Union blockaders and later as a congressman. Not surprisingly, one after another of my companions dropped away, and I was soon completely detached from the tour and walking alone through the unlit streets.

The layout of the town of Beaufort was so transparently simple, I thought, that I would soon be able to rejoin the others without much trouble, and I amused myself en route by applying my new architectural vocabulary to the buildings I passed in the moonlight, noting jib doors and hipped roofs and ellipsoid arches. But after walking about in this way for over a quarter of an hour, I permitted myself the conjecture that I was hopelessly lost in a ghost town.

However farfetched they may seem to one who was not there, the anxieties I began to feel at that moment were not entirely irrational. For there *was* something baleful about these narrow old houses lying in the dark and about the eerie silence broken only by the tramp of my sneakers and the sputtering noises I made as I continually expelled low-hanging moss out of my mouth.

Under such circumstances it was



HYDRO EXTRÊME
MAINTAINS
THE SUBTLE BALANCE
OF BEAUTIFUL SKIN.



While you're feeling the sensual pleasure of smoothing Stendhal's gentle, silky Hydro Extrême into your skin, it's doing more than moisturizing. It's maintaining your skin's moisture balance and reinforcing against damage from the elements as well.

Not just problem solving, Hydro Extrême is part of our simple basic beauty regimen, the kind French women learn from childhood. You'll love the radiance it lends your complexion every morning. And you'll savor, as they do, every second you spend with Stendhal taking care of your skin.

STENDHAL.
THE FRENCH WORD
FOR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

Neiman-Marcus

pastel dream.

It is everything you hoped it would be. It is the warmth of a

ISN'T IT?

smile, the coolness of pink sand. It's the clatter of hoofs down St. Anne's Road and the flutter of hearts in the moonlight. No place on earth feels anything like Bermuda.

Call your travel agent or

1-800-BERMUDA

0935

A new world awaits you in a new travel magazine.

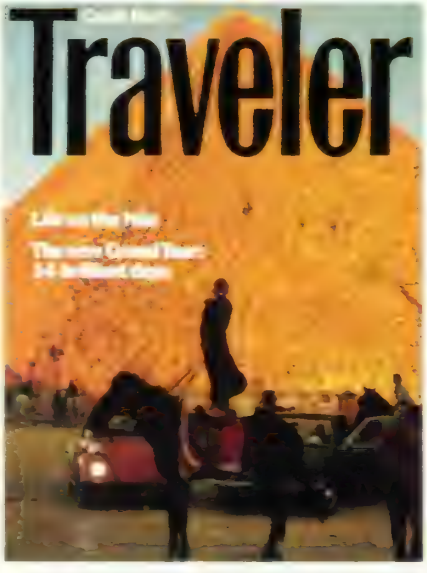
Traveler

THE INSIDER'S GUIDE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Would you like to sample the five-star restaurants *before* they get in the guidebooks? Avoid tourist crowds? Discover secluded beaches, the newest "hot spots" and fabulous vacation retreats where the famous hide?

Of course, you would! Well—now you *can*, thanks to an extraordinary new magazine from the publishers of *Vogue, Gourmet, House & Garden, GQ* and *Vanity Fair.*

Condé Nast's Traveler, the insider's guide to the outside world, is unlike any other travel magazine you've ever seen. Filled with the uncommon travel smarts and wit of famous writers and personalities. With visual surprises and delights. With detailed articles, charts and maps you'll want to take along...



Photograph by Mitch Epstein

ONLY $1 AN ISSUE

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Subscribe today and get the wonderful new world of *Condé Nast's Traveler* at extraordinary savings—12 issues for just $12 (a saving of 60% off the $30 single-copy price).

CALL TOLL-FREE TODAY, 1-800-247-2160 or write to: *Condé Nast's Traveler,* P.O. Box 57004, Boulder, Colorado 80321-7004.

Condé Nast's Traveler

SieMatic®



Kitchen Interior Design

Expect a certain elegance in the kitchen interior designs and you will experience SieMatic.

It's where design joins function in a total kitchen concept.

See a beautiful example in SieMatic's 1001 KL, a traditional style in high gloss, snow white lacquer with rails and knobs of gleaming brass.

SieMatic Kitchen Interior Design for traditional, contemporary and thoroughly modern living. Available through your interior designer or architect.

The SieMatic Kitchen Book of Ideas

☐ Yes. Send me the SieMatic Kitchen Book, 192 pages of kitchen interior designs, ideas and solutions. I enclose $4.00 for the full color catalog.

The Kitchen Book Dept. 10WB
Box 4286 Peabody, Ma. 01960-0924

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City, State _____

Telephone _____

only natural that I would be startled by unexpected noises. As I strode on, I heard a soft high-pitched drone like that of a dentist's drill. When it suddenly stopped and I felt a sting in the neck, its significance became all too clear to me. The jeering faces of the yellow-fever victims buried in Savannah passed before my eyes. The city of Beaufort might be no more prepared for the epidemic than it was over a hundred years before. After assuming for a short while the position of Edvard Munch's screamer and releasing a sound like that made by a fipple flute, I hastily buttoned up my shirt, rolled down my sleeves, and pulled up my collar to minimize the exposure of my flesh to a second fatal sting. I walked on, but as I passed an open driveway, I heard a low growling sound. Yellow fever was one thing, but to be torn apart by the Hound of the Baskervilles was intolerable. I doubled my pace into a kind of demonic skip and then into a canter,

Upon what I had to say, most of the guests scattered like dik-diks startled by a marauding warthog

dashing by the houses I had seen earlier, stumbling into muddy ruts in the road and twisting my ankle. Up ahead in the distance I saw a man step vigorously into his car and slam the door. I shall never know whether he didn't see me or whether he was exceptionally malevolent, for as I hobbled up to his car, holding my collar with one hand and waving frantically with the other, he turned on his headlights, steered his car down the driveway, and drove away from me. There followed a lethargic version of the famous chase in the film *Z*, but with the principal characters reversed, his wheezing car zigzagging down the road trying to escape me.

Fortunately the chase was a short one, for within minutes the driver pulled up at the gates of a large plantation house where some sort of garden party was taking place. When I saw some of the people assembled there I realized that he had unwittingly led me to the wine-and-cheese party that was the culmination of the tour. The mud-flecked trousers, the tears in my shirt, and especially the luxuriant veil of moss I had acquired in my walk did much to set me apart from the other guests, as did my rapid-fire explanation that I had acquired yellow fever and that they would too, by God, unless something were done to drain the swamps of Beaufort. Upon what I had to say, most of the guests scattered like dik-diks startled by a marauding warthog. But I was fortunate enough to be escorted back to my motel (and the dubious care of Pendleton) by a kindly old fellow—a doctor perhaps—who evidently thought me an antique lunatic. He laid to rest a number of my medical fears, but during the course of a lively disagreement on the steps of the motel he failed to persuade me not to cancel my trip to Charleston. I still have the shadows of some grip marks he impressed on the flesh of my arm—the one not holding up my collar—but unlike some chronic misconceptions about the charms of the antebellum South in time they would go away. □

THE RICHMOND HILL COLLECTION

BY KITTINGER

See one of these Authorized Dealers

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM
Birmingham Wholesale
MONTGOMERY
Bishop-Parker Furniture Co.

Arkansas
LITTLE ROCK
Strawn's

Connecticut
ENFIELD
Hayden Wayside Furniture
FAIRFIELD
Christman's
GREENWICH
AMS Interiors, Inc.
WEST HARTFORD
Connecticut Home Interiors

Delaware
SELBYVILLE
J. Conn Scott, Inc.

Georgia
ATLANTA
Matthews Furniture
GAINSVILLE
Allen Waters, Inc.
GRIFFIN
Cartledge Furniture

Illinois
CHAMPAIGN
Sandwells Furniture Interiors
CHICAGO
Maurice Mandle & Co.
LINCOLNWOOD
Colby's Home Furnishings
PEORIA
Underwood's Furniture Galleries
WHEATON
Toms-Price

Iowa
DAVENPORT
Knilans Furniture
DES MOINES
Artis Furniture Co.
Younkers

Kansas
PRAIRIE VILLAGE
Village Pine
SHAWNEE MISSION
Fuhrs

Kentucky
LEXINGTON
Heinsmith Interiors
LOUISVILLE
The Colony

Louisiana
BATON ROUGE
Kornmeyer's Furniture
NEW ORLEANS
Lagardes

Maryland
ANNAPOLIS
Mastercraft Interiors, Inc.
BALTIMORE
Shofers Furniture Co. Inc.
ROCKVILLE
Mastercraft Interiors, Inc.
ST MICHAELS
Higgins & Spencer, Inc

Massachusetts
DANVERS
J.A. Calvert's Inc.
HYANNIS
Myers Company Inc.
NORWOOD
Paine Furniture
WELLESLEY
Stuart Swan Furniture
WEST BRIDGEWATER
Willowbrook Farm
WEST HARWICH
Stuart Swan Furniture

Michigan
FERNDALE
Englanders
LIVONIA
Classic Interiors
PETOSKEY
Gattle's

Minnesota
CHANHASSEN
Chanhassen Furniture Galleries
MINNEAPOLIS
Fleetham Furniture

Missouri
ELLISVILLE
Dau Furniture
KANSAS CITY
Greenstreet Interiors
Village Pine
ST. LOUIS
Jack Brandt, Ltd.
Loire's

Nebraska
LINCOLN
The Van Dervoort
OMAHA
Allen Furniture

New Jersey
BELLE MEAD
Gasiors
BRIELLE
Brielle Furniture
HAWTHORNE
Prospect Park Furniture
PATTERSON
Bograd's Brothers
SUCCASUNNA
Classic Interiors
WATCHUNG
Valley Furniture Shop

New Hampshire
RYE
The Home Center of Rye

New York
BUFFALO
Gardner Furniture
CENTRAL SQUARE
Crim's Furniture
HUNTINGTON STATION
Classic Galleries
LITTLE FALLS
Designer Furniture Workroom

North Dakota
BISMARCK
Hansen's Furniture

Ohio
AMELIA
Verbargs America Heritage
CHAGRIN FALLS
Brewster & Strou
CINCINNATI
A.B. Closson Jr. Co
COLUMBUS
The Finer Points
ROCKY RIVER
J.L. Hecht & Comp
TOLEDO
Betty Rumpf Interiors, Inc

Pennsylvania
FRAZER
J.M. Walton, Co.
FURLONG
Hendrixson's
LANCASTER
The Colonial Furniture Store

Rhode Island
PROVIDENCE
Roitman & Son, Inc

South Carolina
CHARLESTON
Them Furniture Co. Inc.
COLUMBIA
Colony House Furniture
GREENSVILLE
Town House Galleri

Tennessee
MARYVILLE
Law's Interiors, Inc.
MEMPHIS
Haas Furniture Showroom, Inc.
NASHVILLE
Bradford's

Texas
AUSTIN
Louis Shanks
DALLAS
Adele Hunt's Furniture
HOUSTON
Brittains Fine Furniture
SAN ANTONIO
Louis Shanks

Virginia
ALEXANDRIA
Mastercraft Interiors, Inc.
ARLINGTON
Colony House
CHESAPEAKE
Channell Hall
RICHMOND
Biggs Retail Store
ROANOKE
Grand Interiors
YORKTOWN
Wyatt's Pilgrim Hous

West Virginia
HUNTINGTON
Village Designs, Inc.

Wisconsin
MEQUON
Mologne Interiors
MILWAUKEE
Paul Weise Furniture

THE RICHMOND HILL COLLECTION

BY KITTINGER

Create an atmosphere for memorable occasions. Richmond Hill is enriched by carved and handcrafted details, art forms that distinguish Kittinger furniture from all others. To see all nineteen pieces of The Richmond Hill Dining Room Collection, send $5.00 or see your Authorized Dealer. Kittinger, 1893 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14207.



KITTINGER

In 1860, quite without realizing it, Sanderson created the English look.



What others strive so strenuously to achieve today came naturally to us over a century ago. Those garden chintzes, those aristocratic damasks and authentic William Morris patterns; they are the hallmarks of the English look. And of Sanderson. Which is why you'll find our wallpapers and fabrics in so many of the great country houses of England. So if you wish to recreate the true English look, look to Arthur Sanderson & Sons. Where it all began.

Sanderson

Arthur Sanderson & Sons, D&D Building, 979 Third Ave., New York City Designers Walk, 120 Davenport Road, Toronto
Through Interior Designers and Architects.

Atlanta/Miami: Hugh Cochran • Boston: Walls Unlimited • Chicago/Minneapolis: Holly Hunt • Dallas/Houston: Gerald Haggett
Los Angeles/Laguna Niguel: J. Robert Scott • San Francisco/Denver: Sheers & Window • Washington D.C.: Marion Kent • Seattle: Collins & Draheim


Super Satin II Sheets.
Now Available In Parks.
Thanks to Spiegel, anyplace you like to read can also be a convenient place to shop. Our Spring Catalog includes home fashions from Mikasa, Martex, Frederick Cooper, J.P. Stevens and others. To receive your copy for just $3, simply call (toll-free) 1-800-345-4500 and ask for catalog 754.
Spiegel

FIRST LADY OF AMERICANA

As writer, editor, enthusiast, and collector, Jean Lipman led the way to a new appreciation for America's folk artists

By John Russell



Jean Lipman wearing a Calder pin, with a doll's chair, dower chest, decorated box, and a model of Richard Lippold's sculpture *Orpheus and Apollo* for Lincoln Center.

As a tastemaker—and, for that matter, a tastebreaker—Jean Lipman is in a very high class. If she has long been known as Mrs. Folk Art, it is not because that is the perimeter of her sympathies. As editor for many years of *Art in America* magazine, she was as alert to what was going on in the art of her own day as she was to the quilt, the painted copper and iron weathervane, the model roadster (1907), the decorated baptismal certificate, the polychromed sternboard, and the ship chandler's sign. But she, as much as anyone, made Americans aware of an important part of their heritage. In so doing, she set them free from the gentilities implicit in nostalgia for the "early American" style in furniture, objects of domestic use, and the marginalia of daily life.

All this was made clear in 1986 for a whole new generation of enthusiasts in "Young America," an exhibition organized by the Museum of American Folk Art in New York (which came with a particularly seductive book published by the Hudson Hills Press in association with the museum). Jean Lipman's part in this was supervisory, but everyone knew that hers had been the pioneering spirit that made the exhibition—and indeed the museum—a possibility.

As it happens, I have trouble remembering a time when I did not know Jean Lipman. I acted as her London correspondent for *Art in America* magazine during many of her thirty years as its editor. Later she was our neighbor in Connecticut. More recently, she has been an ever-welcome visitor from Phoenix, Arizona, or San Diego, California, where she and her husband, Howard Lipman, now spend much of their time.

During all those years she has changed hardly at all—the same trim figure, the same quick light tread, and the same boisterous response to this or that development in American art. If I can date our meetings, it is in part because she not long ago traded her close-fitting all-purpose style of hat for one that has a majestic broad brim and a crown to match.

She discounts entirely the idea that, as editor of *Art in America*, she had a direct personal influence upon American taste. To hear her talk, you would think that she sat quietly to one side and allowed a mettlesome team of contributing editors to go their own way. And it is true that, as an editor, she was ideally suggestible and rarely turned down an idea that was cogently presented to her.

Nor did her notion of line editing involve the compulsion to change, to cut, or even to rewrite, which sometimes endangers editor/contributor relations in this country. She knew what she liked and she was perfectly well able to put it into words, but she was equally interested to know what other people liked and to let them explain it in their own way. Whence came the ecumenical character of *Art in America* under her guidance.

As historian, collector, and proselytizer, her energies were concentrated for many years on what is now a notion universally accepted—the high quality and social importance of American folk art. Until 1924, when the first-ever exhibition of American folk art was held at the Whitney Studio Club in New York, there was no way to find out about it, and certainly nothing to read about it. "In the beginning," she said not long ago, "folk art was viewed by collectors and sold by dealers as a lowly kind of antique, not fitting neatly or attractively into any of the acceptable categories." When the Lipmans began to collect American folk art in the 1930s and even when she published her first book on the subject in 1942, there was no market and therefore no accepted price for it.

CAMPARI



Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

For the fine homes of the wor



poggenpohl®

The ultimate in kitchen and bath cabinetry

To explore the possibilities of redefining the kitchen or bath as a lifestyle reflection, we invite you to send $ 7.00 for full color catalogs to: Poggenpohl USA Corp., (HG) 6 Pearl Court, Allendale, New Jersey 07401, Tel.: (201) 934-1511, Tlx.: 710 990 9206, Telefax: (201) 934-1837
Poggenpohl cabinetry manufactured by Fr. Poggenpohl KG, West Germany. Est. 1892.
Also available in Canada.
Available only through selected designers.

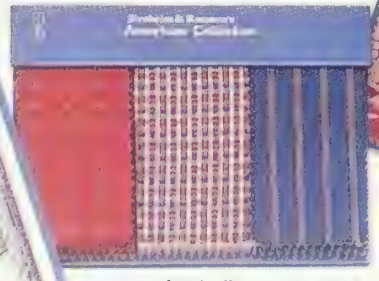
Stroheim & Romann's
American Collection



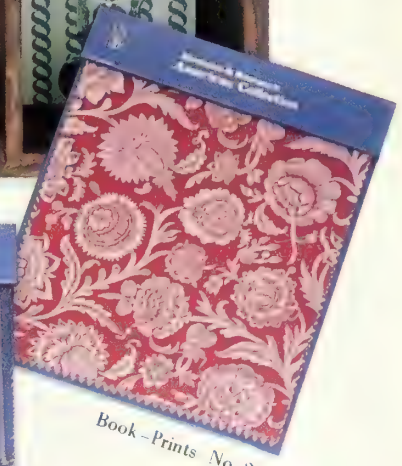
A COLLECTION OF WOVENS, PRINTS
AND WALLPAPERS INSPIRED BY
AMERICA'S HERITAGE



Book–Wallpapers–No. 214



Book–Wovens–No. 212



Book–Prints–No. 213

These authentic reproductions of wovens, prints and coordinated wallpapers celebrate the simple elegance of design and texture, and the richness of color so prevalent in 18th century America.

The sample books shown above are in our showrooms nationwide and are available through your interior designer.

STROHEIM & ROMANN, INC.

Those were the days in which a New York dealer could get an important folk painting from a junkman for a dollar and a bottle of whiskey

There was no name for it either. "Early American" was what people wanted to hear, but the trouble was that most American folk art is not early American at all but dates from the buoyant, fecund, and hyperactive middle of the nineteenth century. Folk art in this country has a forthright, independent, no-nonsense quality that had nothing to do with pattern books imported from England. It was the real thing, the local thing, the innocent thing, and the one that came naturally.

Virtually nobody else wanted it, let alone spent their weekends hunting for it, grading it A, B, and C when they found it and quite often taking it home almost for pennies. In this way it happened that when the Lipmans sold four hundred items from their American folk-art collection to the New York State Historical Collection in Cooperstown, New York, in 1950, they worked out that the average cost to them of the works of art in question was under $100. One of their paintings, *Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine,* has been reproduced over and over again and was also used as a Christmas stamp. Recourse to the little black notebook in which Jean Lipman had logged all their purchases revealed that it had cost them fifty cents net.

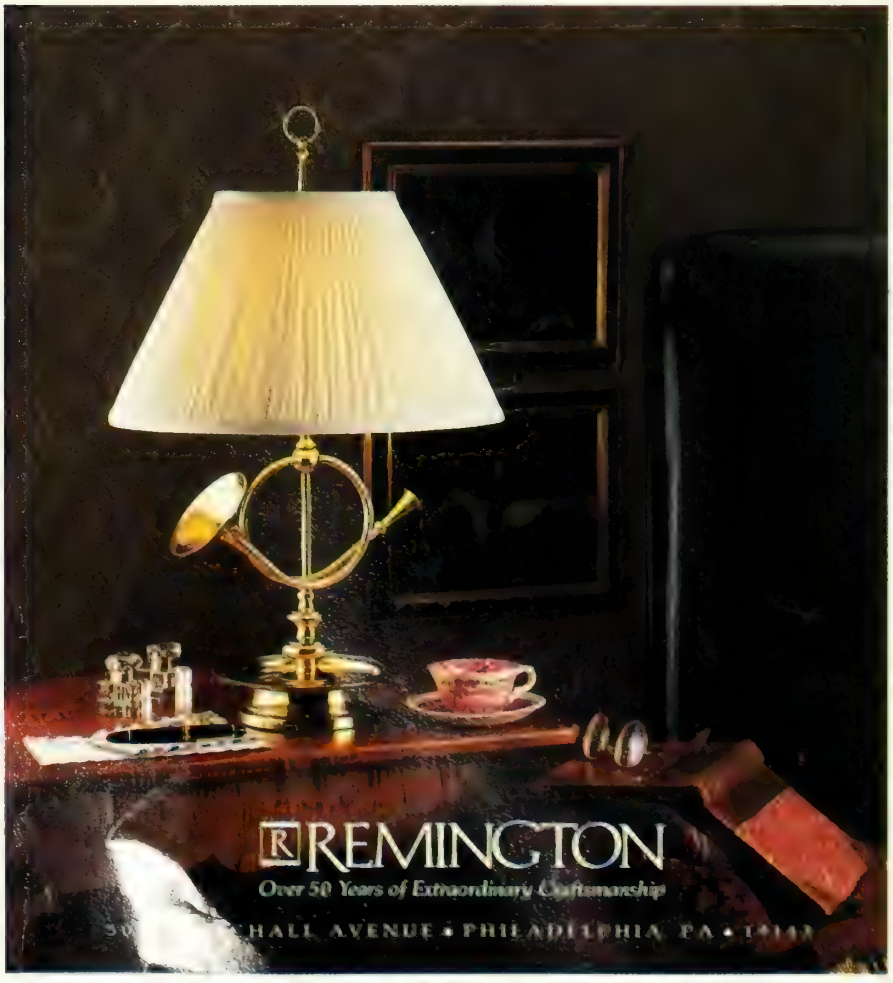
Those were days in which a New York dealer could get an important folk painting from a junkman for a dollar and a bottle of whiskey. At least one of the paintings the Lipmans were offered has since increased its value by two thousand times. I should perhaps say here that, unlike some pioneer collectors, the Lipmans did not take advantage of this fact to make a killing. When they sold their four hundred objects to Cooperstown, they toted up the original purchase prices and multiplied them by two. "That is the price," they said.

They then went on to make a second folk-art collection. Though hampered by the fact that Jean Lipman's books, articles, and exhibitions had caused prices to rise ever higher, they never ceased to enjoy themselves. (The highlights of the collection in question are now in the Museum of American Folk Art in New York.) Many years of scouting have reinforced her opinion, first voiced in print in 1942, that a number of gifted folk artists "arrived at a power and originality and beauty that were not surpassed by the greatest of the academic painters."

When the Lipmans had their house in Cannondale, Connecticut, visitors were struck in particular by the pretty and vivacious painted boxes that lay around the house. One of the visitors, Grace Glueck, told Jean Lipman that when she writes her memoirs, she should call them *Getting It off My Painted Chest.* As Mrs. Lipman is a paragon of modesty who does not even like to be photographed, let alone talk about herself, I wouldn't lay money on our reading those memoirs.

But for quite some years now she has been producing pictures of her own in which a marked folk strain can be discerned together with a vigorous polemical intent. Like many a collector who has identified very strongly with living artists long known and deeply loved, she does not always care for what is going on around her today. She makes sure we know it, too, when we look at her latest paintings. Nor has Howard Lipman ever been short of a lapidary phrase for art that he dislikes.

But fundamentally the Lipmans are likers, not dislikers, and to spend an evening in their company is to be with people who have not only made taste where American folk art is concerned but have lived it. To hear Jean Lipman get it off her painted chest is no mean treat, and I only wish that it happened to me more often. □



When Is a Catalogue A Reflection of Life As We Would Wish to Live It?

When it brings you a breath of air so fresh you'll think you can smell the flowers.

When its pages reflect the traditions that grow naturally out of country life in Ireland.

In *The Carroll Journals*™ we invite you to share some of the things that are part of that life. Pictures, porcelains and furnishings that bring the colors and patterns of nature into the home. Clothing for the country, timeless designs recreated in silver and crystal, and an Escape Bag to hang by the door and hold everything you need on a day outdoors.



The Carroll Journals portfolio includes two issues... "Tapestries of the Countryside" and "Private Corners of a Country Home."

To: P.J. Carroll and Company Limited
2515 East 43rd Street, P.O. Box 23667
Chattanooga, TN 37422-9910

Yes, I would like to receive *The Carroll Journals*
☐ I enclose a check for $5
Please charge.
☐ American Express ☐ VISA
☐ MasterCard ☐ Diner's Club ☐ Optima

Account No. _____

Expires _____

Signature _____

I understand the $5 will be credited against the purchase price of my first order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

KO29

Telephone _____

© 1988 P.J. Carroll and Company Limited

Please call 1 800 255-3933 to receive the first two volumes of *The Carroll Journals* or send the coupon above. The first two volumes will cost $5, which will be credited against your first order.

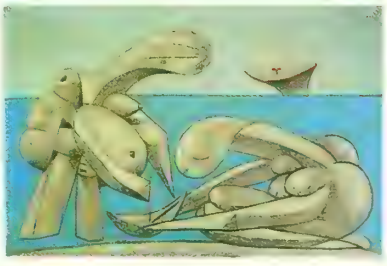
The Carroll Journals

ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed

GUGGENHEIM GOLD





Sparks fly when two great collections meet face-to-face for the first time in New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. "Fifty Years of Collecting: An Anniversary Selection," through March 13, salutes the golden jubilee of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, the organization that administers both the museum and the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice. The museum is rich in works by Kandinsky, Picasso, Brancusi, Mondrian, Calder, and Dubuffet. Peggy Guggenheim's strong suits were the Surrealists and Pollock. By combining highlights of both, foundation director Thomas M. Messer (who retires this year) has assembled a comprehensive and provocative connoisseur's survey that, in a more perfect world, would remain in one place forever. *David Bourdon*

Top: Mark Rothko, *Black, Orange on Maroon,* 1963.
Above: Picasso, *On the Beach,* 1937.

BEST BRITS



Did modern sculpture in the British Isles begin and end, respectively, with Henry Moore and Anthony Caro? "A Quiet Revolution: British Sculpture Since 1965" focuses on six artists, all born in the 1940s. Richard Long and Barry Flanagan are the key figures in this lively show at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, February 13 through April 10, which includes Tony Cragg, Richard Deacon, David Nash, and Bill Woodrow. Long is a poetic Minimalist who creates much of his understated but eloquent art while backpacking in remote areas of the earth. He fashions subtle site-specific pieces, usually geometric configurations of stones, which are exhibited as documentary photographs. Flanagan, too, questions whether sculpture need be rigid in form or made to last. His early works—burlap stalagmites stuffed with sand—are engagingly goofy, while in recent years he has concentrated on enigmatic bronze effigies of a leaping hare. *D.B.*

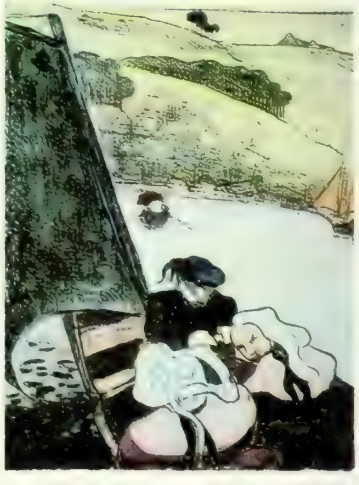


Top: David Nash, *Crack and Warp Column,* 1963. *Above:* Richard Deacon, *If the Shoe Fits,* 1981.

POST-IMPRESSIONS

During the closing decades of the nineteenth century many artists, including Paul Gauguin, summered in the Breton village of Pont-Aven on France's northwestern coast. Collectively they created immensely appealing images of the region that no tourist bureau has ever excelled. The results may be seen in "Gauguin and His Circle in Brittany: The Prints of the Pont-Aven School," at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston through February 21. *D.B*





Top: Armand Seguin, *Breton Woman,* c. 1896. *Above:* Emile Bernard, *Bretons in a Ferry Boat,* 1889.

SOHO

GALLERIES NEW YORK

Brooke Alexander	59 Wooster Street	925-4338	**Jane Dickson: New Paintings Jan. 9–Feb. 3** **Vito Acconci: Photographic Works from the 1960's Feb. 6–Mar. 5**
Art Et Industrie	106 Spring Street	431-1661	**Functional Objects: Forrest Myers, Richard Snyder, James Hong, E.B. Jackson, Terence Main, David Zelman Jan.–Feb.**
Pam Auchincloss	558 Broadway	966-7753	**Mary Hambleton: Paintings through Feb. 18** **Tom Lieber: Paintings Feb. 20–March**
Diane Brown Gallery	560 Broadway	219-1060	**Jaime Davidovich: Tapeworks, Julie Wachtel: Paintings Jan. 12–30** **Erik Levine: Sculpture, Robert Smithson: Paintings 1959–62 Feb.**
Leo Castelli	420 West Broadway	431-5160	**Paul Waldman Feb. 6–27**
Charles Cowles Gallery	420 West Broadway	925-3500	**Gene Davis: A Survey Jan. 30–Feb. 27**
Crown Point Press	568 Broadway	226-5476	**Multiple Realities: Prints by Robert Bechtle, Rackstraw Downes, Yvonne Jacquette, Alex Katz, Sylvia Mangold Jan. 16–Feb. 27**
49th Parallel **Centre for Contemporary Canadian Art**	420 West Broadway	925-8349	**Betty Goodwin Jan. 9–30** **Ron Moppett Feb. 5–Mar. 6**
Gallery Moos Ltd.	133 Greene Street	982-0411	**Ten Contemporary Masters to Jan. 27** **Fred Powell: Sculpture—A Ten Year Retrospective Jan.30–Feb.25**
Gruenebaum Gallery	415 West Broadway	966-3646	**Bert Carpenter: Recent Paintings Jan. 9–30** **Grace Hartigan: New Paintings Feb. 6–Mar. 5**
Scott Hanson Gallery	415 West Broadway	334-0041	**"Media Post Media" curated by Collins & Milazzo Jan. 6–Feb. 9** **Charles Clough: Recent Paintings Feb. 13–Mar. 15**
Heller Gallery	71 Greene Street	966-5948	**America's premier gallery specializing in museum quality works of contemporary glass art.**
Phyllis Kind Gallery	136 Greene Street	925-1200	**"The World of Luis Chan" Jan. 16–Feb. 10**
Alexander F. Milliken Inc.	98 Prince Street	966-7800	**Drawings Jan. 9–Feb. 3** **Richard Saba: Paintings Feb. 6–Mar. 2**
Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery	568 Broadway Suite 102	226-2251	**Klaus Kammerichs: Sculpture Jean-Pierre Sudre: Jan. 5–Feb. 4** **Allan Chasanoff: Recent Photographs Feb. 6–Mar. 10**
Barbara Toll Fine Arts	146 Greene Street	431-1788	**Andrew Spence: Monotypes through Feb. 6** **Steve Gianakos: New Work Feb. 13–Mar. 5**
Michael Walls Gallery	137 Greene Street Ground floor	677-5000	**Milton Resnick: Major Paintings from 1957 to 1963 Jan. 9–Feb. 6** **Cletus Johnson: Constructions & Collages— the 70's Feb. 10–Mar. 5**



Vectra™ 22 — WITHOUT A DOUBT THE WORLD'S BEST FABRIC PROTECTOR NOW AVAILABLE FOR SELF APPLICATION

VECTRA™ 22, unlike other protectors, is NOT a coating or sealer (surface protection only) but a PENETRATING PROTECTOR that penetrates down through the surface of the fabric and into the molecule where the staining occurs, thereby providing total protection.

Safe to use on all types of fabrics: cotton, linen, velvet, silk, satin, suede and porous leather. A gentle misting that YOU apply won't change the texture or color or cause whites to yellow.

VECTRA 22™ enhances the durability and cleanability of carpets, area rugs, upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, auto interiors against household stains such as COFFEE, TEA, WINE, GREASE — EVEN PET STAINS.

May be sprayed over all other fabric finishes. Effective through multiple cleaning cycles. Increase the life of your fabrics — *VECTRA-IZE™*.

VECTRA™ 16 APPAREL SPRAY is the companion product to protect your fine clothing made of natural fabrics: cotton, silk, wool, suede, leather, etc. from any permanent stains.

Our customers always come back for more [illegible]

The Simple Solution To Protect Your Home Furnishings

Vectra™ 22 is available in one gallon, one-half gallon and quart size containers, fully equipped with spray applicator and instructions — READY TO SPRAY. MasterCard, VISA or check acceptable. For pricing, yield factors and to order, call or write

VECTRA ENTERPRISES, INC.
351 Peachtree Hills Avenue
Suite 224
Atlanta, Georgia 30305

Toll Free 1-800-241-4982 (in Georgia 1-800-241-4882)
In Georgia, call collect
Atlanta 233-1452

Vectra™

For The Life of Your Fabrics . . .
VECTRA-IZE™

His works are in the White House and the Vatican. His newest creation is for you.



The art of George McMonigle is in museums and priceless collections throughout the world.

His newest triumph will enhance the elegance of *your* home.

Inspired by the blue and white porcelain pioneered by Josiah Wedgwood 200 years ago. And created in the superior medium of *Parian*—marble-like porcelain treasured for its depth...translucence ...and wealth of delicate detail.

This enchanting cameo captures the legend of the unicorn tamed by a maiden's beauty and virtue. Matted in linen and framed in solid wood, all ready to display.

Available only from The Franklin Mint, this specially imported work is priced at $195, very reasonable for handcrafted porcelain art by an internationally-renowned artist.





hown smaller than actual framed size of 14" x 17".

© 1988 FM

ESERVATION APPLICATION

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for "The Lady and the Unicorn," an original work of art by George McMonigle. No payment is required at this time. Please bill me for a deposit of $39.* when the work is ready to be sent to me, and for the balance in four equal monthly installments of $39.* each, beginning after shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE



Please mail by February 29, 1988.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE, ZIP _____

11113 - 25

THE LADY AND THE UNICORN FROM THE FRANKLIN MINT

JOURNAL

On the arts scene

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS

Architect Frank Gehry has this thing about fish, a major recurring theme in his work. His new Fishdance Restaurant, *below,* in Kobe, Japan, is a contemporary version of *architecture parlante*—buildings that literally take their form from their function, like the famous Long Island Duck, where poultry was sold. Sited next to an elevated highway, this $3 million seafood house has a shed-roofed main building for cooking and dining, a copper-sheathed snakelike coil, and a chain-link fish 60 feet high—enough to make the Japanese patrons feel like Jonah. It is rumored that Gehry's latest commission, for a new Madison Square Garden in New York, will sport two big fish. *Martin Filler*



CERVIN ROBINSON

IMMOVABLE SUBJECTS

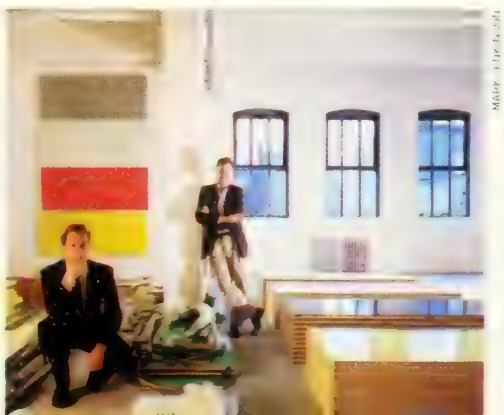
Cervin Robinson's New York's Municipal, Tribune, and American Tract Society buildings, 1966, *left,* is one of nearly two hundred architectural images in his and art historian Joel Herschman's *Architecture Transformed* (MIT, $50). A history of the photography of buildings from 1839 to the present, it deals with architecture as subject as well as with the stylistic and technical developments of photography. *Glenn Harrell*



PAUL MARCHAL

NEW DIA

Imi Knoebel's Ghent Room, 1980, *below,* makes its U.S. debut as part of the first exhibition at the Dia Art Foundation's spacious new site at 548 West 22nd Street, until June 30. Pictured are Charles Wright, executive director of Dia, foreground, and architect Richard Gluckman, whose restrained renovation of the loft space in a twenties warehouse provides an ideal setting for the work of German artists Joseph Beuys, Blinky Palermo, and Knoebel, an adviser for the inaugural show. Later one long-term exhibition per year will be presented and installed by artists who will be commissioned by Dia. *Sarah Kaltman*



INTERIOR VOICES

At one point in Eugene O'Neill's 1928 drama *Strange Interlude,* Nina Leeds (Glenda Jackson, *below*) thinks, "I couldn't find a better husband than Sam . . . a better lover than Ned. . . . I need them both to be happy." Complicated? Yes. And O'Neill's use of soliloquies in which characters lapse into their thoughts works particularly well in this three-part television production. Ken Howard as Sam Evans and David Dukes as Edmund Darrell are good (though early on one is hard-pressed to believe they—and Jackson—are in their twenties). Edward Petherbridge as the lonely, caustic Charles Marsden steals every scene. On *American Playhouse,* January 18–20 (PBS). *Gabrielle Winkel*



"Nothing's too good for my Brassolaelio Cattleya."



ONEIDA

Shown: Golden Henley pattern in stainless and gold.

For a sample teaspoon send $1.00 and pattern name to: Oneida Sample Center, P.O. Box 9777, New Brighton, MN 55197.

THE PEOPLE'S SPA

Bathhouse Row in Hot Springs, Arkansas, is at once elegant and hale, a place for everyone

By Suzanne Winckler

Hot Springs, Arkansas, is a long narrow town built in the cleft of two mountains. The trees on those slopes come right down to the main street. The sky, more often than not, is blue. Swirls of steam rise amid the forest, little wisps of proof that the town sits on a natural cauldron of boiling water. Atop this boiling water are eight public bathhouses (in times past there have been more). Their names have the ring of exotica or boundless sophistication: Superior, Hale, Maurice, Fordyce, Quapaw, Ozark, Buckstaff, and Lamar.

Until the advent of horse racing some years ago, Hot Spring's reason for being, its character and atmosphere, even the peaks and valleys of its social and economic history, could be explained by this natural profusion of boiling water and the bathhouses that were built to take advantage of it. While the rest of the town, that part which has spilled out into the surrounding flatlands, comes and goes on its own amorphous agenda, downtown Hot Springs—or Bathhouse Row, as it is called—continues to be defined precisely, for better or worse, by what bubbles up from underground.

The hot springs are not hallowed ground in the way that Machu Picchu or the pyramid of Cheops is, but on America's timeline they are old and sacred enough. For several thousand years various tribes of Indians took the waters in the shadow of the mountains.



The Fordyce, most splendid of all the bathhouses, was built in 1915 and has stained-glass skylight, terra-cotta fountain in the men's hall.

Hernando de Soto is said to have rested here in 1541. In 1832, President Andrew Jackson signed legislation declaring the springs a preserve; this was the earliest federal act that sought to protect the natural environment for the use of all citizens. Early visionaries, among them Stephen Mather, the first director of the National Park Service, had high-flown plans for Hot Springs. They felt the bathhouses should rival the European spas in the elegance of their amenities. While a few of them—most conspicuously the Fordyce—catered to an upper-crust crowd, Bathhouse Row thankfully refused to be molded along old-world societal lines. It simply wouldn't relinquish a broader view, a broader embrace. The best proof of this is that the clientele in the bathhouses rose immediately following both world wars (1946 was the all-time record for bathing), those times in which as a nation we were trying to recuperate. The tonier patrons at the Fordyce, those who aspired to the spas of Europe, no doubt viewed this influx of average Americans with some dismay. Nevertheless, Bathhouse Row really is a place for everyone.

Now that we take our leisure, and our medicine, in different ways, the hot springs have less practical use to the masses, and Bathhouse Row, relative to past heydays, is on something of a downward spiral. To sound less pessimistic, Bathhouse Row is trying to reinvent its reason for being. The National Park Service and certain civic-minded citizens of Hot Springs are applying a standard preservationist remedy—that is, adaptive reuse. Five of the bathhouses are now leased and will feature a fine-arts center, a museum, a health spa, and so forth, and this fall the Fordyce will reopen for tours when it becomes the Visitor Center for Hot Springs National Park.

Theirs is a tricky job and I wish them luck. In the meantime, for those of us

RICHARD LEO JOHNSON

SMALLBONE

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH CABINETRY



Smallbone make kitchens, bedrooms and bathrooms to order in the authentic English tradition. In this Old Pine kitchen, timbers over 100 years old are carefully prepared to retain their original patina.

EAST COAST SHOWROOM: 150 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10155. TELEPHONE (212) 935-3222
WEST COAST SHOWROOM: 315 SOUTH ROBERTSON BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90048

Please send $5.00 for your 48 page full color Smallbone Catalog of Kitchens, Bedrooms and Bathrooms with this coupon to:
Smallbone Inc. 150 East 58th Street, New York, NY 10155 or telephone **(212) 935-3222**.

Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____

HG 2 86K

who go kicking and screaming into the ever-modified future, for those of us who appreciate life as it is lived on the curves of the arch as opposed to its summit, there are many things to recommend Bathhouse Row at this moment. Not the least of these enticements is the knowledge that the one functioning bathhouse, the Buckstaff, and those in several of the nearby hotels employ attendants who still ask their patrons such questions as, "Where do you hurt, Sugar?" These are interrogatives that have their own curative powers.

Hot Springs is a relic of more communal times. Retiring to a hot tub is now a private event, intimate but also exclusionary. Bathhouse Row is more haphazard and egalitarian. To slip into the Hot Springs mode may require a loosening of inhibitions for some. This is a town where people ride the hotel elevators in their bathrobes, a place where strangers, swaddled in white sheets, pad around together in marbled halls. Perhaps the languorous regimen in a steamy atmosphere induces light-headedness, but all this bathing business seems silly in a nice way, and Hot Springs is a most endearing place. Even if you do not find them amusing, the hot baths are relaxing, as is the optional postbath massage, during which even the most reluctant relaxer will be pummeled, slapped, and kneaded into quiescence.

Although it is hard to imagine not taking the waters, one could certainly forgo them and still derive great pleasure from the charms of the bathhouses themselves. The adaptive reuse in store for the extant bathhouses shouldn't change their general character, but it is just one more step in a saga of continual change. Nothing has stayed the same on Bathhouse Row. Today's bathhouses sit on the sites of former ones. Many of the original structures were sacked by marauders during the Civil War. Many were lost to a raging fire in 1878. With fire and rot the two constant threats, all the frame bathhouses were replaced during the teens and early twenties by the imposing masonry edifices that stand today. The last of the octet to be built was the Ozark, and that was in 1922. There have been no major face-changing alterations for years.

If Bathhouse Row didn't mimic the European spas from a social standpoint, its architects, following a turn-of-the-century trend, still looked to Europe for their inspiration. Elbow to elbow, each structure on Bathhouse Row has its own distinctive look. Nevertheless, taken together, they stand as a remarkable testimony to the efficacy of borrowing and harking back, in a way that Postmodernism still hasn't quite managed to do. The look of Bathhouse Row, at once elegant and hale, can be attributed to the nearby Little Rock architectural firm of George R. Mann and Eugene John Stern, consummate practitioners of Renaissance Revival styles. They designed the Fordyce (1915), with its sumptuous Tiffany-style marquee the tour de force of Bathhouse Row; the Ozark (1922), a glistening white palace with twin Spanish towers; and the Quapaw (1922), which with its exotic mosaic dome seems straight out of Byzantium. Mann did extensive design alterations on the Hale (1914), revamping it from Classical to Spanish Revival with a great hipped roof of red tile and a façade of arched windows.

> To slip into the Hot Springs mode may require a loosening of inhibitions for some

Thanks in large measure to Mann and Stern, Bathhouse Row is a hymn to the window. Most of the structures make elaborate and generous gestures to let in as much light as possible in the most elegant manner, as if to say that the sun was held to be as therapeutic as the waters. Bathhouse Row glints and twinkles.

The most splendid of the eight bathhouses, the Fordyce, is Colonel Samuel W. Fordyce's magnanimous and gilded monument to the spring waters he credited with saving his life. It is a large, almost ponderous structure, saved from appearing too earthbound by the lacy ironwork on the overhanging marquee, the frilly terra-cotta moldings around the many windows, and the flutings of the Spanish red-tile roof. Many cozy rockers stand on the large porch.

Stained glass is in elegant abundance at the Fordyce. Transom glass above the front doors contains a water motif of beautiful shimmering pink lilies floating on blue. In the women's department (the bath facilities were separated by gender) there are three Art Deco–style windows depicting scenes from nature, while in the men's department there is an exquisite stained-glass skylight—called *Neptune's Daughter*—more Classical in style, in which three figures, a mermaid and a young man and woman, all physically fit, orbit the skylight amid a profusion of fishes and frogs. The two best rooms upstairs are the music room—a sunroom where patrons retired after their baths to chat and make music—and the gymnasium, where, it is said, both Jack Dempsey and Billy Sunday came to hoist wooden dumbbells.

The Arlington Hotel in many respects is the spiritual heir of the Fordyce. It is the exceedingly large cream-colored edifice overlooking Bathhouse Row which offers its own in-house bathing facilities to its clientele. Unlike the Fordyce, the Arlington confuses garishness with stylishness often to amusing effect—it looks a lot like a backdrop for one of Busby Berkeley's chorus lines—which is all the more reason to stay there. To go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to take the baths, as well as to have a highball in the bar at the Arlington and to rubberneck along Bathhouse Row is to relax in a very American way.

From the veranda of the Arlington one can look down Bathhouse Row and contemplate the fickleness of our palliatives, from hot mineral baths to Valium to All-Bran. Or if one is feeling a bit drowsy from a bath and massage, one may survey that lovely vista in the cleft of two mountains and think about nothing at all. □

PRECISION



IF WE CAN GRAB YOUR ATTENTION HERE, IMAGINE WHAT WE CAN DO IN YOUR DEN.

We'll make you forget you even have one. A den, that is. Because the color and sound of RCA's Big Screen stereo TVs pull you in so completely, you'll forget where you are.

The source of RCA's captivating color is our Precision Performance Technology, an RCA innovation that makes the colors on our biggest Big Screen TVs brighter than ever before.

RCA Big Screens come in 50-, 45-, 40- and 27-inch screen sizes (measured diagonally).

For more information, see your RCA dealer or write RCA-A1, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-7036.

RCA

THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN ELECTRONICS.™

PERFORMANCE

STITCHES IN TIME

Inman Cook of Woolworks keeps up with the changing world of decorating

By Elaine Greene

Although needlepoint, a centuries-old craft, has never died out, there have been definite ups and downs in its popularity. The latest up arrived in the 1960s, when American hobbyists by the hundreds of thousands raised their needles to execute entire canvases instead of just filling in the background around flowers previously stitched by professionals, as their mothers might have done. Woolworks, a Manhattan shop that still flourishes on the Upper East Side, opened its doors in 1965 under the joint leadership of two former decorators, Inman Cook and the late Daren Pierce. Cook specialized in the flower designs, his partner in the geometrics, and some of the original favorites are still being offered.

Woolworks immediately became a major source for good needlepoint designs, joining three other Manhattan shops, none of which remains. One owner retired and left no successor; another shop spread itself too thinly with knitting and crocheting and ultimately failed; and the third faded away because it did not keep up with design standards that have, according to Inman Cook, been steadily rising during the past 25 years. "Don't you think decorating is better? Don't you think every domestic art is better?" he asks.

Cook maintains Woolworks' standards with a permanent staff of two artists plus two freelancers and himself. They do not sell kits and never did; instead they hand-paint canvases ordered from a large array of samples and will copy or adapt any design that is brought to them or that they have found on request. Cook explains, "When we create a special design for a particular decorator or needleworker, that design belongs to the person who pays for it. We don't add it to our regular line, or the original customer might begin to see it at her friends' houses six months later." Even the standard Woolworks patterns tend to be unique because they are stitched in colors chosen by the individuals who will work them—sometimes with the advice of their decorators and always with the help of the shop. "We want our customers to enjoy both the process and the finished product," Cook says, "so we tell them when we think the colors they are considering won't work out."



Needleworkers come from all over the world to Inman Cook's Madison Avenue shop for his original designs, such as these florals and geometrics all worked in wool.

The shop gives stitching lessons to beginners and gladly consults along the way. Many of the regular customers enjoy visiting with Inman Cook and drop in to make progress reports even when help is not needed. Scores of woolworkers have just presented children's brightly detailed Christmas stockings and traditional men's slippers in geometric bridle-brass motifs, projects the shop mounted for them. Others are stitching versions of pillow and seat covers, wallhangings, and rugs seen in the illustrations. Some are beginners and others have been working steadily on one project or another for a decade or two. Most of Cook's customers are women, but a respectable number are men, some of whom might mention that in many parts of the world fabric and rug embroidery has been men's work since antiquity.

For the advanced needleworker the most ravishing choice might be Woolworks' adaptation of a Flemish flower

JON JENSEN

OSBORNE & LITTLE



PAINTER WALLPAPER COLLECTION

FINE ENGLISH FABRICS AND WALLPAPERS

SHOWROOM: SUITE 1503N, 979 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022. Tel: (212) 751 3333.
OFFICES: 65 COMMERCE ROAD, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT 06902. Tel: (203) 359 1500.

ATLANTA Ainsworth Noah BOSTON Ostrer House CHICAGO Designers Choice DENVER·LOS ANGELES·SAN FRANCISCO Kneedler-Fauchere
HOUSTON·DALLAS Boyd Levinson MIAMI Design West PHILADELPHIA·WASHINGTON Dart-Luck SEATTLE Wayne Martin



For the advanced needleworker the most ravishing choice might be Woolworks' adaptation of a Flemish flower painting



Perhaps the most ambitious of Woolworks' rich designs is the fringed pillow, *above*, based on a Flemish painting. *Right* Bright stripes interlocked.

painting in the smallest gauge workable in wool yarn. This eighteen-mesh canvas (eighteen stitches to the inch) permits great detail and color subtlety, and Woolworks does them up beautifully afterward with down stuffing, velvet or silk backs, and double rows of fringe made for them in Italy. A Flemish pillow, at $375 for the painted canvas and yarns plus $495 to mount it in style, is an investment in money as well as time. Inman Cook reports that his young customers ("they are younger and younger") never blink at the price. "Only the people my age, who remember life before inflation, complain." Occasionally a decorator will order a finished piece from the shop which includes a few thousand dollars more for labor, but an heirloom—even a future one, as this obviously is—is in a value realm of its own.

Woolworks serves customers not only from all parts of the United States but also from Europe, Australia, and Latin America. Cook says he has visited a Paris shop that specializes in needlework duplicating Cluny documents and the Royal School of Needlework in London where they are equally bound to tradition. What Parisians, Londoners, and many others come to Woolworks for is a fresh new look at tradition, a look that Inman Cook, who has never lost touch with the decorating world, constantly reviews. As he sits at the back counter of the shop watching people on Madison Avenue rush by at their famous Manhattan pace, he stitches away on his current project—this time a personal gift, but it is often a shop sample—and says in his soft Southern accent, "I think decorating will continue to improve, and so we'll just have to keep up." □

K · E · N · T · S · H · I · R · E

MIRROR: Important George III carved and giltwood mirror in the Rococo manner, circa 1760.

COMMODE: 18th Century Dutch inlaid satinwood commode with inset lacquered panels, circa 1790.

CHAIR: Queen Anne walnut wing chair upholstered in 18th Century needlepoint, circa 1720.

VASES: Pair of Chinese export porcelain vases in the form of elephants, circa 1865.



Kentshire
37 East 12th Street
New York, NY 10003
(212) 673-6644

America's leading resource for professional buyers of English Antiques.



ARTFUL ROOTS

China's greatest modern painter and forger gardened in the mountains above Taipei

By Carl Nagin

In the annals of art and deception the career of Chang Ta-ch'ien (1899–1983), China's foremost modern painter, has no parallel in the West. Indeed, the details of his life, gilded with myth and hagiography, read like a picaresque adventure novel. No modern Vasari could invent so appealing a tale: kidnapping by Szechwanese bandits at the age of seventeen; a brief novitiate as a Buddhist monk; studies with master calligraphers in the literati circles of Shanghai; and his growing reputation as a connoisseur, imitator, and forger of the landscapist Shih-t'ao (1642–1707).

There was his capture and rumored death at the hands of the Japanese during the Sino-Japanese War; his artistic pilgrimage with Tibetan lamas to remote Tunhuang, where he copied frescoes in the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas; his ties with prominent warlords, secret societies, and Chiang Kai-shek's inner circle; and then his dramatic flight from the mainland after the defeat of the Nationalists—episodes from the larger-than-life romance of this Chinese quixote.

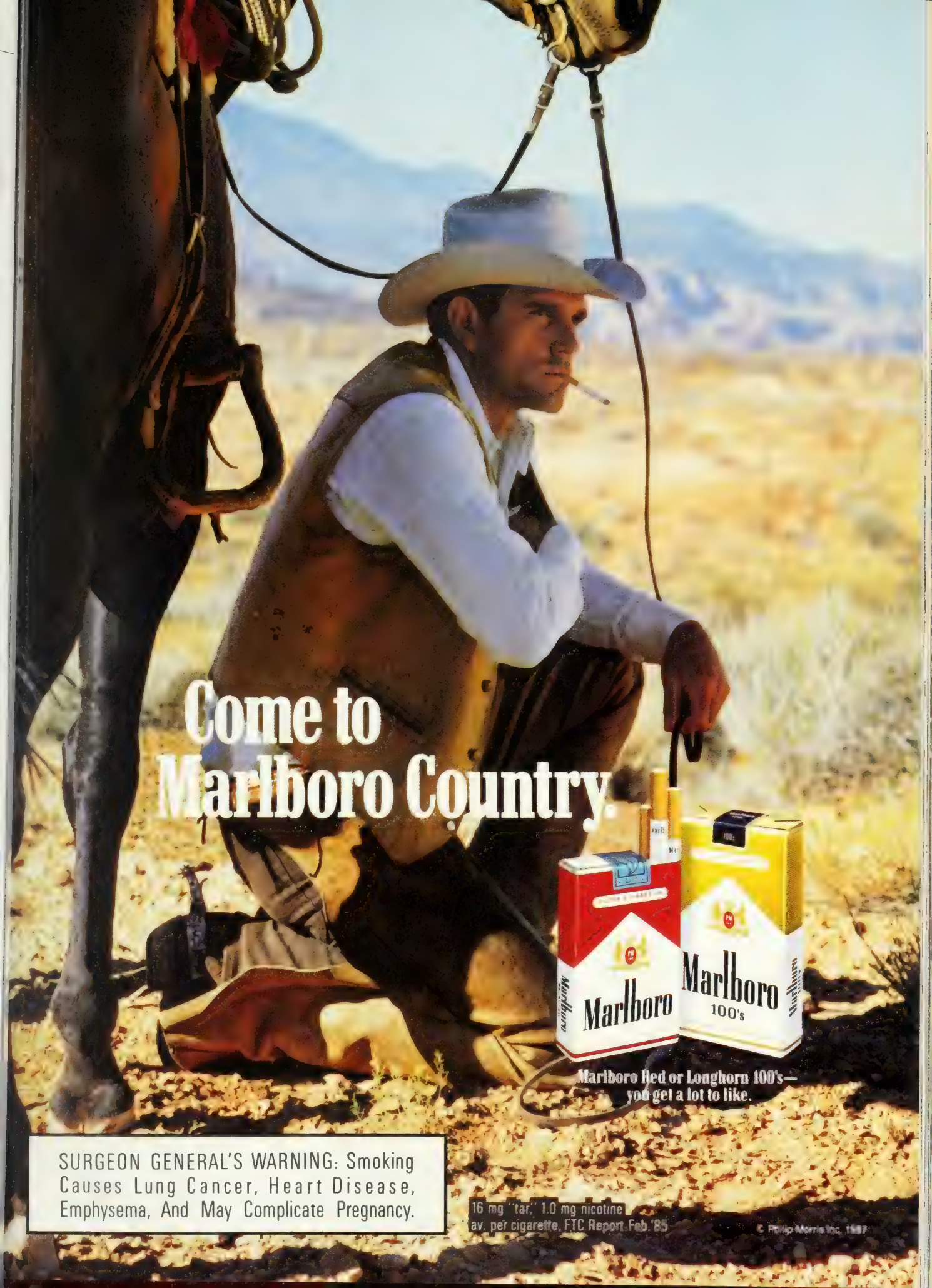
Chang's multiple identities as a modern painter, connoisseur, and forger of ancient Chinese scrolls made him a seminal figure in the transmission of Chinese art to the West. His own work drew praise from Surrealist André Masson, and his much publicized visit with Picasso was hailed as an East-West summit of the art world. Critics in Europe and America praised him as the greatest living Chinese artist. In the early 1960s, at a time when modern Chinese painting was scarcely known in America, the Wallace family of the *Reader's Digest* paid $40,000 for his six-paneled *Giant Lotuses,* painted in the impressionistic splashed-ink style characteristic of Chang's later years. Recently it was resold at Sotheby's for close to twice the amount.

With his long beard, cane, and Song-style robes and hat, accoutrements of a traditional wenren, or Chinese literatus, Chang cut an exotic, impressive figure in the art capitals of the West. But to Chinese, displaced by civil war and revolution, there was nothing eccentric in his deliberate recreation of the past. In his life and art Chang embodied their nostalgia for a lost homeland and for aristocratic ideals they longed to restore. The status accorded him in the West—the awards, tributes, exhibitions, and high-ticket sales—made him a cultural icon for exiled Chinese, for partisans of a China other than Chairman Mao's.

In 1954, followed by his entourage of kowtowing disciples, cooks, gardeners, and sixteen children from four wives and concubines, Chang settled in Brazil on a forty-acre estate filled with fantastic rocks, peacocks, imported flora and fauna—a Shangri-la in exile replicating classical gardens from his former homes in Szechwan and the city of Soochow.

Like many of China's greatest art-

Above: Chang Ta-ch'ien's *Giant Lotuses,* six hanging scrolls, ink and color on paper, 1960–61. *Inset:* Picasso with Chang Ta-chi'en and his wife Hsu Wen Bo.


Come to
Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease,
Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85
© Philip Morris Inc. 1987



First green on the South Course at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club

PALM BEACH POLO AND COUNTRY CLUB. FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T OUTGROWN THE URGE TO PLAY IN THEIR OWN BACKYARD.

Ever since you were a kid, you've loved to have your friends over to play. And although your backyard adventures have grown up from cowboys and Indians to golf, tennis and polo, the feeling is still the same here at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club. Where just outside your door you'll find 2200 acres of the world's finest sporting and social amenities. Along with some of the nicest playmates you could ever hope to meet.

45 HOLES OF LANDMARK GOLF.

For over a decade, the name Landmark Land Company, Inc. has stood behind some of the premier golf communities in the country: Oak Tree, La Quinta, PGA West, Carmel Valley Ranch and Mission Hills. Now, Landmark stands behind Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

Surround yourself with our enchanting Scottish Links course, with its ripples and swales. Assay the arduous nine-hole Fazio course. Or brave the new course created by the "Dye-abolical" Pete and P.B. Dye.

The challenge and diversity of our golf is one of the reasons we've been chosen to host the $600,000 Chrysler Team Championship, a PGA TOUR® event.

TENNIS WITH SUPERIOR SURFACE VALUE.

Diversity also plays a key role in our tennis program. Here you can play the traditional surfaces found at Wimbledon, the French Open and the U.S. Open. And Palm Beach Polo and Country Club has been chosen to host the inaugural $1 million *Stakes Match.*

Our Tennis Center offers 20 clay courts, two hard courts and two grass courts, with expert programs and clinics designed to improve your level of play on all three surfaces.

EQUESTRIAN FACILITIES WITHOUT EQUAL.

Race your way across 10 polo fields and world-class equestrian facilities. Our magnificent International Polo Stadium provides the perfect venue for the $100,000 Cadillac World Cup and the USPA Rolex Gold Cup. At these events, people-watching is sometimes as exciting as our polo.

Hunters and jumpers also gather here each year for the prestigious Winter Equestrian Festival in our Grand Prix show rings, an event of Olympic proportions. This year, we've added the discipline of dressage and Arabian shows.

But if your horsemanship is still at a canter, we have lessons in all phases of equitation.

A TRIPLE CROWN OF CLUBHOUSES AND SOCIAL EVENTS.

Our golf, tennis and equestrian centers provide more than just impressive backdrops for private play and prestigious events. At Palm Beach Polo, our love of sport is matched only by our desire for enjoying life with good friends.

You have a splendid choice of fine dining and social events. From scrumptious sandwiches to grand gourmet fare. From freewheeling tailgate parties to elegant black-tie balls.

A health and fitness club, several swimming pools, two squash and racquetball courts and two lighted croquet lawns round out the outstanding amenities.

OUR MAGNIFICENT HOMES.

From elegant villas to custom-built single-family residences, we offer homes of unmatched character.

Each neighborhood has been painstakingly planned and executed according to the most stringent architectural standards. Security gates manned around-the-clock are provided for your personal peace of mind. And serving our members is a full-time concierge staff, a unique luxury for a private club.

Homes at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club begin at approximately $200,000 and range to several million.

DISCOVER FIRSTHAND THIS EXTRAORDINARY COMMUNITY.

We invite you to come over and play at our place. And experience a community so extraordinary you'll find there's simply nothing like it. Anywhere. Come see why we can promise you'll find happiness in your own backyard at Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

To accommodate your stay, a limited number of private residences are available by reservation only. For details, call 1-800-257-1038. In FL, 1-800-432-3374. Or write Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, 13198 Forest Hill Blvd., West Palm Beach, FL 33414.



Palm Beach Polo and Country Club



Hear about the woman who stole his heart. Call Holland.

The confirmed bachelor finally found the right woman. Why not give your little brother your best wishes? With AT&T International Long Distance Service, it costs less than you'd think to stay close. So go ahead. **Reach out and touch someone.®**

HOLLAND		
Economy	Discount	Standard
6pm–7am	1pm–6pm	7am–1pm
$ .71	$ .89	$1.18

AVERAGE COST PER MINUTE FOR A 10-MINUTE CALL*

*Average cost per minute varies depending on the length of the call. First minute costs more; additional minutes cost less. All prices are for calls dialed direct from anywhere in the continental U.S. during the hours listed. Add 3% federal excise tax and applicable state surcharges. Call for information or if you'd like to receive an AT&T international rates brochure **1 800 874-4000.**

© 1987 AT&T

AT&T

The right choice.

sts, Chang designed gardens that were an integral part of his aesthetic world. In Mogi Das Cruzes outside São Paulo, in Carmel, California, and in the Abode of Illusion in Taipei, Chang's garden dwellings served as an extension of his studio, the landscape equivalent of a tableau vivant, a natural environment for the illusionism of his art.

He had lived in some of China's most renowned classical gardens, including Soochow's Garden of the Master of the Fishing Nets, built by a scholar-official in the twelfth century and reconstructed during the Qing dynasty. The Metropolitan Museum's Astor Court replicates a small courtyard and pavilion of this garden, the very corner where Chang Ta-ch'ien worked during the 1930s. Chang and his brother Shan-tze painted and kept tame tigers there until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War in 1937.

Chinese gardens naturally came to be associated with the extravagant aestheticism of the literati. The emperors spent lavishly on them, expanding them to include parks, lakes, hunting grounds, and elaborate rockeries resembling mountain landscapes. A single villa might contain dozens of sites, and in the tradition of Tang Buddhist poet Wang Wei these sites acquired conventionalized names with poetic and historical allusions such as Dreaming Hermit's Loft and Deer Forest Hermitage.

Shen Fu, in a chapter called "Pleasures of Leisure" from his 1809 memoir *Six Records of a Floating Life*, writes: "In laying out gardens, pavilions, wandering paths, small mountains of stone and flower plantings, try to give the feeling of the small in the large and the large in the small, of the real in the illusion and the illusion in reality."

He adds that when looking at a garden's stone wall, one should feel as if one were gazing across an endless precipice. To heighten the sense of reality amidst illusion, the garden should be arranged so that guests discover unexpected vistas just when they think they have seen everything. The Chinese made their gardens less formal and more intimate than the Japanese, and their irregular, overgrown appearance reflects a deliberate incorporation of spontaneous elements in nature.



A detail of the fish pond and bonsai from Chang Ta-ch'ien's garden in Taipei.

In Chinese art symmetry means balancing natural forces, not the geometry of line and number. The very term for landscape in Chinese art (shanshui) combines the characters for mountain and water. Polarities of void and fullness, darkness and light, yin and yang govern the composition of gardens, paintings, poetry, and all expressions of Chinese aesthetics. This may explain why Chinese painters largely avoided the Renaissance scientific techniques of fixed linear perspective. They favored a movable atmospheric perspective in landscape paintings, enhanced in hand-scroll format where the illusion of traveling through a visual world with shifting perspectives has a cinematic quality. The winding pathways of Chinese gardens produce the same effects.

In a wealthy suburb above Taipei the Nationalist Chinese government built the home Chang Ta-ch'ien called the Abode of Illusion. Here he spent his final years. Opened to the public after his death as a memorial museum, the villa and its gardens sit at a fork in a mountain stream beneath the benevolent distant view of a Buddhist nunnery.

Visitors discover three separate gardens at ground level, all of them designed by Chang: one at the entrance with a bridge-covered pond stocked with native carp; indoors, the rooms open onto an arcaded courtyard with giant lotuses, plantains, and camellias. His ubiquitous collection of bonsai black pines and evergreens, some over a hundred years old, adorn the balconies, rooftops, and garden walls, and above the courtyard his two gibbons swing mischievously in their long cage. Outdoors, by the cascading stream adjoining his house, a third garden, terraced with tea pavilions and winding paths, leads to the glassed enclosure Chang built for his cranes and peacocks.

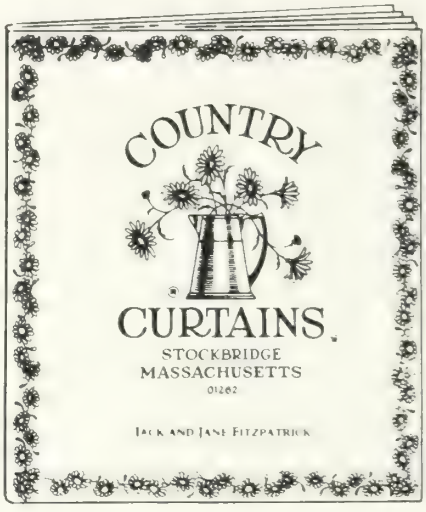
From the rooftop gardens of Chang's villa one can see the nearby National Palace Museum, which houses the world's finest collection of classical Chinese art. Chang's own collection of ancient paintings and calligraphy was given to the museum, as well as his copies of the frescoes from the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas. The museum's staff frequently consulted Chang on the authenticity and dating of their collection of over 6,000 scrolls, for Chang's connoisseurship had few rivals, his success as a forger notwithstanding.

Rooms inside the Abode of Illusion display a farrago of Chang Ta-ch'ien mementos: his collection of fantastic rock forms, an extensive library of classical Chinese literary and painting texts, and photos of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace paying homage to Chang at the Abode of Illusion and of Chang's 1956 visit to Picasso's villa, La Californie, where the two artists posed with playful masks Picasso fashioned for the occasion. For the pièce de résistance, in Chang's Great Wind Hall studio, a life-size wax statue of the artist stands over his worktable, brush in hand. Sitting by his inkstone, a wax gibbon admires the master's handiwork.

Country Curtains.

SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG

Country Curtains . . . a New England tradition . . . years of old-fashioned quality and conscientious service. Curtains in cotton muslin or carefree permanent press, some have ruffles, others have fringe or lace trim . . . also, tab curtains, lined and insulated curtains, charming balloon and lace curtains, bed ensembles, wooden rods and much more! All perfect with antiques, Victorian and 20th century furniture! **Please call 413-243-1300, 24 hours a day . . . seven days a week** or write us for a free color catalog. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**





Visit our retail shops in Stockbridge, Salem, Braintree, Sturbridge and Sudbury, Massachusetts, Avon and Westport, Connecticut, Providence, Rhode Island, Newington, New Hampshire, and Far Hills, New Jersey.

COUNTRY CURTAINS®
At The Red Lion Inn
Dept. 2018, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

Name _____ ☐ PLEASE SEND
Address _____ FREE
City _____ COLOR
State _____ Zip _____ CATALOG



Water Lilies in your garden

Lilypons catalogue features everything needed for your garden pool, including the pool.

Lilypons Water Gardens

Please rush my colorful new Lilypons catalogue. $5.00 enclosed. California (30¢), Maryland (25¢) and Texas (35¢) residents please add tax.

102 Hougar Road
P.O. Box 10
Lilypons, MD 21717
(301) 874-5133

102 Lilypons Road
P.O. Box188
Brookshire, TX 77423
(713) 934-8525

102 Lilypons Way
P.O. Box 1130
Thermal, CA 92274

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

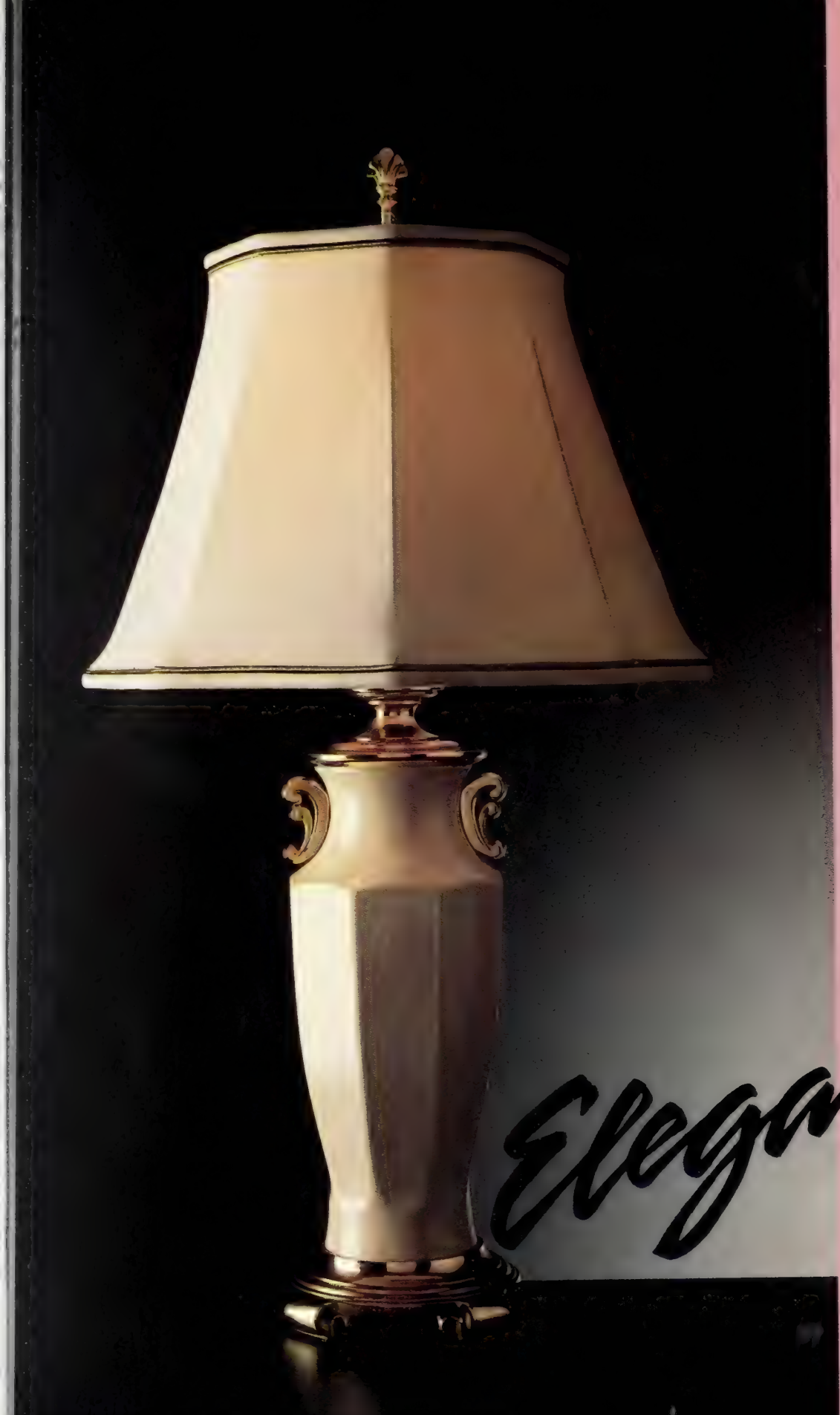
GARDEN PLEASURES

The perimeter of his outer garden is no more than a hundred paces, but pleasant vistas of mountains and monasteries balance the garden's serried topography. Its meandering pathways have one Brobdingnagian feature: an imposing monolith that caps the miniature mountain where the Master of Illusion is buried. Some liken its shape to the map of Taiwan, others to the profile of Chang himself, who carved the stone with the characters representing "Plum Blossom Hill."

> The career of Chang Ta-ch'ien has no parallel in the West. The details of his life, gilded with myth, read like a picaresque adventure novel

Chang planted many plum blossom trees along the river. They are China's most revered ornamental flowering tree, and Chinese horticultural literature records over two hundred varieties of *Prunus mume*. Chang Ta-ch'ien knew them from his native Szechwan where they grew wild in the mountains and the Chengdu basin. Their five-petaled blossoms bloom briefly, late in winter. A favorite motif for Chinese poets and painters since the tenth century, their life cycle symbolizes purity, feminine beauty, solitude, and endurance. Chinese scholars and artists made their first blooms the occasion for literati gatherings commemorated in poems and paintings.

In the winter of 1983, a few months before his death, Chang posed by his future resting place for a series of plum blossom photographs. On one photo of himself, he inscribed: "This old one is carried away by his contentment. His foolish look is indeed laughable." And it is in this playful spirit that Chang Ta-ch'ien, a man of many faces and names and signatures, smiles at us from his burial site in his Abode of Illusion. □





A lamp of exquisite sophistication. A tasteful lamp. Utterly beautiful. Quietly splendid. A lamp to enrich your spirit while it brightens your life. It's a Stiffel, of course.

Elegant

Stiffel®

Take a closer look.

Stiffel Showrooms: Dallas, High Point, New York

© 1987, The Stiffel Company

Surprisingly, Pe







The past illuminates your life. Though you live very much in the present, you draw on the past to create a highly civilized home, where even the simplest hospitality has grace and meaning. You chose Pennsylvania House *18th Century Cherry* for its effortless balance between past and present. For carvings intricate and perfect as gemstones. Classic sofas and chairs, their satisfying comfort founded on construction details deep within. Their fabrics hand matched for uninterrupted flow. For you, it had to be Pennsylvania House, because you expect so much more from your world.

Traditional.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

It's what you've wanted all along.

nsylvania House



From the Pacific Homestead and Upholstery Collections





For you, life is horizons. Challenge, in the open sea or the open market. Your home is a harbor, a place to rest and plan new ventures. The Pennsylvania House *Pacific Homestead* collection, with its strong simplicity and solid oak construction, speaks directly to your independence and your need for freedom. And the Pennsylvania House armchairs and sofas are the very essence of "welcome home."

Pennsylvania House. The past? Authentically. The present? Emphatically. Both? Surprisingly. For you, a breadth of options no other maker of fine furniture can provide. Only at your Pennsylvania House Gallery.

Additional.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

It's what you've wanted all along.



Save now on these and other popular collections during our biggest sale of the year. Watch for this circular from your participating Pennsylvania House dealer. For the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-782-9663. In PA 1-800-782-2273



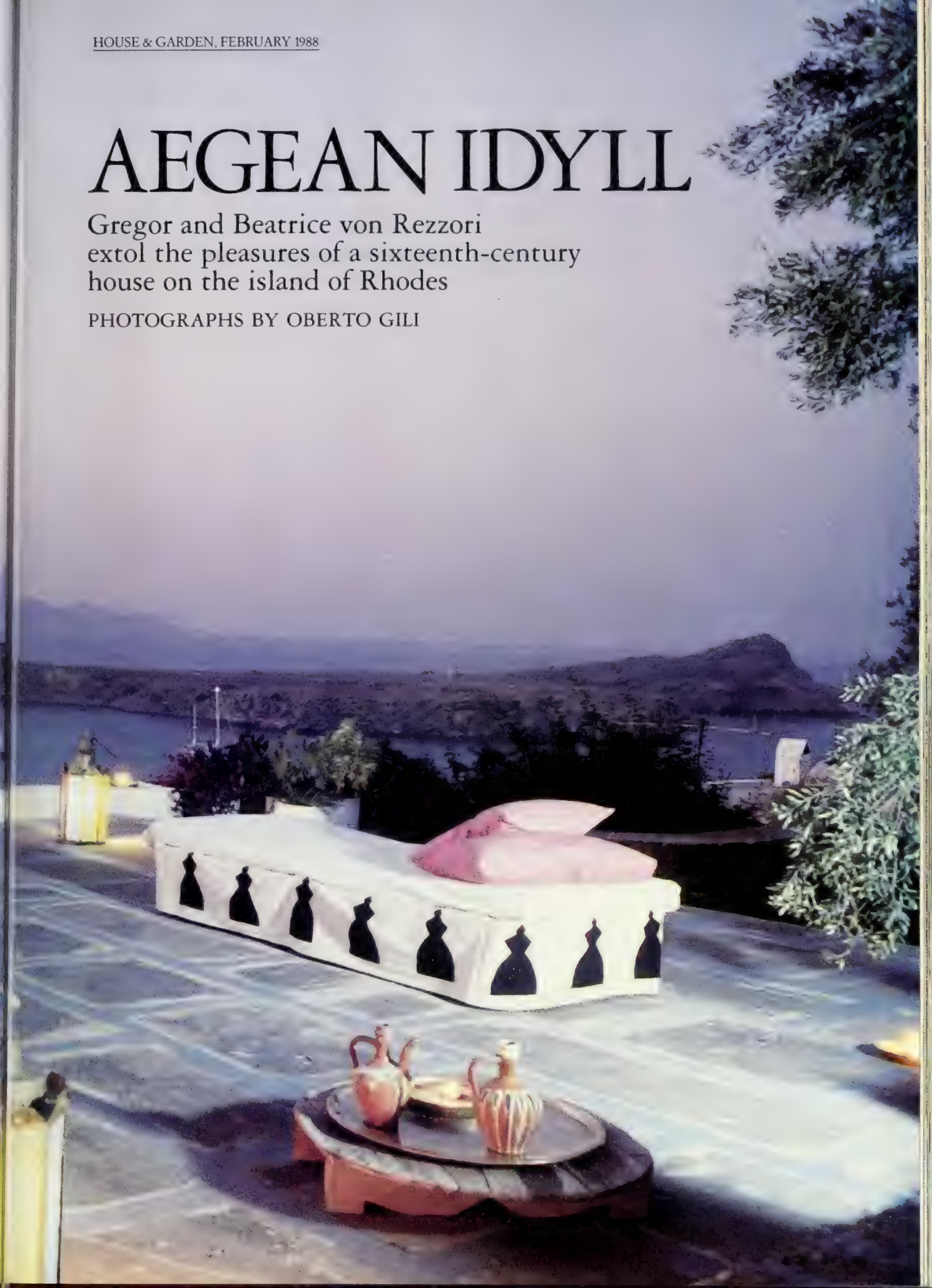
The bay of Lindos and the coastline of the island fade in the dusky light from the terrace of the Rezzori house. Oriental lamps are used everywhere, and heavy white canvas slipcovers made in Morocco cover the chaises. The terrace is used as an open-air living room.

HOUSE & GARDEN, FEBRUARY 1988

AEGEAN IDYLL

Gregor and Beatrice von Rezzori extol the pleasures of a sixteenth-century house on the island of Rhodes

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



When I first met B., I wasn't quite sure that I would not have to be jealous about another woman in her life. She spoke of *her* with alarming passion. *She* lived in Greece, on the island of Rhodes, in a village renowned for its beauty named Lindos. There was a cluster of whitewashed and pinkish gray cubic houses among small groves of olive, orange, and cypress trees at the foot of a hill on which the Knights of Rhodes had built a mighty castle enclosing the temples and stoas of the Hellenistic Acropolis, and some columns were still erect, golden against the immaculate blue sky. Add to this the busy trottings of donkeys, cascades of bougainvillea over flights of steps, and the azure of the Aegean Sea, and you have the full picture. In all this *she* was the most beautiful thing, and B., who at that time had an art gallery in Milan, resented every moment she could not be there and impatiently waited for summer when she could go to Lindos and spend some blissful months with *her*.

I am not the only one to be delighted by B.'s English. Bruce Chatwin collects her most bizarre and overwhelmingly expressive phrases. But then I had known B. for only a short while, and it took me some time before I found out that *she* was not a woman but a house. Nevertheless, it was a love story, and a dramatic one. Here's how B. tells it.

B: The first time I saw her, she was not at her best. It was a rainy day, misty and windy, and she was in shreds; obviously showers that were flagellating her from every direction penetrated her wounds and were bothering her a great deal. But she had not lost her beauty nor her dignity. She was standing all by herself, emerging from a heap of rubble, isolated from the village which at that time was more or less composed of a few houses scattered among the ruins. She was special, separated from the rest by an olive grove that climbed up the hill to the Acropolis.

I climbed up alone to the Acropolis on top of the hill. The heavy door to the castle was shut but suddenly there appeared from nowhere an ugly little man with a big head shaped like a cucumber. He introduced himself very politely: "I am Vassilanko, at your service." Later I was told that he was a sort of simpleton and had strange tastes: he liked animals a little bit too much, especially donkeys. When I told him that my first wish was to have the door to the castle opened, he promptly produced a huge key and unlocked the door. We climbed many steep steps to reach the temple, and it was from there that I first spotted the house. I immediately knew I had to see it, but it was surrounded by a high dilapidated wall. Vassilanko disappeared and re-

I cannot count the hours spent in bazaars and flea markets looking out for little surprises for this house



Gregor and Beatrice von Rezzori, *above*. *Opposite:* The main sala—a double-cube room used as a living room—is typical of Lindos, with platforms for sleeping and a floor made of pebbles from the local river. Overhead lamp is Syrian, A.D. 900.



turned a few minutes later balancing a ladder three times his size on his shoulder.

Once over the wall, I faced a ruin that was a combination of a small knight's castle and a Turkish konak with a spectacular view of the bay of Lindos. The courtyard was paved with multicolored pebbles in intriguing cabalistic designs, and every door, window, and staircase was covered in Byzantine-like carvings of flowers, birds, chains. The roofs were open to the sky. Shrubs were growing in the rooms, some of them completely filled with heaps of stones, wooden planks, chicken and goat droppings, but I was in love with the house and had no other desire than to start redoing it.

It was a few years later that I realized not only had I married B. but the house, too. Lindos had once been the most important harbor on the isle of Rhodes. From the time of the Knights onward, all through the Turkish rule till the beginning of this century when the Italians took the Dodecanese, Lindian sailing boats had kept up trade and traffic between the islands and along the Asian and North African coasts. But steamers and trucks had taken over; the decline was rapid. In prosperous times, though, from the end of the sixteenth century onward, rich Lindian shipowners and merchants had built themselves important houses—slightly influenced by Islamic architecture—in a medieval style. In contrast to the blindingly whitewashed houses that close up their high windowless walls to line the narrow streets of the village, these so-called captains' houses retained the slowly graying honey color of their limestone. When B. arrived in Lindos in 1959, most of these houses lay in ruins; the young people had left, and Lindos was an abandoned village, left to old people. B.'s love affair with the house was indeed the beginning of a new phase in the history of the island. Perhaps Lindos should divide its history into two periods: B.B. and A.B. The latter began like this.

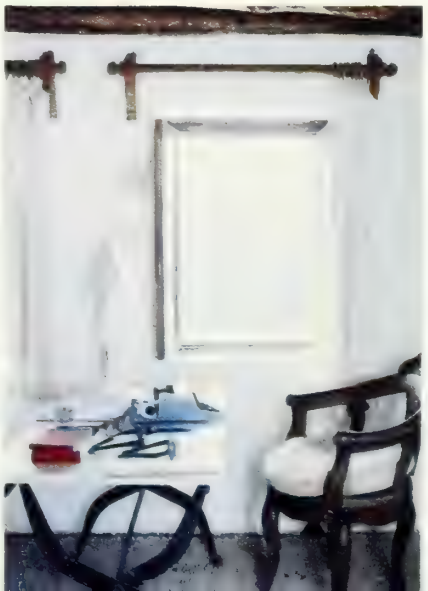
B: My new friend Vassilanko was very chatty. I learned that the owner of the house, a prosperous merchant in the town of Rhodes, had never had any interest in claiming his inheritance in such a remote place as Lindos. Why, he asked me, was I so curious about that heap of rubble? The house was much too far from the center of the village—only the bay was visible from the top of the tower. My insistence on finding the owner led us to the

By night I smuggled in two young restorers from the Brera Academy in Milan. They spent a month lying on their backs, perched on scaffolding



An Islamic map hangs over the desk in Beatrice's bedroom. *Left:* and a bride's belt from Morocco is by the door. *Center:* One of the guest rooms with raised platform beds. *Bottom:* Gregor von Rezzori's study was once the kitchen of the smaller house. Beatrice traded with the local barber an old rowboat for the antique barber's chair. The desk is made from the base of an Italian campaign bed found in the rubble.





Two views, *opposite,* of Beatrice von Rezzori's bedroom. A collection of Gujarat fans are over the bed, which has a fireplace at its foot. To the left of the bed a Moroccan tapestry hangs over a raised area for lounging—as Beatrice says, "Everyone is always lying down in this house."







When the architect saw my ruin, he was enchanted by the unexpected views from every room and her site on a prominent point between the village and the bay



local *papas* or priest. Unfortunately he was dying, and the small room in which he was about to expire was filled with wailing women. Vassilanko, totally unmoved by the situation, said he knew the priest was a distant relation of the Rhodian merchant and could he please tell us his name. The expiring priest stopped grasping the sheets and, with a surprisingly swift movement of his hand, extracted from his cavernous bed the stump of a pencil and wrote down the name I wanted.

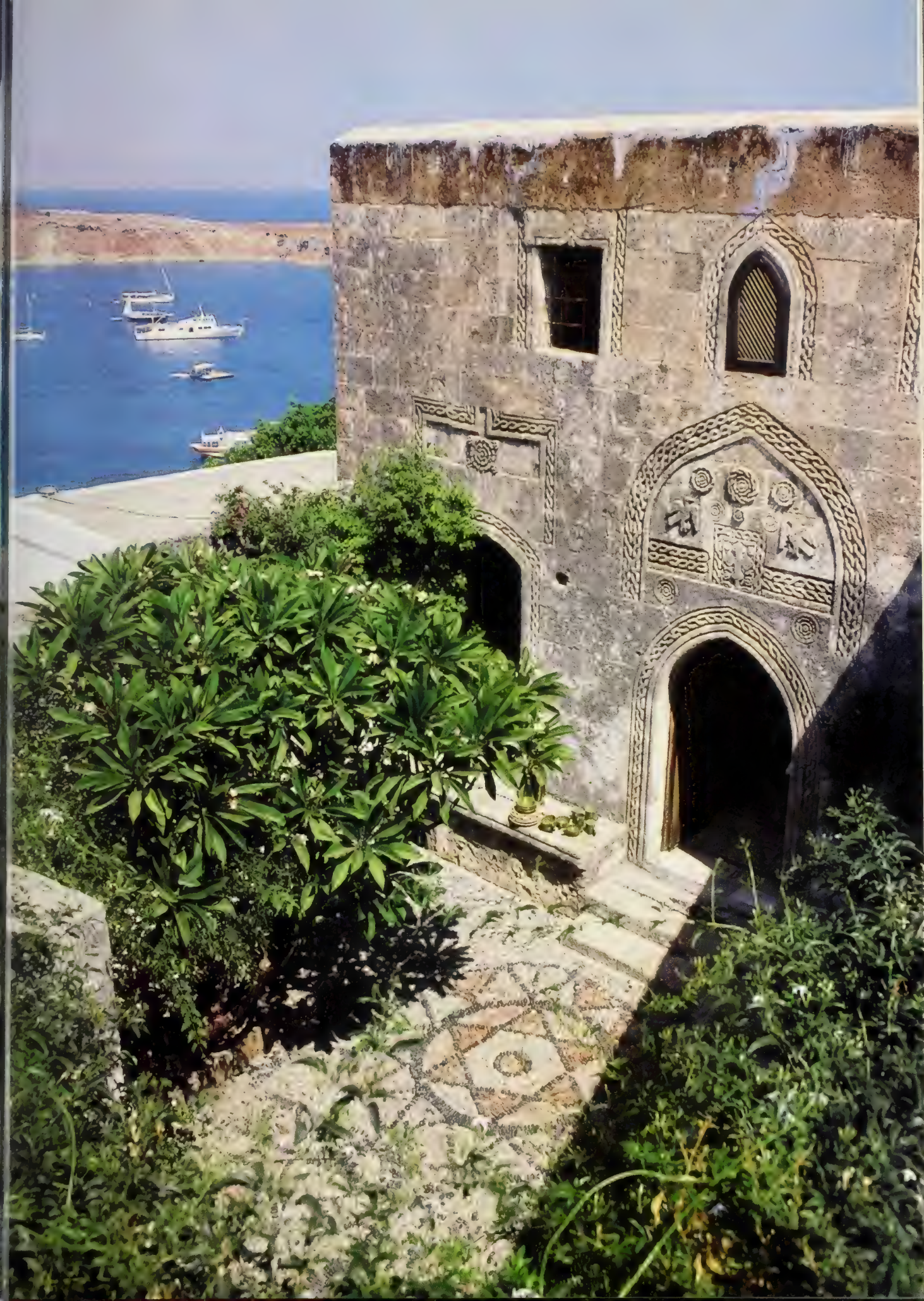
Six months later I was sleeping under *her* roof. The restoration, however, had not been exactly smooth. At that time I was very busy with my Galleria dell'Ariete in Milan, which took all my attention and resources. I had met a brilliant young architect, Niko Hagimichalis, a pupil of Le Corbusier. When he saw my ruin, he was enchanted by the graceful proportions, the unexpected views from every room and her site on a prominent point between the village and the bay. We decided what was needed was restoration to original splendor without any alteration or change.

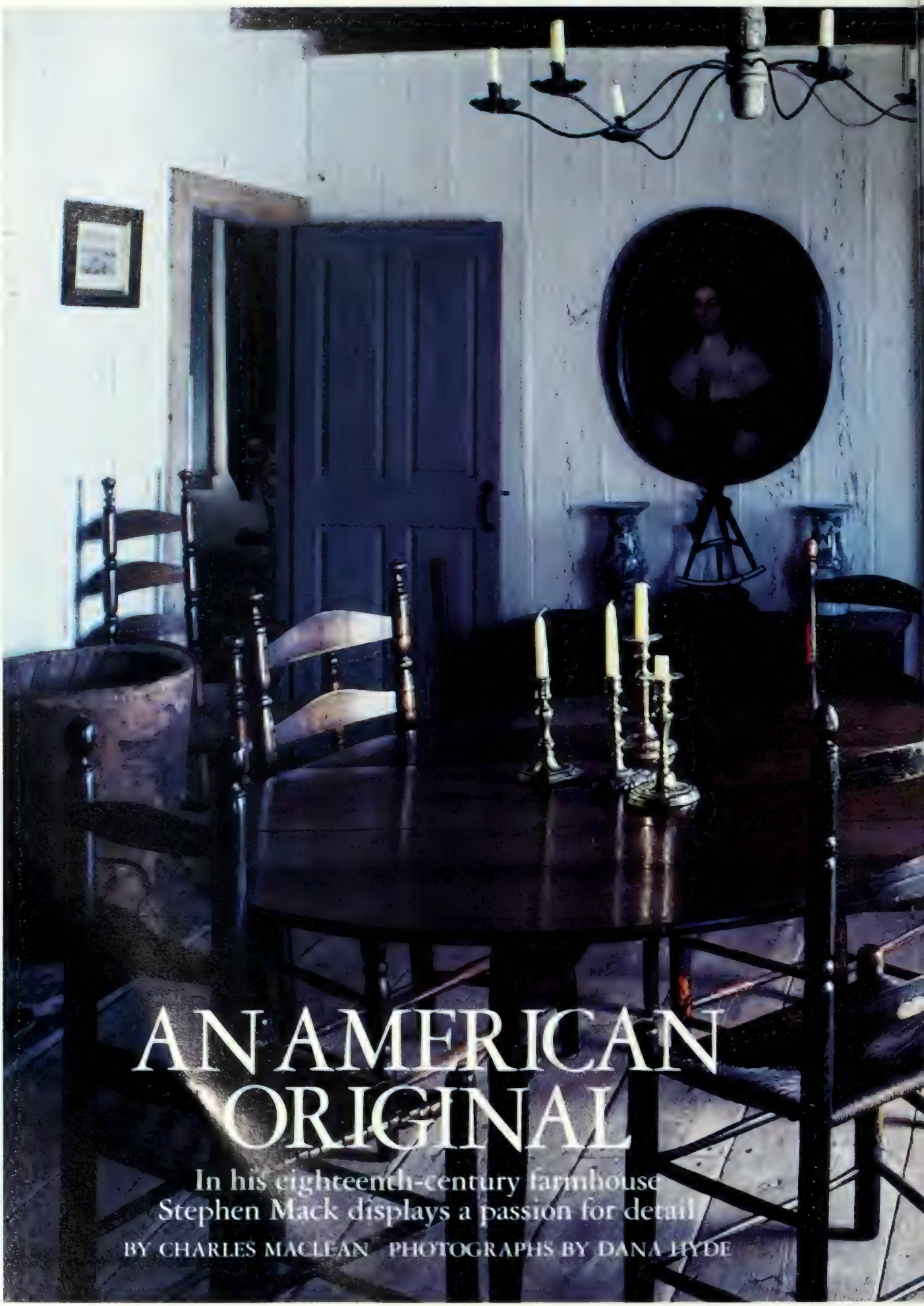
Finding a group of masons was not difficult, but every needed material except the stone had to come from the mainland. I also had to overcome the grave mistrust of the Archaeological Service. They considered my house a treasure to be preserved but not touched by an eccentric young woman who had come from God knows where. Now they were *(Text continued on page 186)*

A very private guest bedroom, *opposite* and *above*, which is traditionally called the captain's room because from there one could watch boats entering the harbor. It has six windows overlooking the bay of Lindos. The bed is Genovese Louis XVI.



The dining room has no roof except for the branches of a large fig tree. When Beatrice first arrived, it was a sapling. Pottery on table was made locally.
Opposite: The façade of the main sala has Byzantine symbols over the door and opens onto the courtyard.





AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

In his eighteenth-century farmhouse Stephen Mack displays a passion for detail

BY CHARLES MACLEAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANA HYDE



The keeping room with Dutch door, 18th-century table, and ladder-back chairs.

Years from now archaeologists excavating the site of Chase Hill Farm are liable to turn up the remains of an eighteenth-century village that research into local history, maps of the period, and parish records will show never existed. Only one dwelling stood on Chase Hill in colonial times, much as it stands there today, an unassuming Rhode Island farmhouse set among fifty wooded acres a mile from Ashaway on the Connecticut line.

It was restored by its present owner, Stephen Mack, from what he describes as an "absolute rotting hulk of a house" that had been abandoned long enough for a family of wildcats to have made its home in the kitchen. After reclaiming the house and living there eleven years, he knows most of its secrets. Not that Chase Hill is haunted. It has charm and warmth enough to exorcise any ghosts, even those inadvertently transported there in the stones and timbers of a village that never was.

Stephen Mack collects buildings. Apart from his own house and the old barns he uses as office, workshop, and storehouses, I counted at least twenty hidden about the precincts of Chase Hill—disassembled houses of the eighteenth century which he has brought together from all over New England.

In contrast to the bucolic surroundings of the main house, a rust red center-chimney Cape Cod, the fields where the "village" lies present a strange landscape. Piles of building materials wrapped in shiny black tarpaulins give one the impression of wandering through a Dadaist sculpture park.



"We have parts of houses stashed everywhere," Mack divulges, opening up a shed full of old doors. He lifts a tarp so that I can admire some massive pine anchor beams. He knows the provenance of every piece, even without referring to an exhaustive filing system.

Staircases rise among the apple trees like erratic outcrops of glistening basalt. In a corner of one field a graveyard of building blocks has been carefully laid out and blueprinted, each stone numbered in white oil

Stephen Mack, *opposite,* with his 1937 Packard convertible. *Below:* A ship's billet head is next to the mantel in the east parlor, which has a collection of telescopes and nautical objects and paintings. *Above:* Mack's house is painted a colonial red.









In the west parlor a Charles X chair keeps company with an 18th-century bannister-back armchair. A display table, used as a desk, holds a collection of nautical handiwork and antiques, and on the shelves are albums of the 18th-century houses Mack has disassembled and moved.



Stephen Mack, *above,* off the shore of Rhode Island in his old Cape Cod sharpie, which he uses for oystering and clamming. *Below:* An early-19th-century rope bed and quilt in the guest room.

paint on its underside. Chimney stacks are piled together; lintels, flags, and doorsteps lie in grass kept short by a herd of sheep that boards at the farm every summer.

Often asked what exactly it is that he does, Mack is reluctant to use labels like preservationist or architectural design consultant because they only tell part of the story. After salvaging Chase Hill, which gave him the idea of turning an agreeable way of life and work he enjoys into a business, he heard about a house in a neighboring village which was going to be bulldozed.

"It happened to be a beautiful little eighteenth-century half-house. So I took it down myself, and since I didn't have need of it, I sold it. That's really how it began. I decided to acquire Colonial houses that were going to be torn down anyway—to make room for a supermarket or parking lot—carefully disassemble them, sell them to someone, then put them back up elsewhere with the same meticulous attention to detail as Chase Hill."

Among several projects he's working on—Mack only considers American eighteenth-century houses to be worthy of the kind of effort he puts into his restoration work—one involves moving a building from Connecticut to Ohio. Inevitably a transplanted house will lose its historical association with a particular locale, but Mack believes that the success of the move depends on the integrity and sensitivity with which the restoration is done.

"A common restoration can be absolutely disastrous. You might as well have a modern reproduction. What interests me is keeping the fingerprint of a house, the charm and character of it intact, while at the same time making *(Text continued on page 174)*





In the kitchen a collection of lusterware cups and saucers, Leeds plates, 18th-century rummers, and handblown glasses are to the right of an 18th-century carved granite sink. The counter is chestnut with an inlaid tiger-maple cutting board.

L'AIR DUCHAMP

Teeny Duchamp keeps alive the spirit of modern art's master magician

BY BERTRAND LORQUIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERGE BAILHACHE



At the bend in a winding road that runs through vast fields of wheat and the hills on the edge of the Île-de-France, one suddenly catches sight of a small hamlet tucked in the valley hollow, huddled as if for warmth around its church. At the entrance to the village is an old farmhouse that behind its closed doors hides one of the richest collections of memorabilia and objects from the history of modern art. It is here that in 1971 Madame Marcel Duchamp decided to gather together mementos of her past.

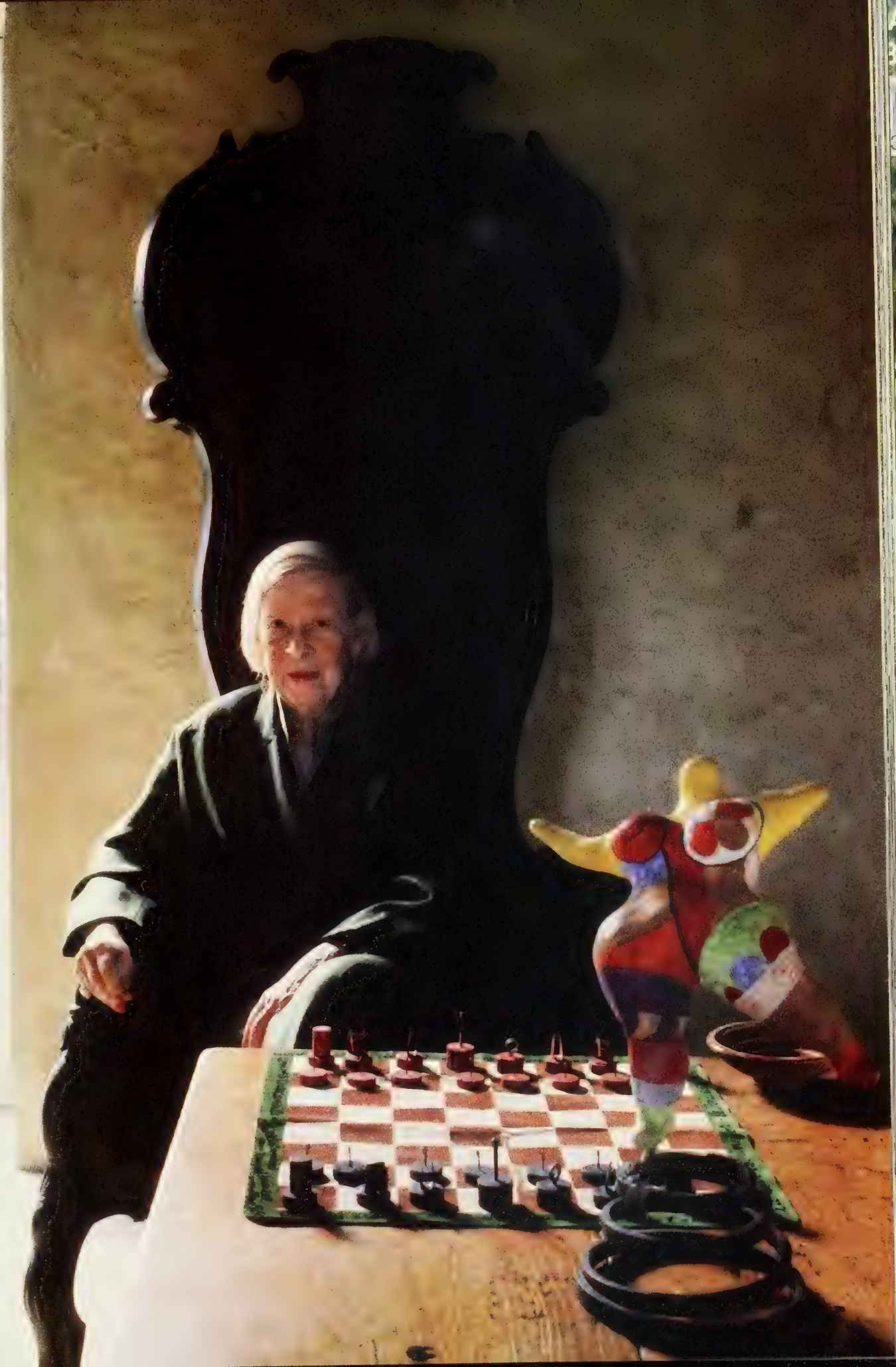
Alexina Sattler, whom everyone knows as Teeny, first married the son of the painter Henri Matisse and then, in 1954, Marcel Duchamp. They lived in New York then, in Max Ernst's old apartment on 58th Street. It was only after Marcel's death that she found the farm during a weekend with her daughter, Jackie Monnier.

Ever since she was a child Madame Duchamp has preferred to live outside cities, and her life has alternated between the world of art and the silence of the countryside. She confides, however, that Duchamp did not like country life at all.

Having had an intimate connection with two of the greatest artists of the twentieth century, Teeny has a house full of objects that refer to these men. Entering the grand salon through the farm's inner courtyard, one sees several paintings on the walls: a view of Collioure by Matisse, a large canvas by Wifredo Lam, and the drawing of a portrait of chess players by Duchamp.

In fact, the presence of Duchamp, who died in 1968, can be felt everywhere. Several of his youthful ready-mades—which changed forever the meaning of contemporary art—are

Teeny Duchamp, *opposite,* in a chair that belonged to Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning with chess set by Alexander Calder and sculpture by Niki de Saint Phalle. *This page:* Portrait of Marcel Duchamp by Gromaire.





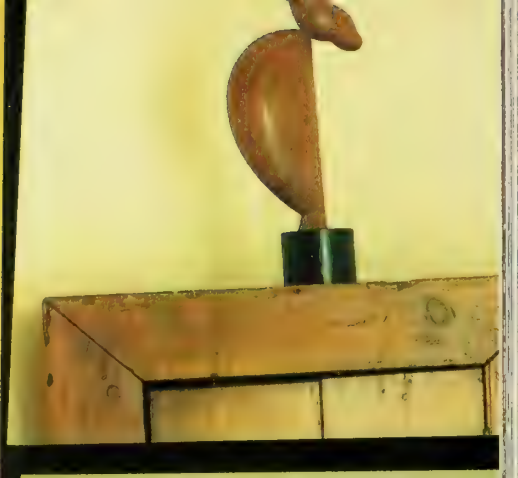


In the grand salon, *The Bicycle Wheel,* one of Duchamp's earliest readymades, c. 1913, stands between a chair that once belonged to Max Ernst and a Mexican funerary statuette in the shape of a dog. *Moon Debris,* the kite-tail sculpture at left, is by Jackie Monnier, Teeny Duchamp's daughter. At right is Matisse's *The View of Collioure;* behind the sofa, a study for Duchamp's *The Large Glass.*

A youthful drawing by Marcel Duchamp on which he wrote, "This drawing is never to leave the hands of the Duchamp family," with *Times Sickness,* 1968, by Baruchello and a sponge piece by Yves Klein.

The 1921 readymade *Why Not Sneeze, Rrose Sélavy?, above,* with Man Ray's *Metronome* and a "thumb snail" by Claude Lalanne. *Below:* The 1916 readymade *À Bruit secret* holds at its center an object known only to Teeny Duchamp.







Photograph, *above,* of *Étants donnés,* Duchamp's final major work, and a portrait of the artist by Man Ray. *This photo:* A 19th-century American mirror and another portrait by Man Ray. *Below:* Gouache by Dubuffet and a sculpture of Joan of Arc by Arman.



Brancusi's *Sophisticated Lady, top,* in the grand salon. *Above:* Collection of wishbones over doorway and a replica of the 1917 readymade *Fountain*. *This photo:* Trompe l'oeil wall painting by Duchamp is in attic.





about, pointing up the contrast between the most conceptual of twentieth-century artists and the quiet charm of a country house.

On an étagère in the sitting room is one of Duchamp's very first drawings. He must have been all of six years old but, even so, insisted in his own handwriting that this drawing was never to leave the hands of the Duchamp family. At the far end of the room a canvas of Fauve inspiration evokes the entire pictorial context of the early years of this century when Duchamp, following in the footsteps of his two brothers, the painter Jacques Villon and the sculptor Raymond Duchamp-Villon, tried his hand at painting before a definitive break with artistic tradition.

In the center of the room one recognizes *The Nine Malic Molds,* a study for *The Large Glass* in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. It took eight years of unrelenting effort and calculations as precise as those of Leonardo da Vinci when inventing his extraordinary machines. *The Large Glass* inflamed the imaginations of all its admirers—writers like Octavio Paz, art historians, and poets like André Breton. As so often in Duchamp's work, it possesses a mystery in the face of which Teeny poses questions but gives no answers.

Farther on, *A Bruit secret,* the readymade consisting of a ball of string holds in its center an object known only to Teeny. It is placed between Man Ray's *Metronome* and *Apolinère Enameled,* which Duchamp intended as a parody of the poet Guillaume Apollinaire. A chair found by Max Ernst and brought from New York by Teeny is set amid stools sculpted by Brancusi. These simple pieces of furniture epitomize the adventure and inspiration of modern art, the rediscovery of ancient cultures and primitive art which inspired the purest forms at the beginning of the century.

Duchamp created an entire oeuvre based on satire. What he wanted to say was too serious to be understood by a public that did not take the true measure of the devastating aspect of his work, which its author offered with a mis- *(Text continued on page 186)*



In the Hippo Guest Room, François Xavier Lalanne's hippopotamus sculpture contains a bathtub in its body and a washbasin in its head. Chess set belonged to Jacques Villon.

KLOSTERS COMFORT

In the Swiss Alps, the search for the perfect chalet

BY J. FAIRCHILD

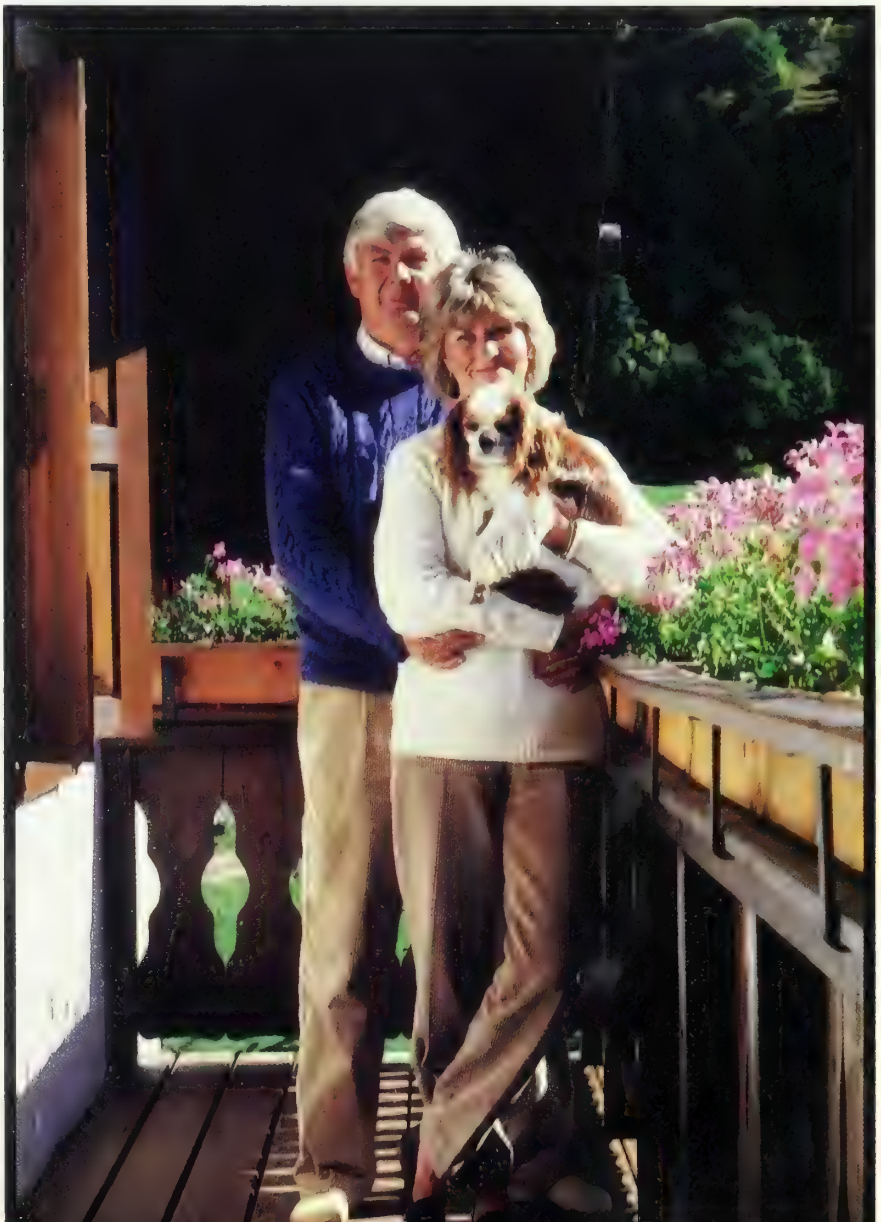


The view from the master bedroom, *above*, with pine-covered mountains beyond. *Opposite:* John and Jill Fairchild and their King Charles, Roderick, on the balcony outside their bedroom.

Finding a chalet. Impossible. Try. Our friend Andreas Rüedi, one of the fine local architects, has some land way up above Klosters. Why not build that dream house in the Alps? Up we go, winding around the narrow road. One skid and over the precipice—just look ahead as Andreas steps on the pedal of his beige Porsche. We stop and start the climb upward—on foot. What a view, but think of tramping through the snowdrifts with suitcases. Andreas assures us the village does perfect plowing—which turns out to be true. But the land is on an incline so steep you might slide down to the road, even in the summer through fields of wildflowers.

"No, Andreas, I don't think so." And we are off down the mountain at full speed. "Stop. Right here. See over there peeking out from the pine forest that little white chalet with the tall flagpole flying the Swiss flag. That's the house. That's it." Andreas says, "Forget it. It's not for sale and probably never will be." So we have a glass of Dézaley at the Hotel Chesa knowing soon we will be back in New York with only the dream of Klosters and that little white chalet dancing in our heads. Six weeks later Andreas telephones. A good Swiss, he doesn't make a long-distance call unless it is important. "Your chalet is for sale. What do you want me to do?" It didn't take a second. "Buy it," I answer. I didn't ask the price. I didn't ask about the condition. I didn't even ask how to get up there. I simply said, "What is the name of the chalet?" "Chalet Bianchina," Andreas answered. What a beautiful name.

The first time we saw Chalet Bianchina up close we were not disappointed—not a bit. The



The first time we saw Chalet Bianchina up close we were not disappointed—not a bit. The exterior was perfect. Inside was a different story. Gut we must



exterior of the chalet was perfect, the garden just what we wanted. We already saw the 'Papa Meilland' roses blooming and window boxes filled with red geraniums. Inside was a different story—a horror. Gut we must. Andreas whipped out a pad and pencil. In a few minutes he and Jill redesigned the first floor. One big living room with an open library at one end and an open place to dine looking out at the two-hundred-year-old barns next to us. Upstairs, there were more problems. Andreas sketched away. Two small bedrooms—just enough for comfy double beds, with a chair and possibly a desk in one and a bookcase in the other. That was it. Then we decided we wanted nice comfortable bathrooms, not like the small bathrooms back in our New York apartment. They would be made all in wood, that wonderful Klosters pine which sends off its own sweet perfume. Even the bathtubs would be covered in wood.

The master bedroom? We envisioned a large French door out onto a new balcony—and the view of the mountains. We were lying on the floor propped up against the wall imagining the way our bedroom would be. Andreas put his sketch pad down. "The ceiling in all the rooms should be of wood," he told us. "Yours should also be curved like a boat." In two hours he and Jill had transformed Chalet Bianchina into what we felt was our perfect chalet. How lucky can we be?—I thought as we left, making that treacherous turn from the little grass road onto the narrow cow path with formidable old stone walls. In the winter, to get out of Chalet Bianchina, first you hug close to the barn, then you stop, turn right slowly onto the cow path just enough to turn but not too close so you hit the wall, and, taking your foot off the brakes, you go down the dirt road to arrive at the main road for the steep descent down to the village. With four-wheel drive and a little bit of luck you can make it. We have not yet met a cow on her path.

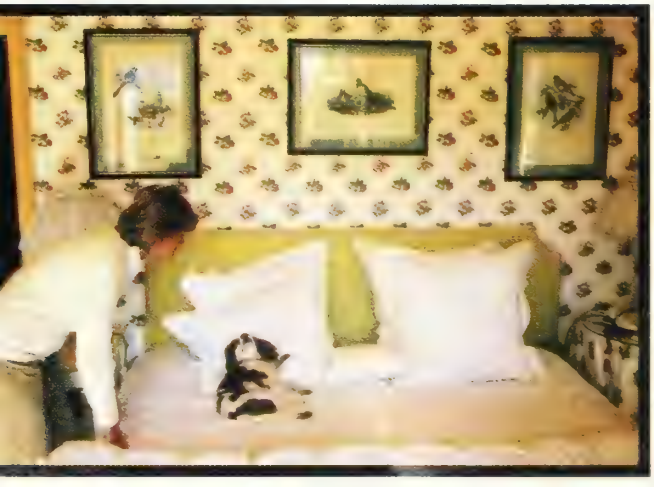
The facelift of thirty-year-old Chalet Bianchina didn't take long. Andreas works with sketches, then he calls in his workers—or rather his craftsmen, all from Klosters—and they go to work. There is Andreas himself standing up in front of the hole that will soon be a fireplace. He slaps the plaster on with his hand as he shapes the chimney. "You see it must look just like a pregnant woman—gentle and tender in form." The chimney is finished on the spot, and soon the ironmonger is there hammering in the iron band around the bottom of our pregnant fireplace.

Every newer Swiss chalet has a bomb shelter in the basement with a heavy bulkhead door, which might be better on a submarine. What do you do with *(Text continued on page 186)*



In the living room, *above,* a sofa and armchair are covered in red wool rep from Colefax & Fowler; a Karabagh kilim is by the hearth. *Opposite:* John Fairchild in the living room.



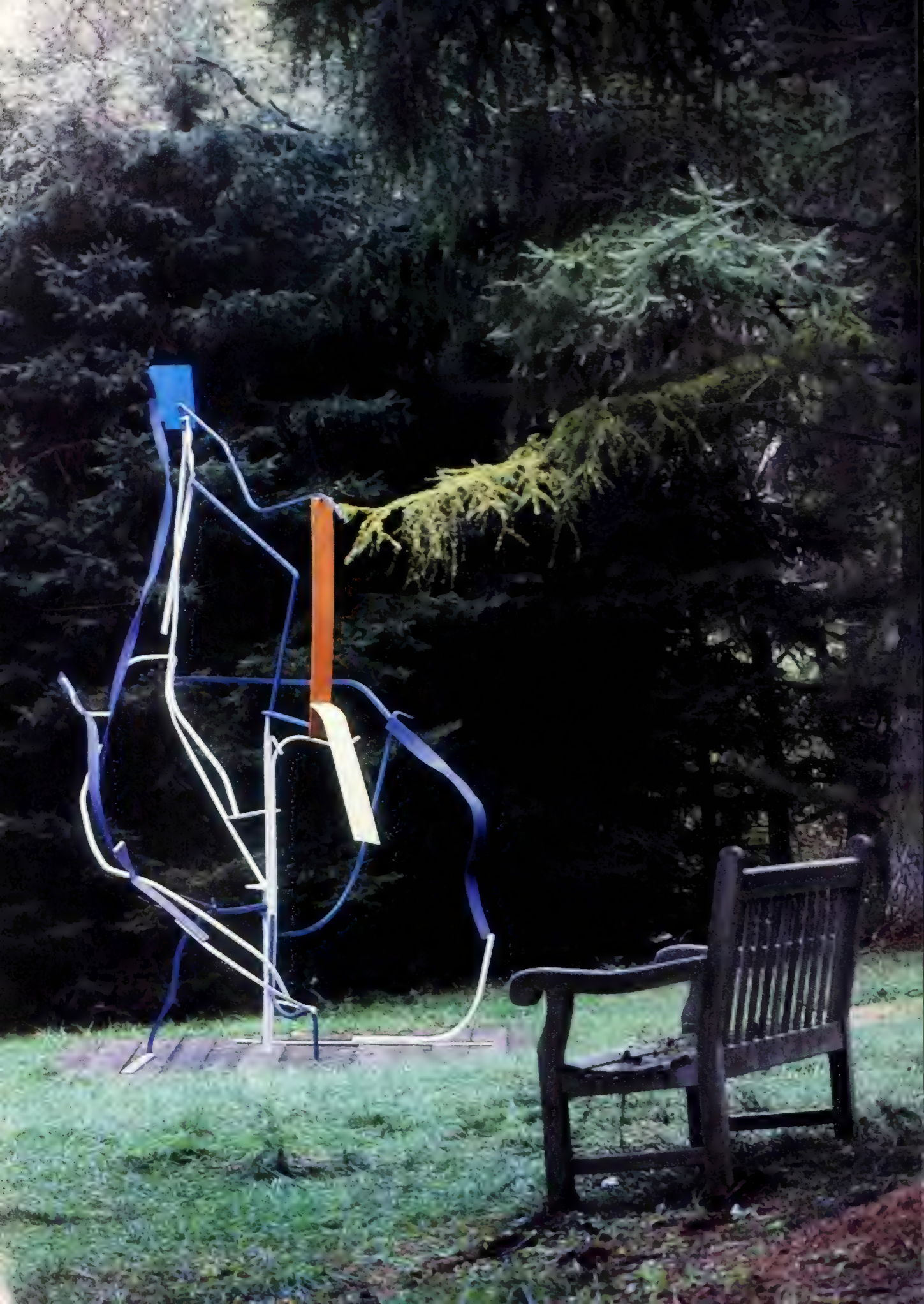




Looking from living room to entrance hall, *top*. *Above:* Jill Fairchild in master bedroom; walls are covered with Colefax & Fowler's Caroline chintz. *Right:* Breakfast on fruitwood dining table, c. 1830. *Opposite:* Library area of living room with Regency oak writing table and chair of bird's-eye maple.



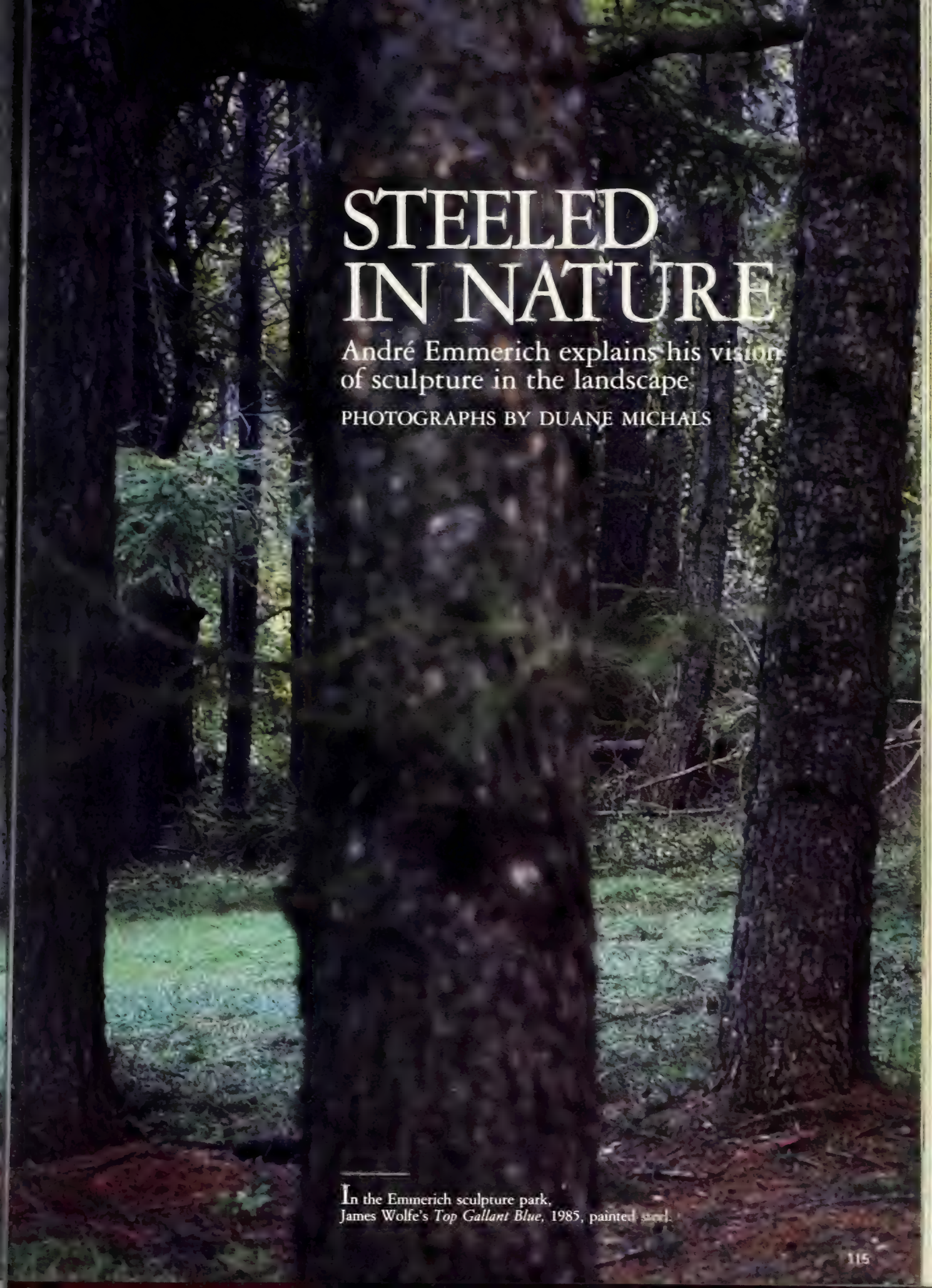
In a few minutes we redesigned the first floor.
One big living room with an open library at one end and an open place
to dine looking out at the two-hundred-year-old barns



STEELED IN NATURE

André Emmerich explains his vision of sculpture in the landscape.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE MICHALS



In the Emmerich sculpture park, James Wolfe's *Top Gallant Blue*, 1985, painted steel.



Top Gallant Farm is blessed in having a variety of settings for sculpture—fields, intimate groves, dense curtains of dark green

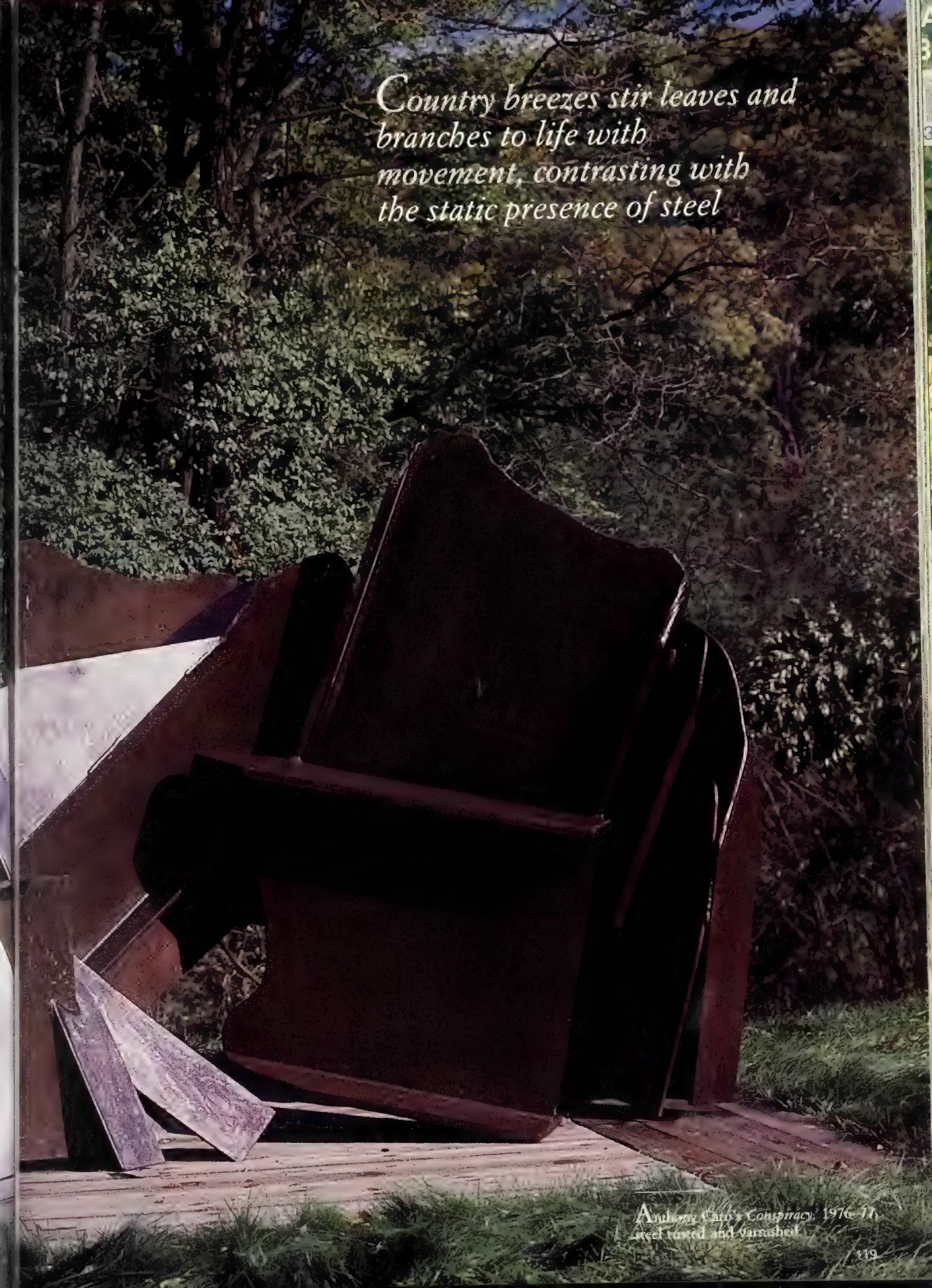
When I bought it four years ago, Top Gallant Farm was an abandoned Quaker dairy farm of some 130 acres on land that had been cleared in the 1790s. Some of the rolling pastures were overgrown with quick-growing secondary forest, but most of the fields remained open. With the passage of time the old fence lines between fields had grown into tree lines, so that large areas of the farm were divided into a series of outdoor rooms. The land presented some grand vistas, but the many enclosed settings are what made the old farm such an immediately appealing setting for a sculpture park.

Establishing such a place fulfilled an old dream. In an article I wrote twenty years ago in *Art in America*, I outlined the basic premise: the lifetime production of a painter can usually be stored in one or two warehouse bins, but a sin-

Beverly Pepper's *Triangolo*, 1967, stainless steel, *right*. *Above:* André Emmerich at Top Gallant Farm.







Country breezes stir leaves and branches to life with movement, contrasting with the static presence of steel

Anthony Caro's *Conspiracy*, 1976–77, steel rusted and varnished

gle major sculpture can eat up that amount of space by itself; the price of leaving a car in a parking lot for a day documents the economic impossibility of placing unsold sculpture in New York, even though the city is the world's leading art market; clearly what was needed was a place in the country near enough to allow a visit within half a day. As a city man born and bred I never entertained the thought that I myself might create such a sculpture park, but then I had the luck to find Top Gallant Farm in New York State. Adapting it as a setting for the work of sculptors I long admired has been a joyful challenge ever since.

In retrospect it is clear that I had no idea when I started how much there was to learn about siting outdoor sculpture or how much of that learning process was to be a matter of trial and error. The knowledge I had acquired during thirty years of working as an art dealer and installing exhibitions of sculpture proved to be of only limited usefulness.

Top Gallant Farm is blessed in having a variety of settings for sculpture. There are large open fields, some with steep drops that allow tall pieces to be outlined against the sky. There are intimate groves whose dense curtains of dark green are ideal backgrounds for light linear sculpture. Winding roads and paths allow one to come upon a given work or group of works with a sense of surprise and discovery.

There is nothing static about art in the outdoors. Unexpected aspects are constantly unveiled with the coming and going of clouds, hours, and seasons.

Ever-changing daylight is a far more complex phenomenon than carefully arranged and modulated lighting in a gallery or a museum. Bright sunny days give sculpture crisp, sharp outlines that on cloudy days blend into almost tender softness. Rain gives sculpture a wet, varnished look that emphasizes reflecting planes and surfaces. Windstorms push about and even topple seemingly solid man-made objects with great ease—and sometimes unexpectedly. (Text continued on page 172)



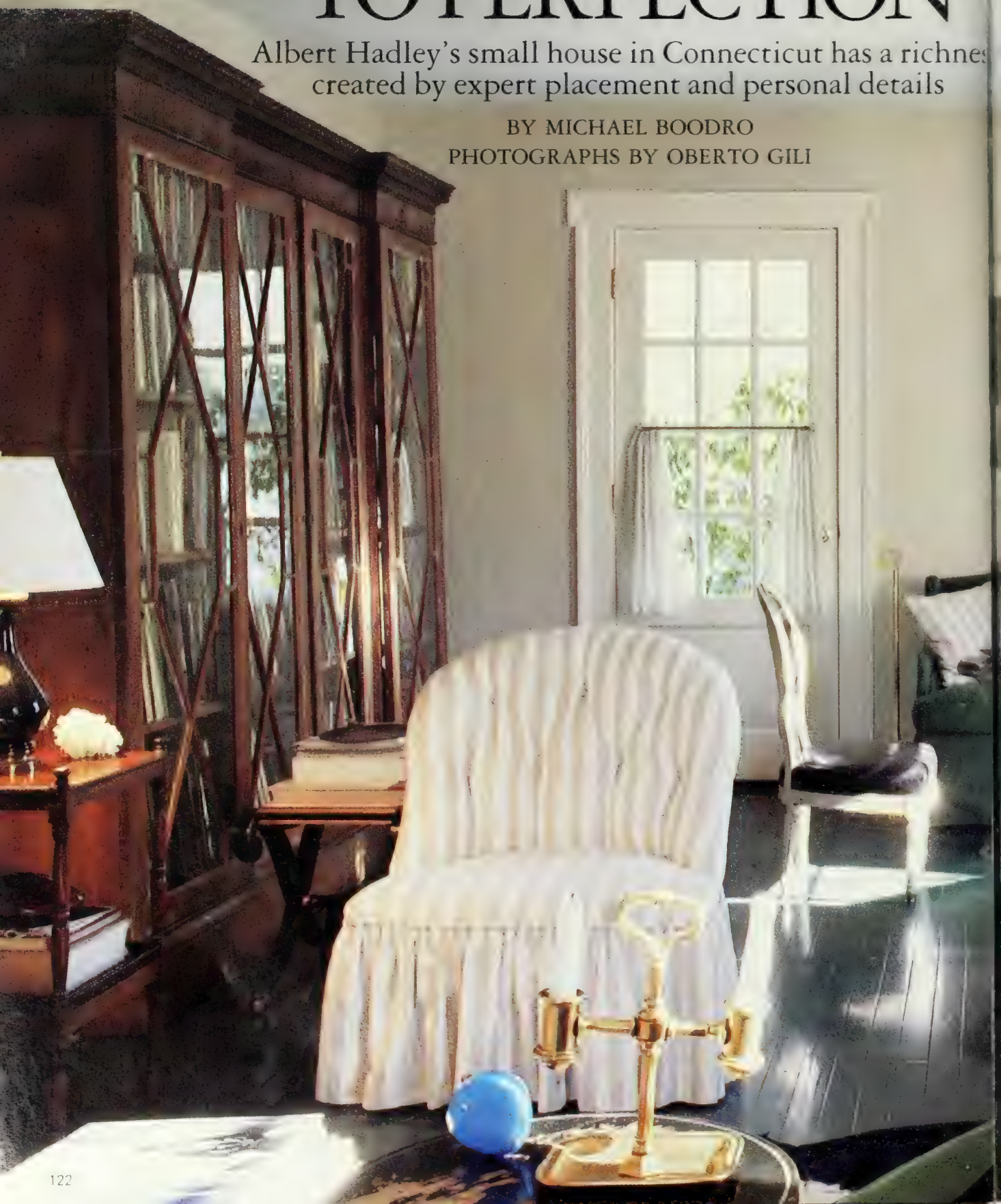
Alexander Liberman's *Trope II*. 1986. welded steel painted white.



SCALED TO PERFECTION

Albert Hadley's small house in Connecticut has a richnes created by expert placement and personal details

BY MICHAEL BOODRO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI





Almost all the furniture in the living room comes from Hadley's former country place in New York State. Over the Biedermeier chest at right is a mirror of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Bust is a copy of one in the Cluny Museum in Paris.



In a small village in Connecticut, literally steps from the railroad tracks, stands an unprepossessing house that has become the obsession and the joy of Albert Hadley, partner in that most distinguished of design firms, Parish-Hadley Associates. If it is somewhat disconcerting to think of this sophisticated master of American decoration spending his weekends in a town that might have inspired Thornton Wilder, it becomes easier to understand upon meeting Albert Hadley. He is quiet and self-effacing, with more than a slight trace of the Southern charm and accent he brought with him from Tennessee to New York. His manner and his impeccable eye have won over some of the wealthiest and most demanding of clients in that city.

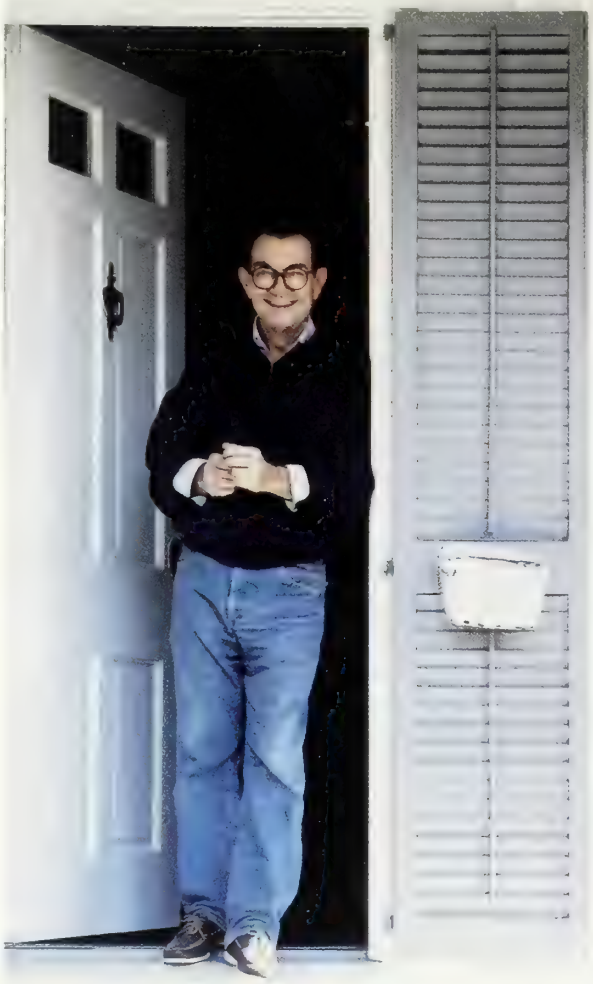
The way he made the move to this new house from the much larger farmhouse near Tarrytown, New York, which he had used as a country retreat for ten years, was direct yet surprising, almost serendipitous—indeed, not unlike the interiors he designs. "I found this house quite by accident. I had been toying with the idea of another location," he explains. He had grown tired of the isolation in Tarrytown, not to mention the "hopeless upkeep" of the large garden. He had even contemplated building a small house for himself. "I was out for a drive with my mother and sister in this area, and we turned the corner onto this street, which I have to admit is the ugliest one in town, and I immediately said, 'That's the house I want.'

"I flirted around with it," he continues, "looking at it, not knowing if it was for sale, not knowing if it was empty." He had friends investigate and discovered that indeed it was. He says happily, "It was waiting for me." Because of its small size and its proximity to the railroad tracks, however, he was wary and decided at first to rent the house for three months. Hadley learned that it is impossible to temper a fixation with a trial run. After one night in the house he decided to buy. That was in November of 1984, and after slight restorations he moved in the following June.

He wanted to retain as many familiar furnishings from his previous house as size and practicality would permit. Placing them was another matter. "I must have made a million sketches before I moved in, trying to decide where I would, in fact, put things—even though I had measured and knew where they would fit. But where I wanted them was something else. It really wasn't until I was there and started moving things around that it all began to come together."

The surprise was the degree to which his furniture adapted to the new environment. Even the circular table, which Hadley feared would overwhelm the dining room, feels comfortable in its smaller confines where it stands on the leopard-print carpet that has become one of Hadley's stylistic signatures. The loss of a pair of iron bookcases, which proved too tall, was mitigated by the discovery of a nineteenth-century English pine glassfront bookcase that perfectly fits the long wall in the living room.

What didn't work, he discovered, were the white walls that he had enjoyed so much in the larger Tarrytown house. "As I settled in, I realized that white walls made this house look poor and unfinished," he says. "I wouldn't have known that ahead of time—even if I had wanted to think about it." The living room now sports a coat of pale gray enamel, the dining room a warm chocolate brown. The hall is papered with a simple Parish-Hadley design. Each of the three bedrooms upstairs features a different paper, in-





Albert Hadley, at his front door, *above,* with 19th-century cast-iron dog. *Opposite:* Family pieces in the studio include a chaise and a lithograph of hunting dogs which once belonged to Hadley's grandfather in Tennessee and a needlepoint pillow made by his sister. Wooden candlestick is from Maine.



A subterranean room, formerly the kitchen, has been transformed into a studio where Hadley has his worktable and many gifts from friends. Framed batik by Alan Campbell over English chest of drawers was a house present; gourd on table is from Hadley's native Tennessee. In foreground, a feather ball sculpture by Armin Postler.



cluding pink and white stripes in the master bedroom.

The result is a house that seems immediately soothing, whose richness in small personal details never overwhelms. In cool weather there's the inviting living room with fireplace and comfortable slipper chairs, perfect for tea. For balmy days and torpid evenings there's a screened-in porch overlooking the yard that Hadley has transformed into a small semiformal garden with a raised bricked-in rectangle of green surrounded by holly trees and rhododendrons. The small bedrooms have just enough color and unusual objects—including a bedstead that Hadley had made from parts of an overly ornate mirror—to engage the eye without tiring it.

But the true glory of the house is a subterranean room, formerly the kitchen, that its owner terms the studio. One has to duck to enter, and there are only two high square windows for illumination; through one you can see grass and a thick tree trunk like an elephant's leg. But this room has a sense of scale and ease that makes one wish immediately to move in; it is the apotheosis of the basement "rec" room so beloved in the 1950s and '60s.

The studio, clearly the most-used room in the house, contains a large open fireplace, an upholstered chaise, and a set of French armchairs—a gift from his friend and colleague at Parsons, Van Day Truex—which were painted white and upholstered in brown leather ("actually leatherette," says Hadley softly, "but don't tell anyone"). Here Hadley has set up his worktable and surrounded himself with personal mementos. There is a colored lithograph of hunting dogs which once belonged to his grandfather in Tennessee. There are photos of Van Day Truex and Rose Cumming, watercolors and drawings by Mark Hampton and Alan Campbell and one that once belonged to Eleanor Brown, a needlework zebra rug, a pillow made by his sister, a table that he found on the street. Even the adjacent laundry room has style, with another armchair and a table spread with other small objects that "haven't found a proper home yet."

Throughout the house are unusual still lifes, small surprises, special treasures tucked away in unexpected places—drawings by friends, a beaded picture hung on the back of a door, a pair of dog sculptures lolling on the front porch. "There is a sort of continuity to the madness," Albert Hadley admits with a smile. "Each room has its own personality, and the things that go into that room are ones that amplify that theme, to a certain extent, without being stuffy about it," he adds, almost abashed at having verbalized even this much of his philosophy of decor. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*





There is always something fresh to look at in this small house. 1. In bathroom, watercolor of ghosts by David Whitcomb, bronze alligator, probably 19th century. 2. The laundry room has green painted floor; drawings on door are by Mark Hampton. 3. Studio table holds photograph of Hadley's friend and Parsons colleague Van Day Truex and a portrait of Rose Cumming by Wilbur Pippin. 4. In dining room, Chinese pears on a plate in front of a similar subject in watercolor, a gift from the William Paleys. 5. A 19th-century ebony chest inlaid with ivory; slippers on Louis XV–style stool.


Tide
ENERGYGUIDE







THE OTHER HAMPTONS

Mark and Duane Hampton's weekend life on Long Island

BY JAMES REGINATO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Duane Hampton, *above,* is framed in the doorway of her terrace where wicker furniture, a French park chair, and a copy of a Ming table made by Frederick Victoria are surrounded by pink geraniums. *Right:* A tall garden bench designed by Mark Hampton is at one end of the garden, backed by privet. Beds of roses and perennials are edged in box.



They met in Florence. At the American Express office. He was a boy from Indiana on his grand tour. She was a girl from Oregon who'd complained, cleverly, about the dreariness of Mount Holyoke College until her grandmother placated her with a trip to Italy.

Mark Hampton at the time thought he was going to be a lawyer, and indeed he entered law school at his parents' behest. But it was Duane who helped him decide, during their engagement, that his talents lay elsewhere. "Finally he said, 'So you *wouldn't* mind terribly if I quit law school and became a decorator?'" she recalls.

It was a fortunate decision for both and the start of a most successful and enduring partnership. For evidence one need only inspect the couple's Southampton house and garden, where during June, July, and August guests are almost as abundant as the delphiniums, geraniums, hydrangeas, peonies, and roses.

Five years ago, when they found a 1920s gardener's cottage situated toward the rear of what had once been a grand estate, it wasn't the American shingle summer cottage they wanted—"a place," Mark elaborates, "that would be comfortable in summer but one that would be equally inviting in winter."

Once they had added to the house, Duane, whom a close friend describes as a "committed shopper," set to work. Most of the furnishings were found during her early morning prowls through London's antiques markets.

Several years ago, while plundering Vienna, Duane and Louise Grunwald decided to make a business of their passion. They subsequently opened the MH Stockroom, which sells small antiques and decorative accessories, not unlike James Robinson.

In decorating the house, Mark explains, "we function as a team on most levels. I tend to like big architectural things while Duane likes more romantic designs—linens, porcelain, lace." "Every wonderful small touch you see is mine, and every grandiose gesture is his," Duane laughs. "And anything you don't like, we don't have to talk about."

Responsibility for the garden is, more or less, evenly shared, though Duane has dominion over the roses—the most plentiful flower—and, as Mark says, "every time a hole occurs I hop in the car and pick something up from the little gardening center." Originally laid out by landscape architect Bruce Kelly, the garden is focused around a pergola of Mark's design.

When guests stay, the guest bedroom is stocked with roses from the garden, chocolate-chip cookies from Kathleen's, and a clothes steamer. Needless to say, friends have run of the refrigerator and roomy kitchen



A set of blue and white Staffordshire ware is on the deep ivory-colored walls with trompe l'oeil molding. English and French blue glass, which Duane Hampton collects, is around the room. Hepplewhite-style chairs are covered in linen from Scalamandré. Roses are from the garden.

"Finally he said, So you wouldn't



ind terribly if I quit law school and became a decorator?" Duane recalls



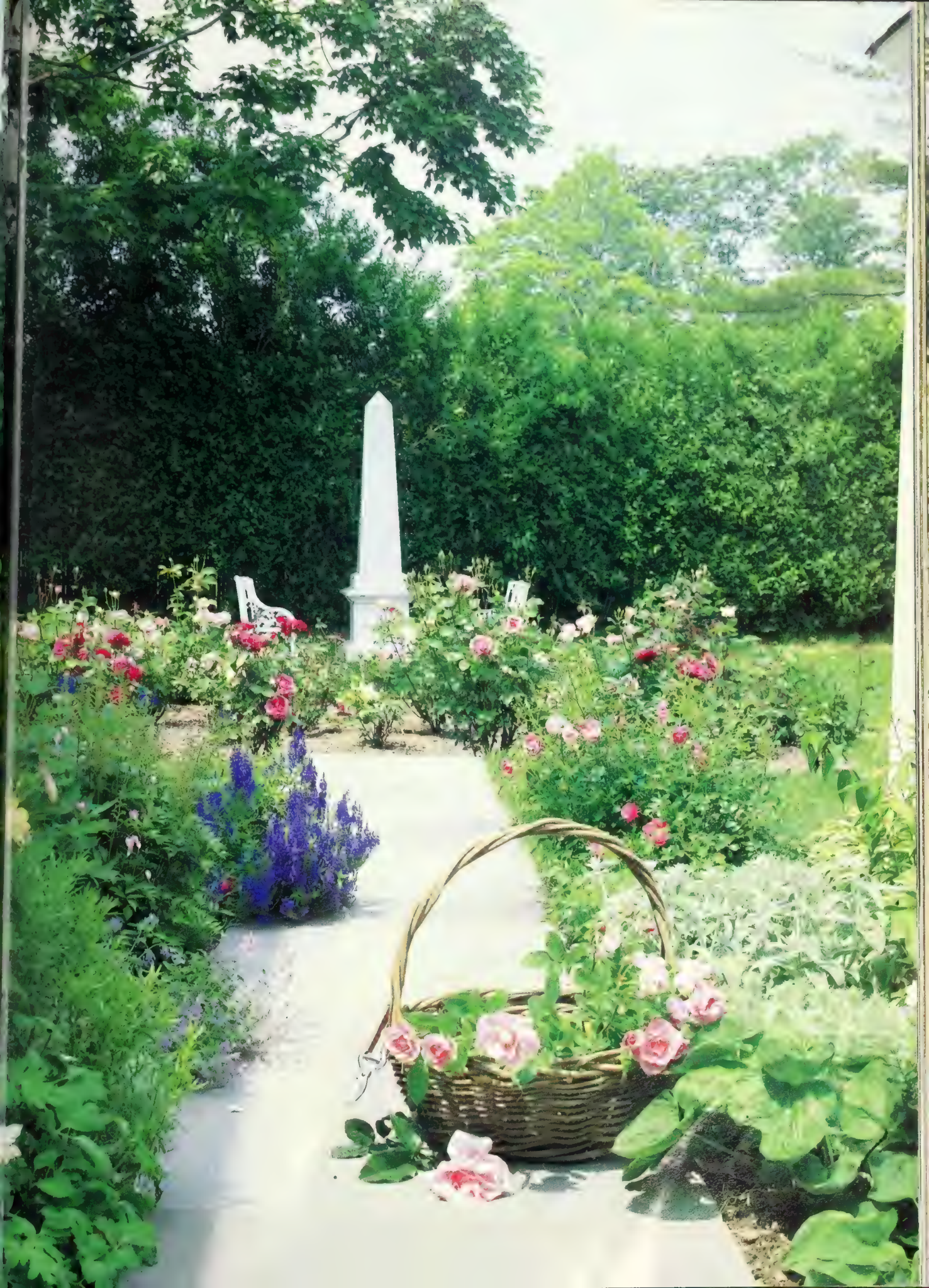
where traffic revolves around an imposing hearth that's flanked by two enormously comfortable easy chairs.

As for the children's rooms, sixteen-year-old Alexa Hampton's room is pronounced off-limits. It "hasn't happened yet," she explains. Her room in town, she adds, however, has. There Alexa and her elder sister, Kate, have each been allowed to decorate their respective quarters. While Kate has opted for a more restrained look, Alexa explains that hers is "lush," with damask, draperies, and dark rose walls. Sounds rather Madame de Pompadour-ish, it is suggested.

"Don't say a *word* against Pompadour," Mark breaks in. "She was a great girl who worked hard for what she got." □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray

A stone walk, right, planted on either side in tones of pink, blue, and silver. Lavender, primula, hosta, santolina, forget-me-nots lead to a wooden obelisk and 19th-century wrought-iron benches. Above: Mark, Kate, and Diane Hampton under a pear tree in the garden.



"Every wonderful small touch you see is mine, and every grandiose gesture is his, and anything you don't like, we don't have to talk about"





Morning glories fill the Gothick wire scenery on the porch by swimming pool. *Left*, in the living room 18th-century architectural engravings from *Vitruvius Britannicus* frame the fireplace. Mark Hampton designed the bookcase inspired by William Kent. Sofa and chairs are in a chintz from Brunschwig, and a sisal is on the floor.



THE PROVIDENTIAL BROWNS

Rhode Island's first family and their eighteenth-century house radiate a universal confidence

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC BOMAN

When I was living in Paris in the summer of 1956, the Harvard Glee Club came to town. It was their first visit to Europe since 1921, and people made a big deal out of it. They sang in the Royal Albert Hall in London. They sang in the Salle Gaveau in Paris. They sang in Chartres Cathedral. They sang for the Pope in St. Peter's in Rome, for Bernard Berenson in his villa "I Tatti," and in Florence during the Maggio Musicale. In Germany they had the freedom of the airwaves.

Their president and leader on the tour was a tall, leggy, hyperenthusiastic young man called J. Carter Brown. With his dancing tread, his buoyancy of spirit, and his overflowing delight in where he was and what he was, he was George Gershwin's American in Paris come to life. He was also conspicuously bright—at home in all societies, learned far beyond his years, responsive from morning till night. You didn't forget him.

Thirty years later I went to Providence, Rhode Island, to have dinner with the same J. Carter Brown. It was an average day for him. Until the late afternoon he had had meetings in Washington, D.C., where since 1969 he has been director of the National Gallery of Art. He flew to Providence. We had dinner. He showed me the family house in which he had been raised, and at the end of a long evening he was driven to Newport, Rhode Island, where he was due at six the next morning to board the yawl *Volta* for the Newport to Bermuda race. Although he had not long recovered from a serious automobile accident, he was just as buoyant, just as eager, just as responsive, and even better informed than he had been thirty years before.

I had gone to Providence primarily to take a last look at the family house at 357 Benefit Street. (Carter Brown's mother had died not long before, and the house was about to become the headquarters of the John Nicholas Brown Center for the Study of American Civilization.) Built in 1791 and owned by the Brown family since 1814, it radiates a universal confidence. "They were really expressing faith in what they had achieved," Carter said, "and in what the future of this country was going to be. But there was great elegance, too. Look at those finials and those urns! That fascinating roofscape! There's a widow's walk up there from which you can see all the way down Narragansett Bay."

The Browns were at home with themselves, at home in Rhode Island, and at home in the world. And why not? What was Providence if not a Brown town? In the eighteenth century four Brown brothers—Nicholas, Joseph, John, and Moses—had each in his own way established the family once and for all. (An earlier Brown had arrived in Rhode Island from Massachusetts in 1638, only two years after Roger Williams had arrived in a canoe with just a handful of other people. Carter's mother had once figured out that at least four of those



J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery, back for a visit to his childhood home at 357 Benefit Street in Providence. On the table is an 18th-century Russian porcelain dessert dish from his mother's collection. *Opposite:* The entrance to the Georgian-style house, which today houses the John Nicholas Brown Center.

other people found themselves a place in the Brown family tree.)

"Basically they were in everything" is Carter Brown's answer if anyone asks him how the Browns did so well. They had what it took to succeed in a new country. Nicholas was an entrepreneur of genius. Joseph was a gifted architect and part-time professor at what is now called (what else?) Brown University. John was by nature an adventurer, a man of drive and panache who was one of the pioneers of trade with China and the East Indies. (The house that he built for himself in Providence was described by John Quincy Adams as the "most magnificent and elegant" that he had seen anywhere in North America.)

The Browns were at home with themselves, at home in Rhode Island, and at home in the world. And why not? What was Providence if not a Brown town?

"Those people didn't fool around" is how Carter Brown now sums it up—doubtless remembering how John Brown in 1772 had virtually inaugurated the American Revolution by burning the British revenue ship *Gaspee* right down to the water as she lay aground in Narragansett Bay. But there was also Moses Brown, who turned Quaker, hated the fact that John Brown dealt in slaves, and proselytized for better public health, better public schools, and the emancipation of the slaves.

Add to that the fact that the Browns more or less invented the industrial revolution in America, bought widely into agricultural lands that had been ceded by the government to veterans of the Civil War, and were also active in banking, mining, railroads, and the textile industry, and it will be clear that they were truly "in everything." In time they were all over the country, but it was with Providence that they identified themselves.

It was for Providence that they distilled rum, manufactured spermaceti candles and pig iron, and sent their ships to the Baltic and the Mediterranean as well as the Far East. When Providence needed a Baptist meeting house, a market house, a public library, and eventually a university, it was the Browns who came forward. Joseph Brown showed the town what stylish building was like and gave it its first fire engine. He was an avid amateur astronomer and when the transit of Venus was due, he made sure that the phenomenon was properly observed by the citizens of Providence.



History is full of families that burn bright, only to burn out. Nothing like that has happened to the Browns. Carter Brown's parents, John Nicholas Brown and Anne S. K. Brown, were a striking pair. Their height, their bearing, the quality of their attention to others—all were mightily impressive. But this is not to say they were august but ineffective survivors from the past.

When John Nicholas Brown wanted to build a new house on Fisher's Island in the 1930s, he went to Richard Neutra, thereby securing the first International Style private house in the Eastern states. He gave the first lecture on Cézanne that was ever heard at Harvard. When he bought a drawing—and the great scholar Erwin Panofsky said that his collection was one of the most discriminating that he knew—he was as likely to choose a Picasso, hardly dry from the studio, as a Watteau.

He could read both Greek and Latin and was a deeply committed medievalist with a close knowledge of Burgundian monastic life. He was the first commodore of the New York Yacht Club who was not a New Yorker and the first trustee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who was not a Bostonian. He could do anything, more or less, and at the age of 21, when he came into an inheritance that at one time had caused him to be spoken of as the "richest baby in America," he took over number 357 Benefit Street, which at the time was almost empty, and furnished it from scratch without any help from anybody.

He did not marry until he was thirty, but from that day forward the house was very much a joint creation, and so it has remained to this day. Walking in through the Palladian front door of that grandly proportioned three-story wooden house, we notice the Georgian paneling (imported from an English country house), the Zuber panoramic wallpaper with its views of West Point, Manhattan, Philadelphia, Boston, and Niagara Falls, and in the drawing room a Chinese wallpaper made up in Paris by a Chinese crafts-



man from fragments that had been found in an attic in the neighboring John Brown house.

"My mother really got into that room," Carter said. "The Adam style, with that chimneypiece and that nice furniture, was really the right date for the house." There was a problem, though, with the Chinese wallpaper. The Chinese craftsman worked from photographs and color notes, and such was his feeling for exactitude that he copied the light gray background of the photographs instead of the original white. "But in many ways it was softer and more charming, and that gave the key to the room."

It was a remarkably evocative interior. In the small paneled dining room where the infant Carter was coaxed to finish his cornflakes, drawings by Boucher, Salvator Rosa, Daumier, Degas, and Matisse caught his wandering eye. (One of the Matisses later went with him to Harvard.) In the small drawing room where the children listened every day to their mother reading aloud from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* at teatime, there were incomparable examples of American eighteenth-century furniture from Philadelphia and Newport. There were a kneehole desk and a kneehole blockfront bookcase, both by John Goddard, that turn up in all the reference books. They are presumed to have been commissioned for the family.

And as Anne Brown had a passion for Russian eighteenth- and nineteenth-century porcelain and decorative arts, exotic intruders from that huge and distant country can often be found. There is a lapis lazuli desk set that was once in the library of the czar Alexander II in the Winter Palace as *(Text continued on page 180)*



Cabinets in the former butler's pantry, *top,* hold English porcelain, Sèvres, and a collection of 18th-century Chinese export pieces garnered by members of the Brown family. *Above:* The hall has Zuber panoramic wallpaper, 18th-century Chippendale chairs, and a Colonial Revival pediment added in the 1920s. *Opposite:* The drawing room with wallpaper copied from an Adam design, a Hepplewhite sofa, Rhode Island shield-back chair, revolutionary war portrait of George Washington.

A ROYAL REFUGE

Sommariva—part hunting lodge, part love nest—where the first king of Italy went to unwind

BY WILLIAM WEAVER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



The villa where Victor Emmanuel often stayed with his mistress, Rosina, sits above the Piedmont town of Sommariva Perno. *Right:* Sommariva's hunting room is filled with the king's trophies. *Inset:* Victor Emmanuel in 1861



In 1859 Victor Emmanuel II, the king of Sardinia-Piedmont and later the first king of united Italy, bought Sommariva castle and transformed it into a beloved refuge. No doubt he was attracted by the bountiful hunting in the central Piedmont area—the king was an impassioned hunter, and the house is still full of his trophies—but Victor Emmanuel also wanted to install there his mistress Rosina, who had two children by him, a daughter, Vittoria, and a son, Emanuele. It is Emanuele's descendants who live in the house today.

Up until the end of the Italian monarchy in 1946, schoolchildren in Italy were taught to think of Victor Emmanuel II as the father of the country, and in his own day he was also known as *il re galantuomo,* the gentleman king. But, in truth, modern Italy had several fathers (first among them, Cavour), and though Victor Emmanuel had many qualities, he was not always a gentleman. At social functions he was curt to the point of rudeness; he hated official dinners and would sit, his hand clutching his sword, leaving his food untasted, glaring at his guests until they had bolted theirs.

Despite close control, he had a number of love affairs before, during, and after his marriage to the delicate and saintly Maria Adelaide, a Habsburg cousin. Still, the marriage was happy, and the queen bore him eight children before her early death in 1855. Cavour and other advisers wanted the king to remarry, but Victor Emmanuel was firmly under the spell—or, some would have said, in the clutches—of Rosina, whom he had first met in 1847, when she was just fourteen.

Bursting with health, vigorous and simple, Rosina could speak only Piedmontese dialect when the 27-year-old Victor Emmanuel met her. He found a governess to add some polish, and shortly after he ascended the throne installed her in a little villa at the far end of the park of Stupinigi, a royal summer residence. Later she was set up in a great hunting lodge called La Mandria, just outside Turin, and then at Sommariva.

While the king's tastes were relatively simple, Rosina's clearly became regal as she tightened her hold on him and gained increasing security. Her other residences have long since changed hands and broken up, but Sommariva has been lovingly preserved. It is a rare exemplary illustration of solid late-nineteenth-century Italian bourgeois taste and, in some way, Rosina's monument. Long before the king married her he named her countess of Fontanafredda and Mirafiori, and her monogram—RM—is everywhere, etched in the crystal and woven into the rugs. On teacups and plates there are always roses echoing her name, and there are painted fountains for Fontanafredda and flowers for Mirafiori. She commanded a large household—there were at least twenty servants—and the vast kitchens on the ground level and the extensive copper *batterie de cuisine,* with endless molds for game pâtés and ices and shaped puddings, seem to indicate that the couple rarely dined alone. (When the king went hunting, he took with him a whole entourage of beaters and attendants and cooks. At nightfall, anyone turning up at his camp would be invited to join the big table. Afterward he might pass around some of his cherished cigars, which he made more flavorsome by soaking them overnight in cognac.)

On the mantelpiece in the king's bedroom at Sommariva is the certificate of his marriage to Rosina in 1869. The document is handsomely framed. Did Victor Emmanuel keep it there, or did Rosina place it there as an affirmation after his death? In any case, it is a curious testimony: at that time the king had been excommunicated, and the officiating bishop wrote on the paper that the marriage was taking place because the king was "in serious danger of dying." Actually he recovered and lived until 1878, when he died in Rome in the Quirinal. Ill, Rosina was unable to be with him. For the next seven years—the rest of her life—Rosina sent a wreath to be placed on her husband's tomb on the anniversary of his death. The wreath was anonymous but—it is safe to guess—ostentatious. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



The king's bedroom, *opposite,* much as it was in his time; photograph on desk is of Garibaldi. *Left:* The study of Cavour, architect of Italian unity and the king's prime minister, who spent several months at Sommariva. Portraits are of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour.









MEMPHISTOPHELES

Influential Milan architect Ettore Sottsass is busier at seventy than he has ever been

BY MARTIN FILLER

Ettore Sottsass, *above,* presiding genius of the Memphis design group, has transformed the Malibu beach house of Max Palevsky. *Left:* In the living room Sottsass's furniture plays off against art, including, over the fireplace, Roy Lichtenstein's 1968 metal wall relief, *Palevsky Explosion.*

EVELYN HOFER



It is closing time at a trendy new restaurant in SoHo, but Ettore Sottsass isn't budging. The new Romeo Gigli cashmere coat of his longtime companion and collaborator, Barbara Radice, seems to have disappeared, and he is refusing to leave until it is recovered. The host, art dealer Joseph Helman (at whose downtown Blum Helman Gallery the Milan-based architect's latest series of furniture had just opened), is in a state of mild consternation and gallantly offers Radice his own jacket against the after-midnight chill. Sottsass will have none of it and holds his ground. Awkward minutes pass, and then miraculously out of nowhere the missing coat materializes, to the amazement of everyone except Ettore Sottsass. In this revealing episode several of his most pronounced characteristics—implacable force of personality, seen-it-all worldliness, and uncanny intuition—come into sharp convergence, much as they do in his widely copied but never equaled designs.

Sottsass at seventy—a milestone he marked last September—has attained a serenity that gives his most recent work a low-key but sustained power, quite different from the frenetic energy and teasing humor of his famous furniture and objects for the Studio Alchymia and Memphis manufacturing groups during the late seventies and early eighties. It was then that Sottsass, who for years had been a respected figure on the Italian design scene, suddenly burst out of his role as creator of well-thought-out consumer products for mainstream manufacturers (like his red plastic Valentine typewriter of 1969 for Olivetti) and launched one of the most startling and influential avant-garde design movements of this century.

Italy in the late seventies was still reeling from the political upheaval and rampant terrorism that had kept it on the brink of civil chaos for most of that decade. As a result, Italian modern furniture production, which during the fifties and sixties had been the most adventurous anywhere, came to a virtual halt. The constricted imagination and flagging energy of its leading designers were painfully evident in the small number of lackluster pieces introduced during that difficult time—thin lifeless tables, chairs, and lamps that seemed to be in mourning. Thus the unheralded advent of the new Sottsass style hit Milan in 1979 with the full force of a revolution: not an intellectual or ideological turning point but certainly a spiritual one.

Attacking the restraint and repetitiveness of the played-out International Style, Sottsass and his small circle of younger colleagues took up everything orthodox Modernism had spurned: garish colors, vibrating patterns, flamboyant shapes, incongruous combinations of elegant and funky materials, flagrantly handcrafted luxury after a period of machine-made Minimalist austerity, and above all an aggressive playfulness that subverted the pomposity of much architect-designed furniture. The initial 1981 Memphis exhibition created a sensation and open outrage in some quarters. Even the group's name was a provocation—directly inspired by the Bob Dylan song "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again," it was also prized for its additional references to ancient Egypt and the hometown of Elvis Presley.

The latest exhibition of Ettore Sottsass's newest furniture designs, on view from January 21 through March 15 at the Château Dufresne, the Canadian national museum of decorative arts in Montreal, marks a new direction for him. The mere fact that those 25 remarkable pieces were not produced by Memphis but were commissioned by Blum Helman and made in Italy under Sottsass's supervision in unique or limited editions priced as high as $30,000 sets them apart from his previous efforts. Of the group a half dozen can be numbered among the best pieces Sottsass has ever designed. But despite their art gallery and museum provenance, they are intended by their creator to be used as furniture rather than to be regarded as sculpture. Although not a complete departure from the Memphis look, these cabinets, chairs, credenzas, mirrors, pedestals, sideboards, and tables are noticeably more refined. Rare marbles, gleaming lacquers, and fine veneers are in greater evidence than the plastic laminates, plexiglass, and fake wood grain that remain from the designer's breakthrough pieces of almost a decade ago. Yet by no means has Sottsass gone establishment, and the jarring edge still remains.

Sottsass's own apartment in Milan refutes the notion that his objects can't be used together to furnish an entire interior. There his distinctive pieces combine easily and still leave room for bold contemporary art

Another index of Sottsass's increasing stature is the high quality of the commissions he has been receiving. His Milan firm, Sottsass Associati, has recently completed Esprit showrooms in Düsseldorf and Cologne, two fashion boutiques in Milan for Marisa Lombardi, and a shop in that city for the high-style home accessories manufacturer Alessi. The firm is now at work on a

In an old building in Milan, *opposite,* the apartment shared by Ettore Sottsass and Barbara Radice is a surprisingly calm assemblage of his strong designs. *Above:* The living room. *Below left:* The kitchen. *Below right:* Detail of bookcase.





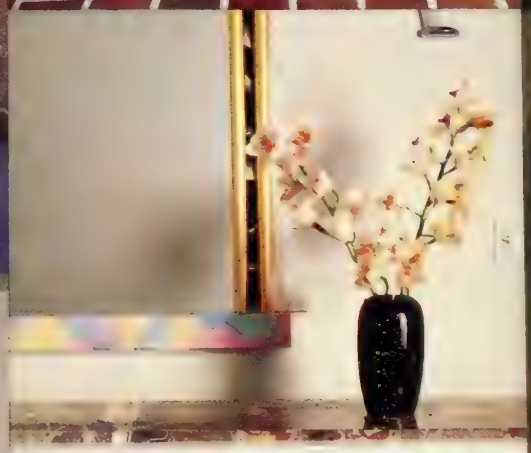
2

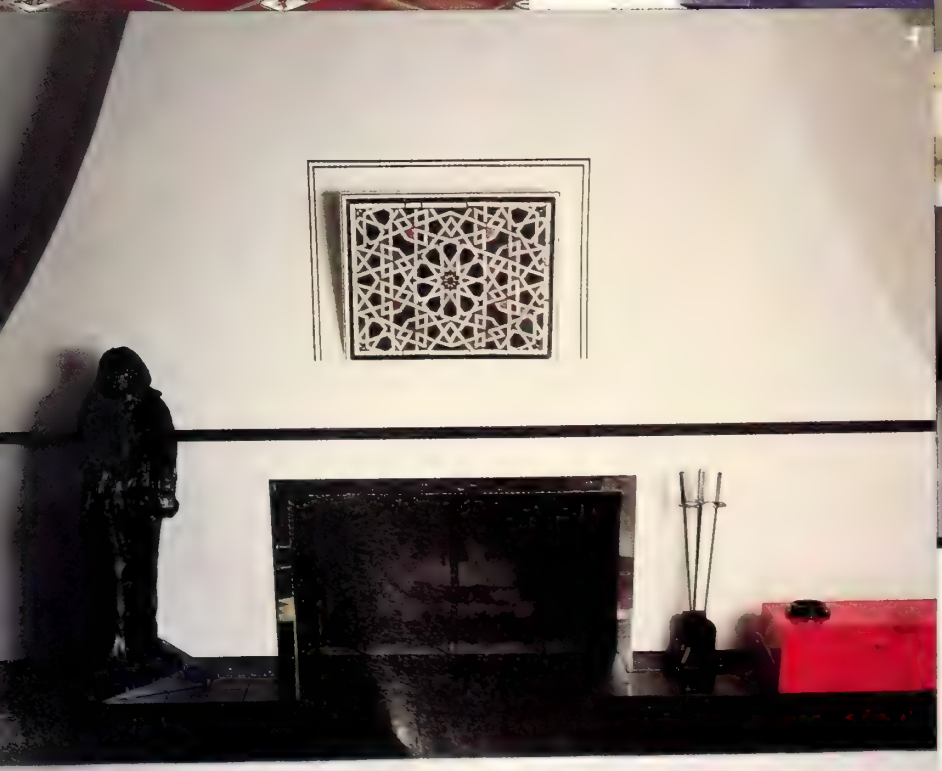




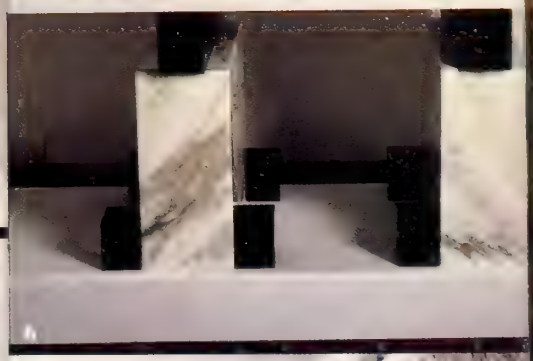
3







4







7



8



9



10



11



12



13



In the Palevsky house in Malibu, rug and tables by Sottsass stand up to powerful works of art by Frank Stella, *above,* and Rodin, *below*.



Sottsass's most recent designs have a self-assured power new to his work. Artful though these pieces are, he insists they be thought of and used as furniture

travel agency in Zürich, new headquarters for the Rainbow fabric company in Milan, and an apartment for Gianni Pigozzi in New York. Most exciting of all is an entire house, furnishings and everything, for the New York photography dealer and decorative arts collector Daniel Wolf, under construction in Colorado. Rizzoli has just brought out Sottsass's new book, *Design Metaphors,* and lately he has designed a series of 34 art-glass pieces for Memphis, women's jewelry and a men's watch for Cleto Munari, and several dinnerware patterns and candlesticks for Swid Powell.

He has also completed his largest residential project to date, an extensive redesign (with his associate Aldo Cibic) of the Malibu beach house of Max Palevsky, the Los Angeles computer tycoon and art collector. While Sottsass's most assertive furniture is generally difficult to place in conventional interiors, requiring the open expanses of lofts to accommodate its powerful presence, there is no such problem at the Palevsky house, where the huge rooms are more than able to absorb the massive pieces. The existing Spanish Colonial motifs of the house—polychrome tile, carved woodwork, and terra-cotta reliefs—meld perfectly with the Sottsass additions, pointing up as never before the quiescent Mediterranean element in his work.

The Milan apartment Sottsass shares with the journalist and design curator Barbara Radice (with whom he has lived since 1976) shows that it is also possible to create a considerably smaller interior with his furniture. However, it has taken the hand of the master himself to pull off this difficult trick. Their one-bedroom flat in an old building in the Brera section of the city is a calm and soothing place, "a stage for private dreams," in Sottsass's evocative phrase. The pale pink-and-white-striped flooring of reconstituted wood veneer by Alpi, the serrated white marble wall shelf holding a totemic vase of intensely multicolored glass, and the ravishing blue-glass serving cart in the kitchen are some of the tip-offs that a highly original taste has been given free rein here. Throughout are dozens of other Sottsass designs from the very familiar to the virtually unknown, including a wonderful little black-and-white-painted plywood table with bent-wire legs designed by the architect in 1948, when he was just over thirty. "Craig Miller of the Metropolitan Museum in New York has asked to have it for the collection," Sottsass reports, "but I have come to like it so much that I told him I would have to leave it to the museum in my will." Given the extraordinary vitality of the man and his work, they may have quite a wait. □

Editors: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron and Beatrice Monti della Corte



Beneath Matisse's *Persane,* 1929, and Picasso's
Le Repas frugal, 1904, a pair of Sottsass tables entitled
They Thought It Was Coming from Burma.



HIGH BOHEMIA

The spirited style of Flora Whitney Miller

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON

On July 29, 1897, Flora Payne Whitney broke upon the world in banner headlines: BABY GIRL WILL INHERIT MILLIONS. And so she would, by the "trifling, gorgeous accident of birth." She was the eldest child of Harry Payne Whitney, one of the leading sportsmen of his generation, and of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, sculptor, burning bohemian, and founder of the Whitney Museum of American Art; she was the granddaughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt II, president of the New York Central Railroad, and of William C. Whitney, secretary of the navy under Grover Cleveland. Home was a 54-room mansion at 871 Fifth Avenue whose interiors had been designed by Stanford White. As the world outside her privilege shifted and reshaped itself, the world-within-a-world she had been born into remained as compact as a heroic couplet—and as elevated. Indeed, as lofty as a Cole Porter quatrain:

You're the top!
You're the Tower of Babel
You're the top!
You're the Whitney Stable.

Flora Whitney swept into society in the summer of 1916. For her debut her father had a blue-and-yellow ballroom added to his Newport house—only a stone's throw from the Breakers, the Beaux-Arts palace of her Vanderbilt grandparents. The guest list for Flora's coming-out party commandeered two columns of *The New York Times*. Her dinner partner was Quentin Roosevelt, son of the 26th president of the United States. They were soon engaged. But the time permitted them was short: Quentin was to die inside the German lines in 1918. During the months following his death Flora worked as Theodore Roosevelt's secretary. Later she lived in Washington with Quentin's sister Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who would become known as much for her tart tongue as for her gentle genealogy.

Today the witnesses are gone, the men and women who knew Flora Whitney in her young beauty as, in a dress by Poiret or Chanel, she paused at the turn of the staircase that had been contrived for her descent. All the witnesses are gone, save one—the decorator Nancy Lancaster, who rounds off the portrait of Flora as a girl: "I feel I am the last leaf on the tree as our class at Foxcroft is now not even mentioned and no wonder as I am the sole survivor. We were members of the first graduating class. Flora was one of the few people I've known who had *real* charm. The last time I saw her she looked exactly the same as always—those lovely eyes and that 'fluted' mouth I always teased her about. How I like to remember her is being in one of the Foxcroft open wooden classrooms with golf stockings on (for the cold) and ballet shoes as she practiced 'toe standing' from her chair during lessons. The year we came out I stayed at Newport for her ball. We danced till sunrise and bathed in the ocean—a very advanced thing to do then but hardly to be mentioned now."

In 1920 Flora wed stockbroker Roderick Tower. Some years later they divorced, and in 1927 she married architect G. Macculloch Miller, enjoying with him a long-lived happy domesticity.

Brendan Gill places Flora for us in the consanguineous social landscape of her time: "I think it is safe to say that all those young Vanderbilts and Whitneys, as

Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, mother of Flora Whitney Miller, in a 1916 Robert Henri portrait, *above*, now in the Whitney Museum. In the front hall, *right*, a pair of Dieppe ivory armchairs and, *inset*, a 19th-century mirror, also Dieppe ivory. *Far right:* Cecil Beaton's portrait of Flora Whitney Miller, c. 1932.





For Flora's debut in 1916 her father had a blue-and-yellow ballroom added to his Newport house



they moved in their mock-royal progresses from great house to great house according to season, were sharing a degree of luxury unknown to ordinary mortals, then or now. All those big houses to move among as fashion dictated! Who but an ignorant outsider can have dared to invent the phrase 'the idle rich'? The rich worked hard and long at their pleasures—and upon their cultural tasks as well."

As to those laborious pleasures, over the long years of her life Flora either owned outright or had at her disposal her mother Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's studio on the rue Boileau in Paris; a handsome house on the 700-acre Whitney estate in Old Westbury, Long Island, designed in 1924 by Stewart, Walker & Gillette, which served as "headquarters"; Camp Deerlands built by her Whitney grandfather; Château du Boulay near Tours in the Loire Valley on his 100,000-acre holding in the Adirondacks; Cady Hill House in Saratoga Springs, New York; and Joye Cottage in Aiken, lazing at the intersection of Easy Street and Whiskey Road, at a hundred rooms perhaps the biggest house in the Carolinas. To get from estate to estate there was the obligatory private railroad car, winningly called *The Wanderer*.

As for cultural labors, for fifty years Flora served successively as the vigorous trustee, president, chairman, and honorary chairman of the museum her mother had founded in 1930. "The point about Mrs. Miller and the Whitney," says the museum's current director, Thomas Armstrong, "is that it was hers, it had been left to her in her mother's will, and she made the decision—and it was not an easy one for her—to bring in outsiders." Flora Whitney Miller was therefore largely responsible for the transformation into a national treasure of what might otherwise have remained a family heirloom.

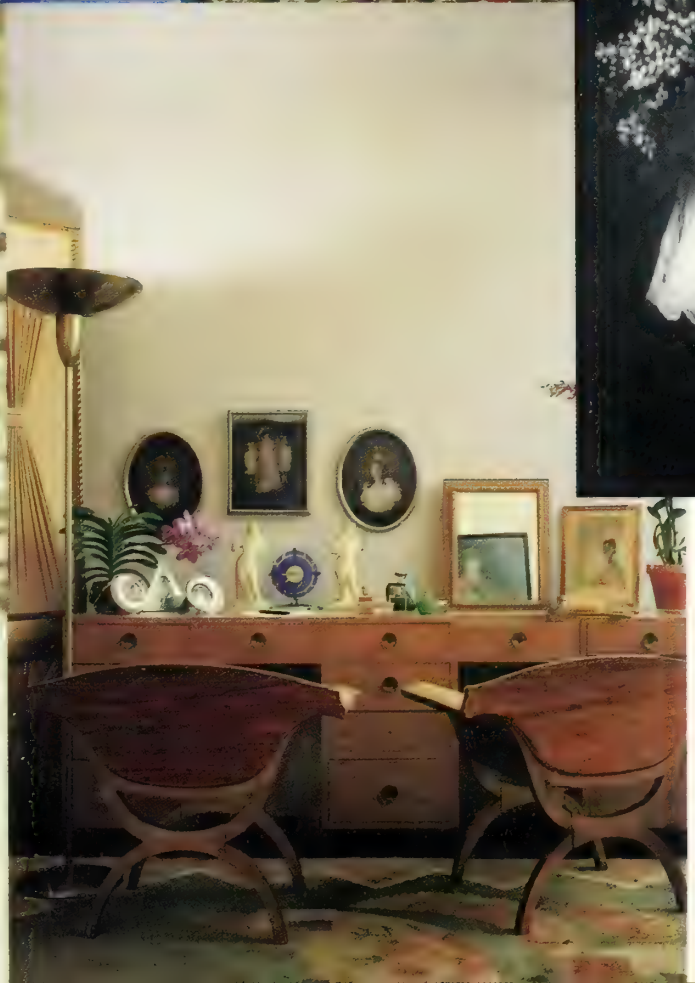
In the late 1940s, Flora and Cully Miller added to their architectural retinue a duplex apartment at 10 Gracie Square at the far end of East 84th Street—with its unique street-through porte cochere one of the most remarkable buildings in New York. The first thing she did was install— *(Text continued on page 176)*



Flora would say, "Oh, by the way, would you take the Turner?" and I'd stick it in the back of the car with the laundry







Flora Whitney Miller, *center left,* on her jumper in Aiken, South Carolina, c. 1917, and, *above,* with her brother Sonny (Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney) at a wedding, 1905. *Opposite:* In the guest bedroom, one of two sleigh beds with dolphins from a merry-go-round. *Left:* Nadelman figures and family portraits in the guest bedroom. *Top* Elaborate boiserie in the living room with heirloom French furniture and painted and parcel-gilt Steinway grand piano over which Turner's *Juliet and Her Nurse* hung until 1986.



PARADISO

High above the bay of Sorrento, the romantic gardens of the Villa Tritone

BY EMILY READ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARINA SCHINZ

The Neoclassical villa, *above,* crowns a terraced cliff. *Opposite:* Late Roman column, traditional urn on a terrace looking toward the bay of Sorrento.

Long before Wagner, Ibsen, or Byron discovered its delights, the Sorrento Peninsula attracted powerful and perceptive visitors from the north. Agrippa Postumus, grandson of Emperor Augustus, built a fine villa on the peninsula right beside the present town on the site of what is now the Villa Tritone. A convent stood here from the fourteenth century until its dissolution in the early nineteenth century. Garibaldi made a hospital in the building, and in 1860 Count Labonia, a distinguished antiquarian and friend of Schliemann, the excavator of Troy, bought the site and began to build the present house and create what is now one of the finest gardens in southern Italy. Today it is the home of Rita and Mariano Pane.

The house stands on the tip of a little promontory fronting a sheer drop to the sea, facing out toward Naples and Vesuvius. It is a simple cream-colored Neoclassical building in the style of the old hotels all along the Sorrento seafront. Behind it and on either side, encircled by walls and balustrades, is the garden, a private green oasis of palms, oranges, cypresses, pines, and eucalyptus. Secret paths and allées cut through this forest, revealing statues, urns, fountains, and tantalizing glimpses of sea and sky. When William Waldorf, the first Viscount Astor, bought the property in 1906, he enlarged the garden and made it a repository for his vast and ever-growing collection of Classical, medieval, and Renaissance statuary. Shockingly, to do this he pulled down the old fourteenth-century convent. He then gouged a huge swimming pool out of the upper garden on the other side of the road to provide earth to cover up the foundations. Another eccentric but most effective idea of his was to build a high wall along the seaward side, blocking the view. Various openings were made in the wall, thus neatly reversing the English eighteenth-century gentleman's habit of cutting vistas through trees to medieval ruins or Greek-style temples. One of the larger openings is a balustrade topped with Neoclassical busts by Alma-Tadema facing into the garden, their backs to the sea. You can see here the true late-nineteenth-century vision of the Mediterranean—the sea, sky, and mountains as backdrop to elaborate stonework, Roman heads,





Under a rustic arbor of Banksia roses, pots of *Chamaedorea elegans* mingled with orange trees and underplanted with clivia line path to a Renaissance fountain.



and urns silhouetted against them, and perhaps a cypress, pine, or huge pot of geraniums in the foreground.

On the other side of the house is a completely different outlook. Here the sheer drop is edged simply with a low stone balustrade, and you can sit, as I did, on a warm November afternoon looking down onto the perfectly unspoiled little fishing port of Sorrento, a world away from the big hotels on the other side. All you hear are the shouts of children playing among the blue and white fishing boats and the red-and-yellow-striped bathing huts. The men mend their nets; washing is draped from window to window; delicious cooking smells waft up. It is a domestic scene, and it feels strange to be gazing down upon it from the grandiose garden above. When I told Mariano Pane how delightful I found this view, he laughed and said, "Yes, we love it too, but we feel a bit like aristocrats looking down on the village."

He is, of course, as he tells you proudly, a self-made man, Sorrento born and bred, with eight sisters and no brothers. He began with a small boat plying between England and West Africa. Now he controls 42 ships through his company Italmare, based in Sorrento, employing over a thousand people. His other company, Ecomare, builds and leases out small boats which clean the sea, hoovering up thousands of square miles of plastic and filtering the polluted waters of coastlines from Naples to Hong Kong. He is justifiably proud of this side of his business, which also makes amphibious vessels that push clean sand back onto Mediterranean beaches.

This combination of business sense and imagination enabled Pane to acquire the Villa Tritone fifteen years ago. The move was greeted with some suspicion by his fellow Sorrentans—they had always regarded the house as a mysterious place inhabited only by rich foreigners at certain times of the year. However, Mariano and his wife, Rita, have succeeded in making the villa a family home—their three children were brought up here—cherished as never before. The garden has been kept with Astor's original layout but with constant additions to the stock of rare palms and ferns.

Inside the huge green wrought-iron gates, the garden looms up, a confusing jungle— *(Text continued on page 184)*







Garden ornaments from Lord Astor's collection punctuate the garden's tapestry of foliage textures. *Clockwise from top left:* Geraniums, pittosporum, and a fan palm on a seaside terrace. Roman amphora on a Classical capital is framed by an ivy-covered palm trunk and a sago palm, *Cycas revoluta*. Ferns and succulents planted in a retaining wall form a background for a first century A.D. Roman column topped with a pot of graceful hybrid epiphyllum cactus. Part of the Panes' large botanical collection of palms and palmlike cycads and nolinas.



CLASSICAL PROFILES

Today's metal furnishings draw a fine line between past and present

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
PRODUCED BY MARIE-PAULE PELLE AND JACQUES DEHORNOIS



Although the passion for antique patina is recent, the graceful shape and elegant proportions of Classical furnishings have never been out of vogue. Here *nature morte* comes to life with a re-created Pompeiian wall painting by Gilles Grosland and an arrangement of rare 1st-century vessels and utensils. These and the ancient objects on the following pages are from the collection of Jean Philippe de Serres of Paris. Modern tables by Jean Michel Wilmotte.



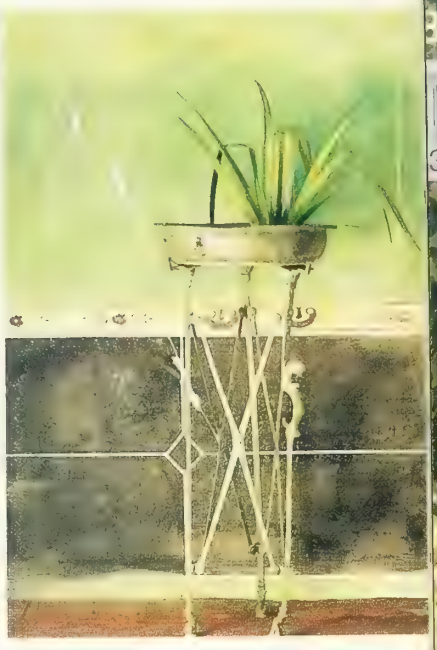


The taste for antiq
finishes, having ri
den the full two-d
mensional range
trompe l'oeil ce
ings, sponge-painted walls, a
faux-marble floors, has brok
through to the third dimensi
and to every level of the ma
ketplace. Suddenly metal fu
nishings are presenting a
antique pedigree—achievi
chemically in minutes what n
ture has taken aeons to do—
with a variety of verdigris th
rivals the bronze objects of a
cient Pompeii.

Furnishings in metal are n
new: the Greeks and Roma
had a penchant for bronze th
extended from stools, daybed
and braziers to candelabra, tr
pod stands, and everyday po
and pans like those picture
here from the rare and extrao
dinary collection of Jean Ph
lippe de Serres. In the mi
nineteenth century, partly b
cause of the Victorians' obse
sion with hygiene, beds an
chairs were designed in meta
And earlier in our own centur

Circling carp, *above,* in an ancient bronze basin. *Left:* In the Greco-Roman tradition curtains, not doors, screen entrances and private places; here one hangs from an oxidized-copper rod from Jerrystyle.





the Bauhaus designers, in collaboration with and appreciation of the machine, took furniture design in metal, especially shiny tubular steel, to new heights.

But now, that which is shiny has grown dull. Today's designers have sent polished chrome on sabbatical and are rediscovering matte finishes and the metals of the ancients—especially bronze. Jerry Van Deelen of Jerrystyle, who is a deft hand with chemical wash, has transformed hundreds of mundane "things" into objets d'art. And just this past year Pottery Barn added bottled verdigris to its catalogue for those do-it-yourselfers who have been unsuccessful in finding what they want in the plethora of already patinated items. Designer John Saladino draws from the ages not just a preference for a dull finish but also the exceptional vocabulary of forms from ancient times. Inspired by the shape and shade of antique treasure, metal furnishings have reached a new maturity. □

Bronze bowl and adjustable tripod stand, *above,* from 1st century A.D. *Left:* Oxidized-brass wall sconce and candlestick from Jerrystyle wander from Classical form. Bronze dishes from Zona.



CLASSICAL PROFILES

Jerry Van Deeken of Jerrystyle serves up a modern oxidized-brass version of a Classical bowl and pitcher atop a gold-leaf desk with oxidized-bronze legs. *Opposite:* Chris Collicott's design for a copper pot, from Clodagh, Ross & Williams, has men on the move across the stainless-steel surface of a table with oxidized-copper frame by Thomas Wendtland from Nolte.





CLASSICAL PROFILES

Tripods, ancient and modern. *This page:* Etruscan bronze stand with claw feet supports shallow Gallo-Roman dish and footed bowl. *Opposite:* John Saladino trades animal feet for casters and links the triangular to the circular in a glass-and-steel table of his own design.

(Continued from page 120) dramatic results. The four seasons drastically affect everything from the color, quality, and angle of light to the total change of land and woods, as summer leaves give way to the barrenness of winter trees and the ground goes from green to brown to snowy white.

Seasonal changes in foliage play a crucial role in outdoor placement. A summer's dense and solid wall of trees begins to thin by September, and come November only grayish brown and black brown trunks and branches confront the eye. Modern steel sculpture that is oiled and presents a rust brown surface and sculpture that is painted black are seen to great advantage against leafy backgrounds. The virtually ever-present country breezes stir leaves and branches to life with movement, contrasting with the static presence of steel. But after the curtain of leaves has turned orange and yellow and fallen to the ground, the remaining stark trunks compete for recognition so that dark steel sculpture often becomes hard to make out. It is then, with the coming of winter, that the dark green permanence of spruce and hemlock and pines fulfills its most valued backdrop function. It is also when the virtues of brightly painted or polished sculpture come into play most strongly.

The old saw about the best-laid plans of mice and men is nowhere more true than in the placing of outdoor sculpture. Sketches and even maquettes and models are fun to play with, marvelous toys for adults, but actually of quite limited value in predicting just how well a work will look in a given setting. Miniaturized scale rarely relates very accurately to actual scale (one of the reasons architectural models can look so appealing and the realized buildings disappointing). As a result, there is nothing for it but trial and error: my crew and I often have to move the same sculpture from site to site and from one angle of view to another as many as three or four times, until at last the work comes fully into its own.

There are two kinds of outdoor sculpture. The first, given sufficient space, decorates the landscape handsomely almost anywhere one puts it. The second is more intimate and requires a welcoming, embracing setting. The difference is a little like that between opera, which David Hockney so aptly described as the only serious music that can survive being played in a fast convertible with the top down, and chamber music. Both are wonderful, but each requires different handling.



Before actually placing a large sculpture outdoors, a very careful study of the work will help avoid mistakes. The better one knows a sculpture, the less trial and error will occur in its siting. Because the eye is often lazy, a very useful device is a camera. Looking at a sculpture through the photo lens 360 degrees in the round and from any number of higher or lower viewpoints forces one into an exceedingly close study of a work. The camera not only makes one look hard but allows one to capture the best perspectives permanently and use them in installing the work.

> My crew and I often have to move the same sculpture from site to site as many as three or four times

Orchestrating the installation of an entire group of works together is even more complicated but also more rewarding. A revealing dialogue of forms results when more than one sculpture is placed within the cast of an eye.

Installing groups of sculpture by the same artist in close proximity deepens one's understanding of the quintessential character of the work. Combining large and smaller works or early and later ones often results in surprising revelations—especially when more than two works are seen together. Two of anything inevitably focus the eye on differences, while with more than two the underlying shared aspects of the various works come to the fore.

By the same token, two or three differing works by various artists can contrast each other brilliantly, or they can clash. In this, the placing of sculpture in nature is a challenge to one's taste and sensibility quite similar to the hanging of various artists' pictures in a home or a gallery.

Maintenance of outdoor sculpture is an element often neglected and yet at times creates excessive concerns. Simply put, time and nature together erode all man-made objects. Bronze is a classic material for outdoor sculpture, but even bronze can develop the green patina of corrosion unless wax is applied from time to time. Birds leave their white droppings on surfaces, usually requiring more washing than the rains provide. (One method of keeping birds away is to have a row of thumbtacks spot-welded to the inviting landing edges.) Painted steel sculpture needs to be repainted, just like the Golden Gate Bridge and for the same reasons: the sun bleaches all pigments in time, while wind and rain pit their way through any painted surface to start little pockets of rust, which must periodically be attended to. Oiled metal surfaces need new coats of oil or wax every year; even shiny stainless steel looks best if a yearly wash removes accumulated wind- and rain-carried deposits of grime. Happily, such maintenance is easily done.

The question is sometimes raised whether landscape needs or is improved by a work of art. The thought was well phrased by the poet Joyce Kilmer: "I think that I shall never see/A poem lovely as a tree." A tree can indeed be a kind of living sculpture, but it too needs the creation of a setting: underbrush must be cleared or lesser trees removed so as to reveal the majestic oak or maple in all its splendor. There is something within us that makes us value the hand of man in the midst of nature. It is surely why in all the grand vistas by Albert Bierstadt, Frederic Edwin Church, and other Romantic landscape painters there is always a reminder of man's presence —a boat or an Indian tepee—somewhere in the fore or middle ground. In the very moment of acknowledging the majesty of Creation, we long for our own handiwork. Thus by a kind of magic, sculpture placed in a landscape enriches both itself and nature. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

CORRECTION

The photograph on page 170 of the December 1987 issue was incorrectly identified. It shows a local shrine, not the Matsu-no Chaya inn, in Hakone, Japan.





(Continued from page 98) the place livable."

A perfectionist who will go to almost any lengths to "get it right," Mack admits that his clients don't always notice or care about the trouble he takes with obscure historical or aesthetic details. But he can be very persuasive. When he explains why, for instance, only handwrought nails will do for a particular job or why he has to carve his own moldings using original eighteenth-century molding planes, his authority and enthusiasm are hard to resist.

In his workshop at Chase Hill, I watched him put an old piece of maple into a vise and with a few deft strokes of a plane shave it down until the form hidden in the wood was revealed. He pointed out why he found the shape so satisfying: "It has a small quirk, just enough to make a shadow, and a lovely broad bead—the valley and the hill, as it were. By the late nineteenth century you find the quirk has become much deeper and the bead so exaggerated that the moldings seem to me fiercely ugly. And *those* are the only patterns still available. Which is why, I guess, I started collecting eighteenth-century molding planes."

Stephen Mack lives simply at Chase Hill Farm. The house has all the virtues of the period. Its white airy rooms, pleasingly proportioned, are full of light. The outdoors seems to come right into the place without threat to warmth or security. It is a comfortable house and it has style. From the milk-painted paneling and corner cupboards to the cranes in the fireplaces and the granite sink in the kitchen every detail seems authentic beyond the call of "getting it right."

But there's no coy invitation here to step back in time, none of that Colonial whimsy that can reduce the art of restoration to the sincerest physical expression of nostalgia. Mack's work takes its direction from what he calls the principle of embellished utilitarianism. When he talks about "creating a certain feeling, making beautiful things that improve life, that anchor people in their surroundings, which should in turn correspond with them," he invokes the eighteenth-century notion of the Classical ideal made comfortable, made simple, made modern.



Sheep graze among transplanted early American buildings at Chase Hill Farm.

"There's something very honest about American eighteenth-century houses and furniture that appeals to me at the deepest level," he declares as if it were an oath of allegiance. Mack has found a way to live and work as he always wanted to, or near enough, in a house that has helped shape his tastes. It also represents a stand against the forces of blandness that he feels have paralyzed the American spirit.

When I visited Chase Hill Farm last October, he'd just taken up his boat for the winter. It was tethered to a tree at the bottom of the meadow, an old Cape Cod sharpie he goes oystering and clamming in around the salt marshes. In summer he keeps it at nearby Watch Hill on Long Island Sound. Cumbersome and slow, it's hardly a practical vessel. It doesn't even sail well, Mack admits, but he loves its simple lines, its straightforwardness. When the boom broke in a storm last year, he was able to cut a tree down from his woods, fashion another one, and, as he proudly recalls, be back sailing within five hours.

Mack has been involved with boats all his life, whether it was owning a share in an old schooner, taking part in the Tall Ships race of 1976, or living in Jersey City and working as a diver in New York harbor. His love of the sea has filled the house with maritime art and paraphernalia. He has a collection of rope beckets and old sea chests, of sailors' implements and handiwork made of baleen and whalebone. There are model ships in glass cases, brass telescopes, compasses and sextants, a ship's wheel propped in a corner, and a bullet block that serves as a doorstop.

A collector, not just of sea things, for as long as he can remember, Mack was raised in Huntington, Long Island, where his mother, a painter, and father, a sculptor, now run an art school. "My parents went to auctions at the great houses on the North Shore. I used to go with them as a kid. I was buying and collecting then."

The atmosphere of the family home was artistic rather than bohemian, though there were eccentric influences. Mack's grandfather, Herman Mackatzov, came over from Russia in 1903 and grew up tough on Manhattan's Lower East Side. A big barrel-chested man, he boxed his way out to Montana putting on exhibition fights at men's clubs across the West. After fulfilling an ambition to become a cowboy, he returned to New York, where during the Depression he ran a grocery that quickly got a reputation as a place where the destitute could eat for nothing. Herman impressed young Mack, who remembers him well, as a "colossal figure, stern but kind, a true man of the people."

With Russian Jews on his father's side and Scottish and English blood on his mother's—she can trace her descent from George Ross, a signer of the Declaration of Independence—Mack describes himself as a product of the typical American genetic stream. But there's been nothing typical about his life. Like his grandfather, he has enjoyed being a wayfarer, living rough on boats, in greenhouses and old stables in England, in fishing huts as far north as Newfoundland, and stone hovels in tiny Mexican villages. "There's no end to the different places that I've swept the dust and antiquity out of and created a little nook for myself."

He came to Chase Hill at a time in his life when he wanted to settle down. After eleven years he's beginning to talk of moving on again. A practical man with visionary leanings—he sees himself as "romantic to my own detriment"—Stephen Mack, at 41, hasn't lost the restlessness or the drive he believes has always saved him from complacency.

On a crisp blue autumn day chugging along the backroads of New England in his open 1931 Model AA Ford mail truck, he talked about the "project"—a dream he's long had of creating out in the woods somewhere a

Thanks to you,

The changes we've made in Lands' End women's wear are constructive.

Literally.



In the past, our guiding principle in women's wear has been "man tailoring." That is, giving our women customers the same type of scrupulous tailoring that our men customers enjoy.

But recently, some of your comments, over the phone and on paper, have caused us to soften our stance. And our pants. And our sportcoats!

Your comments boiled down to this.

You've long known, as have we, that "man tailoring" is more impeccable in women's pants, but it can have drawbacks for women who aren't built "straight up and down." The waistline often turns out to be too big or too small. Moreover, "man tailored" pant legs can be both too wide and too straight. (Sound familiar? Bear with us.)

As to sportcoats, you tell us that as you go up the size range from 6 to 16, the jacket gets wider at the middle and bottom, but NOT through the shoulders and chest. Result: a short, square, boxy shape—a young boy's cut that takes no cognizance of a woman's more graceful contours.

We took it all to heart, and then to our sources.

Could women's wear tailors solve the problems? We found they had neither the inclination nor the actual equipment to provide the kind of quality we require. And the men's wear tailors? They found it hard to accept the idea of softer, less tailored styles. And again, lacked the equipment needed to execute them.

So, confronted with this temporary impasse, our canny women's wear people in Dodgeville went back to the drawing board. Bit by bit they contrived their answers to your concerns. An "alternative fit" pant, with a contoured waistband, tapered legs, and a softening of tailoring details inside.

And in sportcoats: a softening of the coat, corrected fit through the size range, and a new softly pressed lapel that affords a nicer look than either a rolled lapel or a severely pressed one.

Having made these decisions, we acted.

We confronted both our men's wear and women's wear tailors with our ultimata. And in the end, they saw the sense of it all. And are now as pleased with their end result as if they'd initiated it, which is fine with us.

The bottom line? Whether you choose the traditional "man tailored" styles we've always offered in our catalog, or our new "alternative fit" styles, you get the best of both worlds. The fit you prefer, and the quality fabric and tailoring we insist upon. All at prices that represent real value. And all backed by our emphatic guarantee of satisfaction: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

But, of course, you must have the catalog to make your choice. If you don't, mail in the coupon below. Or save the price of a stamp by calling toll-free 1-800-356-4444.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. HH-B5
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

whole functioning eighteenth-century village.

A keen look crept into his eye then, and with pale mustaches dancing in the wind he reminded me of Mr. Toad on one of his wilder flights of enthusiasm. As we puttered by, people waved and yelled at us and upped their thumbs in approval. The attention didn't seem to spoil Mack's enjoyment. "You don't ride around in something like this if you want to be left alone," he said.

There were times when it all seemed a little much, an exercise in willful eccentricity; at others I felt privileged to be in the company of an American original. As he sketched out plans for his village, a community where people would be able to live modern lives but with the "option of escaping from the engulfing sameness of our shopping-mall culture," I had no trouble imagining those disassembled houses rising up from under canvas in the wooded fields of Chase Hill Farm—or for that matter anywhere in America. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

HIGH BOHEMIA

(Continued from page 156) around the doorway in the upstairs sitting room—a marble arched frame that had surrounded one of the monumental Stanford White doors in her childhood home at 871 Fifth Avenue. "Mum adored decorating her new apartment," a daughter recalls. "She said she was always inheriting things and that this was the one thing she created all by herself."

To our contemporary eye, the living and dining rooms seem seized in a time warp. The grandeur, however, takes on a plausibility when we remember the rooms Flora had grown up in. On Gracie Square she proceeded to reweave her heritage—witness the allegorical tapestries, the splendid French furniture, the boiserie, the Aubusson panels, the fringe and plush and stuffs of the Gilded Age.

Rubbing our eyes, we notice the twentieth century readmitted to our vision. There are contemporary paintings—works by Walter Gay, Paul Cadmus, Loren MacIver, George Tooker, and Charles Burchfield—and, of course, sculptures by her mother, who had introduced her to modern art. We see, too, that there was room in Flora's sensibility for the fanciful and the eccentric—the pair of nineteenth-century Dieppe ivory armchairs in the foyer, the ivory mirror crested with a portrait of Christian IV of Denmark.

The Steinway painted and parcel-gilt grand piano in the living room, raised on pierced and carved giltwood legs, descended to Flora from her Vanderbilt grandmother. Over the piano flamed the incandescent *Juliet and Her Nurse,* long considered the greatest Turner painting in private hands. At 10:15 on the morning of May 29, 1980, it went on the block at Sotheby's; by 10:21 it had made history, bringing the highest price at that time ever paid at auction for any work of art. With her accustomed bounty Flora donated a significant portion of the proceeds to the Whitney Museum. "It was the only one of my mother's paintings that followed her from Westbury to Gracie Square and back," a son recalls. "She would say, 'Oh, by the way, would you take the Turner?' and I would stick it in the back of the station wagon along with the laundry."

Flora lived primarily in the upstairs sitting room of the duplex—"that was the home room," says her son. A daughter elaborates, "Upstairs was more my mother than downstairs—very sort of far-out and modern and original; it had things in it you would just never think of having if you were me. Mum was always willing to experiment—with, for example, Art Deco, which was unusual in a Gracie Square apartment in those days." There are the Jean Michel Frank chairs and the aluminum furniture and the elmwood desk with cutouts for the telephone book and the *Social Register*—depressions in the wood where they could fit exactly. There are the valances for the curtains, which Flora made herself, and the pillows on which she copied contemporary paintings, later doing her own imaginative designs. There is her bed, with calla lilies cascading in copper down the headboard.

And then there are the beds in the guest room—made from the seats of an old merry-go-round—which Flora's sister-in-law Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney remembers fondly: "When Sonny and I were first married, we came to spend four or five days on Gracie Square. We stayed in a room that had two adorable beds painted with circus themes. Flora said she was so sorry she didn't have one big beautiful bed for us, but we said that one of the sleigh beds would do quite nicely."

Just before the apartment was dismantled, in 1986, the decorator Albert Hadley came to cast his tutored eye on all its artful assemblage. "It had enormous style and enormous mood," he says. "What struck me most was that the apartment was not a set piece at all, it was highly personal and exciting—there were just so many things that were fun to see. It must have been full of spirit when Mrs. Miller lived in it."

Of late years Flora seldom left Old Westbury. Henry James describes old age as the slow, reluctant march into enemy country—"the country of the general lost freshness." Flora, however, never lost the "vivid and shimmering" quality that her cousin Gloria Vanderbilt captures so elegantly: "White and red and black meticulously jumbling together from the colored silks she wore, the translucent skin, the luscious Chinese lacquer of her nails, the marigold of jewels, earrings of pearl close to hair coiffed tenderly as the feathers of a bird. She was indeed resplendent."

We can presume that it was with reluctance that Flora Whitney Miller took leave of this world. She died in July 1986, eleven days short of her 89th birthday, an admirable representative of her class—perfectly natural, extremely vintage, endlessly responsible yet always having a good time. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Warner's Country Love



The art of country comforts perfected here.

This cozy, Country refuge from worldly cares is brought to you from the New Warner Country Love Collection of wallcoverings, fabrics and borders. What makes Country Love so wonderful to look at is design — what makes it great to live with is modern convenience. The 19 different designs in up to 9 color choices are washable, strippable, pre-pasted and prefinished. The 48" wide coordinated fabrics are printed on a 50/50 blend of cotton and polyester. Borders are in widths ranging from 2" to 10" deep. Settle in with Warner's Country Love and protect yourself from the outside world. Through interior designers.

The Warner Company 1099 Desplaines St., Chicago, IL 60606
Showroom: 6-134 The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL

Wallcoverings, Fabrics & Borders by Warner's

It's charming, disarming, wicked, witty, eccentric, electric, brainy, bold. Best of all, it's yours to try now—before you send a cent.

A twice-in-this-century opportunity

From 1914 to 1936, a celebrated magazine epitomized the art and wit of a now-vanished age. Then—not long ago—The Condé Nast Publications presented the new *Vanity Fair.*

Vanity Fair. It's a daring and dauntless revival of wit. A lavish and luscious resurgence of flair. A stomping ground for legions of legends—in their most revealing photographs and least restrained interviews.

Its pages are sprinkled with humor, gossip and scandal. Studded with what's notable, quotable, dashing and dapper. Decked out in some of the most talked-about covers printed today.

The best and the boldest pictures and prose

The best writers in the world are writing for *Vanity Fair.* You'll find people like Norman Mailer, Gail Sheehy, William Styron, Stephen Spender, Dominick Dunne, James Atlas, Anthony Burgess, Garry Wills, Nora Ephron, Bob Colacello, Jay McInerney.

The best photographers in the world are packing the pages of *Vanity Fair.* You'll find scores of portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Richard Avedon, Deborah Turbeville, Irving Penn, Duane Michals, Bruce Weber, Horst, Snowdon.

The most provocative personalities

You'll enjoy perky, quirky, uninhibited profiles of some of today's most remarkable people: Dustin Hoffman. Imelda Marcos. Malcolm Forbes. Jack Nicholson. Jay Leno. Linda Ellerbee. Benazir Bhutto. Keith Haring. Keith Hernandez. Kathleen Turner. John Fairchild. John Updike. Ann Getty. Wallis Annenberg. Jessica Lange. Samuel Beckett. Sam Shepard. Torrie Steele.

And—now—just $12

Vanity Fair. It's filled with secrets. Surprises. Beefcake. Cheesecake. Fashion. Passion. Travel. Arts. And with this special offer, it's all yours for $1 an issue—that's an almost-absurd $1 a month!

How to try your first issue

Just send in the card (or the coupon) and have some fun with your first issue. Then pay us *after* you've taken a look.

You'll pay only $12 for one full year (12 issues). That's $12 *less* than the $24.00 other people pay at the newsstand—which is like getting six issues *free.*

To say "Yes" and to try your first issue, fill out the postpaid card attached or mail the coupon below.



I want to try VANITY FAIR

☐ **YES!** Please start my subscription. I'll get one year (twelve issues) of *Vanity Fair* at the lowest price of $12.

I'll save 50% off the newsstand price and I'll also have this guarantee: I can cancel my subscription and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues at any time during the course of my subscription.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ 411H

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

This offer limited to U.S.A. and its possessions. Your first issue will be mailed within 8 weeks.

Mail to: VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 5228, Boulder, CO 80321



Welcome to my Four Seasons® Kitchen.™

Where you don't have to be rich and famous to cook under the sky. –*Robin Leach*

Now, turn your ordinary kitchen into an island of light and njoy the natural beauty of the sky. Escape from that indoor eling to the great outdoors.

The Four Seasons solar greenhouse is available in nine excit- ng custom designs at prices comparable to what an ordinary oom addition would cost. Choose from carefree bronze or white luminum or curved laminated wood frames.

The Four Seasons Solar Advantage℠

Just when you need it most, your Four Seasons greenhouse is here, beckoning you to indulge yourself in its beautiful, sunny nd warm climate. Enjoy nature at its best while you capture free eat from the sun for your home.

Our patented built-in shading system, special Heat Mirror™ Glass and patented Pow-R-Vent® cooling and venting systems ive you the maximum benefits of your new exciting solar ifestyle.

So visit a Four Seasons Design and Remodeling Center near ou and get some great ideas to brighten up your home.

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-FOUR SEASONS for:

- Free "Guide to Beautiful Living Space" plus the location of the nearest Four Seasons design center.
- "The Complete 80 Page Book" with prices. (Priced at $5.00. Visa or MasterCard accepted).

Or write:

FOUR SEASONS SOLAR PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. F2
5005 Veterans Memorial Highway
Holbrook, NY 11741

FOUR SEASONS GREENHOUSES®
Design & Remodeling Centers

Outdoor Living For A Lifetime™

Over 230 franchised locations nationwide.

At participating centers only. See center for details.
©1988 Four Seasons Solar Products Corp.

(Continued from page 141) well as a Russian imperial dessert service from the Hermitage and some Russian blue-and-white girandoles that once belonged to Catherine the Great.

"My mother taught herself Russian as a girl, from books, because so many Russian musicians came to Baltimore, where she was raised as one of the seven children of the rector of St. Paul's Church, and she wanted to be able to talk to them. But when one day a real live Russian came to the rectory, it turned out she had learned it phonetically in such a way he hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about.

"In the 1920s," Carter went on, "you could just go out and buy classic pieces of American eighteenth-century furniture, and that's what my father did. My mother was interested in everything he was doing, and she had such a strong musical background—she had played the violin in the Baltimore Symphony and served as music critic on a local newspaper—that they had hardly got back from their honeymoon before they were having chamber music at home."



The large kitchen, modernized in the 1920s

Chamber music gave way in time to rented movies, much to the relief of some of the locals, one of whom said how nice it was that "Anne Brown has stopped educating Providence and is now entertaining Providence." But she didn't give up on music. "In fact she got my father to play the cello and I was taught piano and clarinet, and when the Neutra house was built, there was a special room, called the Music Room, with a little hole in the floor for the peg of the cello. We also had a custom-built hi-fi system that was the marvel of all our neighbors."

Anne Brown was a born scholar. A childhood interest in tin soldiers and their uniforms evolved in later life into a mastery of the iconography of military costume, which earned her international recognition not to mention a collection of tin soldiers—some of them painted by her mother, who had studied painting at the Académie Julian in Paris—which is now the property of Brown University. Anne Brown was, in fact, the third member of the Brown family to give the university a highly specialized library of her own choosing and devising.

Given the thoroughgoing, thorough-thinking character of both his parents and their drive for attainment in all that they undertook, it was inevitable that Carter Brown would either founder in inanition, as often happens to sons who are set so high an example, or go a long way. If anything, he had been overstimulated. Music tempted

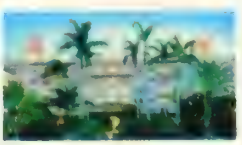
FOR 60 YEARS, WE'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION.



The moment you enter our lobby, you know you've arrived. And that you'll be back.

From the celebrated Cloister palace, to the magnificent Tower, to the quiet sophistication of The Boca Beach Club, every facet of The Boca Raton Hotel and Club exudes the luster of our Five-Star, Five-Diamond reputation.

Write P.O. Box 225, Boca Raton, FL 33429, see your travel agent or call toll free 800-327-0101. And return to a more gracious time, at the most impressive resort in all the world.



The Boca Raton Hotel and Club

QUITE SIMPLY THE BEST



Photo by Christopher Barry

BREAD & CHOCOLATE

The earthiness of freshly baked bread...combined with the sinful richness of chocolate. You'll find this favored snack of Parisian artists—along with other irresistible temptations—in the pages of GOURMET, the magazine dedicated to bringing you so many delightfully different ways to serve, share and enjoy life's pleasures.

GOURMET is full of surprising recipes that help you make the ordinary extraordinary. Not just chocolate cake, but Frozen Chocolate Mousse Cake Hôtel Meurice. Not just veal, but Breast of Veal stuffed with Spinach, Sausage, Parmesan Cheese and Artichoke Hearts.

You'll discover uncommon travel tips—like which charming Viennese hotel serves you midnight omelets after the opera...where to pub-hop in London...or how to shop for silvered glass in Munich.

Full-color photography sweeps you off to exotic places...and displays sumptuous feasts you can create to make a special occasion memorable.

GOURMET is everything you love, and now you can get it at especially enticing savings—60% off the newsstand price. Why not start a love affair with GOURMET now. Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Gourmet

It's everything you love in life.



GOURMET P.O. Box 2980, Boulder, CO 80322

YES, please enter my one-year subscription (12 issues) to GOURMET for just $12. I save 60% off the single-copy cost of $30 with this offer. (Basic subscription rate is $18.) 420H

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

This rate limited to the U.S.A. and its Possessions. Your first issue will be mailed within 8 weeks of receipt of your order—watch for it!

ONLY $1 AN ISSUE

"See straight and think big!" has been the Browns' imperative ever since the original Chad Brown crossed the border from Massachusetts

him. The theater tempted him. Architecture tempted him. He had always lived with great drawings around him. He had been for a year to Stowe, an enlightened English public school set in buildings of rare beauty. He had graduated summa cum laude (though not in art history) from Harvard.

Maybe art history was bound to win out. Francis Henry Taylor, former director of the Metropolitan Museum, had told him what fun it was to direct a great museum. (He also said to Carter that he had left the Met because he was tired of having to order toilet paper, but Carter didn't quite believe it.) The very sight of the National Gallery in Washington, turned a rich pink in wet weather, convinced him that that was the kind of place he would like.

As everyone knows, that was precisely the place that he got, and he still has it. Neither he, nor his brother, Captain Nicholas Brown, USN, nor his sister, Mrs. E. G. Fischer, who is married to an eminent surgeon, is able to live in Providence and keep the great house alive. For that reason, it has just become the headquarters of the study center, one that corresponds exactly to the family tradition.

"The idea," says Carter, "is to have the house serve the cause of the study of what has been contributed to American civilization, in the past and in general, and by this area in particular. When you put it all together, Providence as a center for studies of that kind is already extraordinarily rich. But there has not so far been any one institution that could act as an impartial catalyst between all the others. We shall have a very gifted executive director in Robert P. Emlen, and our dream is that this will become a place where you can do American studies in the same way that you can do Byzantine studies at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. I can't think of a better use for the house."

"See straight and think big!" has been the Browns' imperative ever since the original Chad Brown crossed the border from Massachusetts just 350 years ago. It looks as if it's not going to die out either. □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

"Encountering the New World, 1493–1800," a traveling exhibition of treasures from the John Carter Brown Library, is at the IBM Gallery in New York, February 16 through April 9. The independent research library, located at Brown University, was founded by the great-grandfather of J. Carter Brown and comprises more than 40,000 books printed before 1800, 15,000 specialized reference books, and a major collection of prints, manuscripts, and printed maps of the New World.

The Inchbald School of Design

The Inchbald School runs courses in all aspects of the history and practice of Interior and Garden Design, lasting from five days to one year.

ONE YEAR COURSES

- **Interior Design** — 5 October–15 July 1988
- **History of Interiors & Architecture 1500–1980** — 5 October–8 July 1988
- **Garden Design** — 5 October–8 July 1988

TEN WEEK COURSES

- **Design & Decoration** — 3 October–9 December 1988; 11 January–18 March 1988; 3 May–8 July 1988
- **History of Interiors** — **Styles, Materials and Techniques** 3 October–9 December 1988; **1500-1745** 11 January–18 March 1988; **1745-1985** 3 May–8 July 1988
- **Garden Design** — 3 October–9 December 1988; 11 January–18 March 1988; 3 May–8 July 1988

SHORT COURSES

- **English Gardening Skills*** — 25–29 April 1988
- **Decorative Paintwork-Trompe L'oeil*** — 9–12 May 1988
- **Interior Decoration Study Week** — 28 March–1 April 1988; 26–30 September 1988
- **Interior Design Drawing Course** — 25 July–2 September 1988
- **Intermediate Drawing Course** — 28 March–8 April 1988
- **The Advanced Drawing Course** — 11–29 April 1988
- **European Furniture Course** — 19–23 September 1988
- **Decorative Paintwork Course** — 11–15 April 1988; 25–29 July 1988; 19–23 September 1988
- **Development of Interior Design 1700–1985** — 28 March–22 April 1988; 1–26 August 1988
- **Garden Drawing Course** — 28 March–15 April 1988
- **English Garden Design** — 26–30 September 1988
- **Private Garden Course** — 11–15 April 1988
- **Garden History Course** — 18–22 July 1988

At the Manor House, Ayot St Lawrence

A prospectus is available on request:
The Secretary,
The Inchbald School of Design (AHG),
7 Eaton Gate, London SW1W 9BA Telephone: 01-730 5508
32 Eccleston Square, London SW1V 1PB Telephone: 01-630 9011/2/3

HE

VINTAGE COLLECTION

ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY THE BIELECKY BROTHERS CIRCA 1900



Andrew Bielecky, Sr., front row, far right 1902







Classic Styles for Modern Living.
A new collection of 50 handwoven wicker and rattan pieces, culled from our original catalog, in the Bielecky tradition of timeless design. As always, custom finishes applied to order at our workrooms.

Send $5.00 for Bielecky "Vintage Collection" catalog, 306 East 61st Street, New York, NY 10021

BIELECKY BROTHERS, INC.

NEW YORK: Bielecky Brothers, Inc./WASHINGTON D.C.: Donghia Showrooms, Inc./CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS: Holly Hunt, Ltd./MIAMI: Alexander James Associates/WEST PALM BEACH: Fact & Fantasy/HOUSTON, DALLAS: David Sutherland, Inc./LOS ANGELES: Randolph & Hein/DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO: Shears & Window/SEATTLE: James Goldman & Associates/HONOLULU: Robert Rose

(Continued from page 162) palms and eucalyptuses tower above, mossy paths lead to dead ends, punctuated by vast urns or curious grottoes. On one of these paths I pushed past the low branches and came upon Rita Pane with her two friendly Alsatians. She is slim, dark, and lively, and as she led me round, talking volubly in excellent English, the garden plan began to make sense.

The main path leads around the edge of the whole garden skirting the walls and balustrades. The inner wall has a large selection of stonework and statuary set into it; a suggestively posed medieval Madonna and Child stands close to a Roman sarcophagus with symbols of water and life. There is a carved nativity scene, a Renaissance fountain, huge urns, and sections of pillars. Signora Pane told me that several of the objects in the garden seemed too good to leave to the mercy of the elements. The extremely fine sarcophagus of Agrippa himself, which depicts



Neoclassical busts by Alma-Tadema on a balustrade overlooking the sea.

an intricately carved bacchanalian scene of triumph, had been with great difficulty brought into the house. Marble columns, too, which stood in the garden in Lord Astor's time covered in moss and draped with wisteria to create a "ruinized" effect, have been cleaned and waxed, revealing beautiful colors and patterns and now stand in the hallway.

Allées cut through the garden toward stone, sea, and sky. The most spectacular of these is a wide avenue of cypresses—the sea at one end, a fountain at the other—flanking a great arched tunnel of Banksia roses supported by wooden struts. The ground beneath is thickly planted with brilliant orange clivia among which are twin rows of big pots of *Chamaedorea elegans,* much used as an indoor plant in the north. In May this allée is spectacular with the roses' white blossoms above.

But this is not essentially a flower garden. Certainly plumbago drapes the lower palms, bougainvillea grows along the walls, cyclamen are naturalized underfoot, and near the house pink and red geraniums spill out of enormous pots. The main effect, nonetheless, is of greenery, shade, and contrasting foliage of every shape and size. One thinks of Marvell's "green thought in a green shade."

We emerged from the trees, and I sat on the terrace among pots of geraniums and stone lions while Signora Pane produced a delicious lunch (a local mozzarella, spaghetti al pesto, red mullets en papillote). They grow all their fruit and vegetables in the upper garden with no artificial fertilizers; they make their own olive oil and wine, too. Signor Pane spoke of his affections for the garden: he feels that he is keeping it in trust for future generations. He pointed out the terrace of the Hotel Tramontano, where Ibsen sat looking toward the Villa Tritone while writing *Ghosts.* Benedetto Croce stayed here for two years during the war, and the Panes have kept his study intact with his desk still in its place.

At that moment, well out of season, it was possible to imagine the great men who visited Sorrento and looked out, like us, toward Naples and Pompeii—Byron, Wagner, and the greatest native of the town, Torquato Tasso, the Renaissance poet, author of *Jerusalem Delivered.* Past and present mingled agreeably as we gazed out, and Signora Pane pointed out her newest venture in the garden, a series of small terraces leading down to the sea which will eventually be linked by wisteria twining down through the railings. They had to set off for Rome, I for London. It was sad to leave such an enchanted place. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Train At Home For A Career as An Interior Decorator.

You can get started in this challenging field at home in your spare time

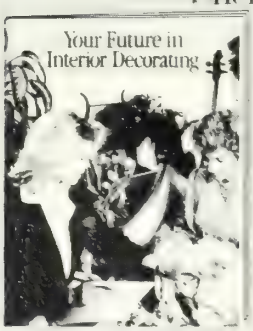
If you would enjoy working with colors and fabrics... choosing beautiful furniture and accessories... planning dramatic window treatments... and putting it all together in rooms that win applause - then you may have a good future as a professional interior decorator.

You'll earn money, of course - spare-time or full time. But you'll also be rewarded in other ways - working in fashionable places, meeting fascinating people - and, best of all, finding a profitable outlet for your creativity.

Let the Sheffield School of Interior Design help you get started. Unique 'listen-and-learn' program guides you - step by step - with the voice of your instructor on cassette.

You will be surprised at the low cost. Mail the coupon now for the school's illustrated catalog. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Sheffield School of Interior Design



FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG, CALL (800) 526-5000 OR MAIL COUPON.

Sheffield School of Interior Design
Dep't. HG28, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me your CAREER GUIDE & CATALOG without charge and obligation. No salesman will call.
☐ Under 18, check here for special information.

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

Butterflies of the World

PORCELAIN SCULPTURE COLLECTION

Fine porcelain with delicate hand-painting. $29.50 per sculpture. Available on a convenient monthly basis.

o exceptional an artist is Brian Hargreaves of Great Britain that he was ommissioned to portray the gardens nd butterflies of Buckingham Palace or Queen Elizabeth II. Now he brings is talent to the design of an exclusive ollection of porcelain sculptures: *The Butterflies of the World.*

This intriguing new collection makes t possible for you to have a garden of utterflies and flowers in your home all ear long! Fifteen delightful butterflies n their own natural floral settings—epresenting all fifteen butterfly famiies in nature's kingdom.

You'll be able to display this collecion attractively in your home. For you vill receive a beautifully designed *étagère* of brass and glass to hold all of the mported sculptures.

Brian Hargreaves' designs are so inely detailed that *each* delicate wing of a butterfly and *each* petal of a flower is precisely as you see it in nature. From he Monarch Butterfly with its bright orange coloring ... to the boldly-striped Zebra Longwing ... to the spectacular Malachite with emerald-shaped wings. The variety of colors is astonishing too —every shade and tone nature has given these charming creatures of flight.

To acquire the collection, please mail the accompanying Subscription Application by March 31, 1988.



ctual Size



Brass and glass étagère provided at no additional charge.

© 1988 FM

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by March 31, 1988.
Limit of one collection per person.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Butterflies of the World Porcelain Sculpture Collection by Brian Hargreaves, consisting of fifteen miniature sculptures to be crafted in fine porcelain with delicate hand-painting. The sculptures will be sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. Please bill me $29.50* for each porcelain sculpture in advance of shipment. I will also receive a brass and glass étagère at no additional charge.

Plus my state sales tax and $1.95 for shipping and handling

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

85387 - 267

AEGEAN IDYLL

(Continued from page 89) confronted with the necessity of establishing rules for the restoration of such houses, and this house set the precedent for all others. Great importance was given to the quality of materials used. Yet there were some problems such as the ceiling of the great sala, which was done in coffered wood painted with stylized flowers in red and blackened green and bordered like a Bokhara rug—all without the usual beams. I've always felt it was like a flying carpet over my head. But it was crumbling, too, and now and then the precariously attached wooden planks would crash to the ground. Many visits from the Archaeological Service and even more meetings in their office in Rhodes only led to the promise that a great expert would arrive from Athens to decide how the restoration would be done. Three years passed, and he still had not shown up; in the meantime I had my head covered in clay. So I took it into my own hands. By night I smuggled in two young restorers from the Brera Academy in Milan. They spent a month lying on their backs, perched on a scaffolding erected by a mason friend. Every now and then they looked longingly at the beach, but I only let them go for an evening swim at dusk. I bribed them and encouraged them in every way, so at the end of the month, with every bone in their bodies aching but feeling like Michelangelo after the accomplishment of the Sistine, they had their task completed. My magic carpet was flying again.

I often wished I had it at my disposal when B. and I were traveling. Wherever we went, B. collected things to enhance *her* beauty, with the thoughtfulness of a lover. But I had to carry them, and although it may not be a great strain to heave a Syrian inlaid coffee table out of a New York antiques shop and into a waiting taxicab, transporting half a dozen rugs from Kabul in Afghanistan or a dozen brass lanterns from Marrakesh in Morocco to the island of Rhodes creates some discomfort. I cannot count the hours spent in bazaars and flea markets looking out for little surprises for *her,* but my patience and endurance were rewarded since I too have lived many a happy day within her walls. As for B., the relationship with the house is downright mystical. It is no accident that B. can't refer to her in the neutral gender usually employed when speaking of a house. *She* is a live creature, and although B. thinks that metempsychosis is a rabbit's disease, she cannot deny that she and *she* had known each other since long ago, perhaps in a former life. □

L'AIR DUCHAMP

(Continued from page 106) chievous smile. Teeny seems to preserve this spirit, the spirit that animated the great explorers of modern art.

When she moved into her house, the only help Teeny had came from her friend the sculptor François Xavier Lalanne. One of Teeny's problems, in the case of the guest room, was how to install a bathroom without ruining the proportions of the room. A sculpture by Lalanne became the solution. The amazing turquoise *Hippopotamus* is a bathroom all by itself: its body holds a bathtub, its head a washbasin.

Beyond this taste for fantasy, one of the passions Teeny shared with Duchamp was a love of chess. Every room has its chessboard: games sculpted by Calder, Villon, and Ernst are in various rooms. Calder's figures are humorous, Villon's Cubist-inspired. Because of Teeny's love of chess, she would go with Duchamp during their vacations from one friend's house to another in order to play matches. Once in the line-up of adversaries she found herself playing against the eighteen-year-old Bobby Fischer.

Teeny always follows chess championships, such as last fall's world title between Karpov and Kasparov and comments on the psychology of the stalemate—the draw—which causes the pitiless tension between both players to rise. Using a set made by her husband, she keeps this passion for chess alive and carries on a never-ending match with composer John Cage.

Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, Teeny continues to delight in contemporary art. She placed *Une Nana,* a sculpture by her friend Niki de Saint Phalle, opposite her chessboard. A gouache by Dubuffet might hang alongside a lithograph by Jasper Johns. Her daughter, Jackie Monnier, makes kites that transform the wind blowing over the house into an aesthetic caress. That is how in this marvelous seraglio of modern art one lives the rhythm of the seasons. □

Translated by Matthew Ward
Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

KLOSTERS COMFORT

(Continued from page 110) this wasted space built to withstand the bombs of the past but not the bombs of today or tomorrow? Simple. You make the bomb shelter the wine cellar and drink a toast there to happier days.

Decorating Chalet Bianchina? How that word *decorating* brings up connotations of forced luxury. Not for us. After Jill and Vivien Greenock of Colefax & Fowler have applied cool hands to turn Chalet Bianchina into a cozy home, you just want to cuddle up to the fire or lie in bed while snowflakes dance outside or in summer the cowbells sing.

Early one morning, shortly after we moved in, we were sleeping snuggled under eiderdowns when there was a tapping on the windowpane. Roderick, our King Charles, jumped off the bed and started barking. I put on my deerskin slippers and sneaked downstairs. Standing at the door in a blizzard stood Anita, our next-door neighbor, holding a pail of fresh milk just squeezed from her cows. □

Editor: Judy Brittain

& GARDEN
March

HOUSE & GA
MARCH 1988

3 9042 023530

T G

ECORATIVE BETTE MIDLER
HE MODERN ROTHSCHILDS
OCKNEY AT HOME



romance

URLINGAME
EB 2 1988
LIBRARY

Imagine a makeup and powder so light, they won't streak, cake, clog pores or even be detected by the naked eye...

Revolutionary Award winning:

POUDRE MAJEUR

Loose Powder with Micro-bubbles

TEINT MAJEUR

Creme Compact Makeup with Micro-bubbles

Revolutionary micro-bubbles, dispersed into two exclusive formulations, to give you a look as elegant as the light of day.

Teint Majeur Creme Compact Makeup: An air-light creme foundation that sponges on exquisitely. Allows you the choice of coverage from sheer-to-natural to ultimately glamorous.

Poudre Majeur Loose Powder: Thanks to the innovative micro-bubbles, there's no talc, never a "powdered look." So sheer it can be worn alone, over Teint Majeur or any Lancôme foundation.

Teint Majeur and Poudre Majeur... You'll wonder how you ever went out without them.

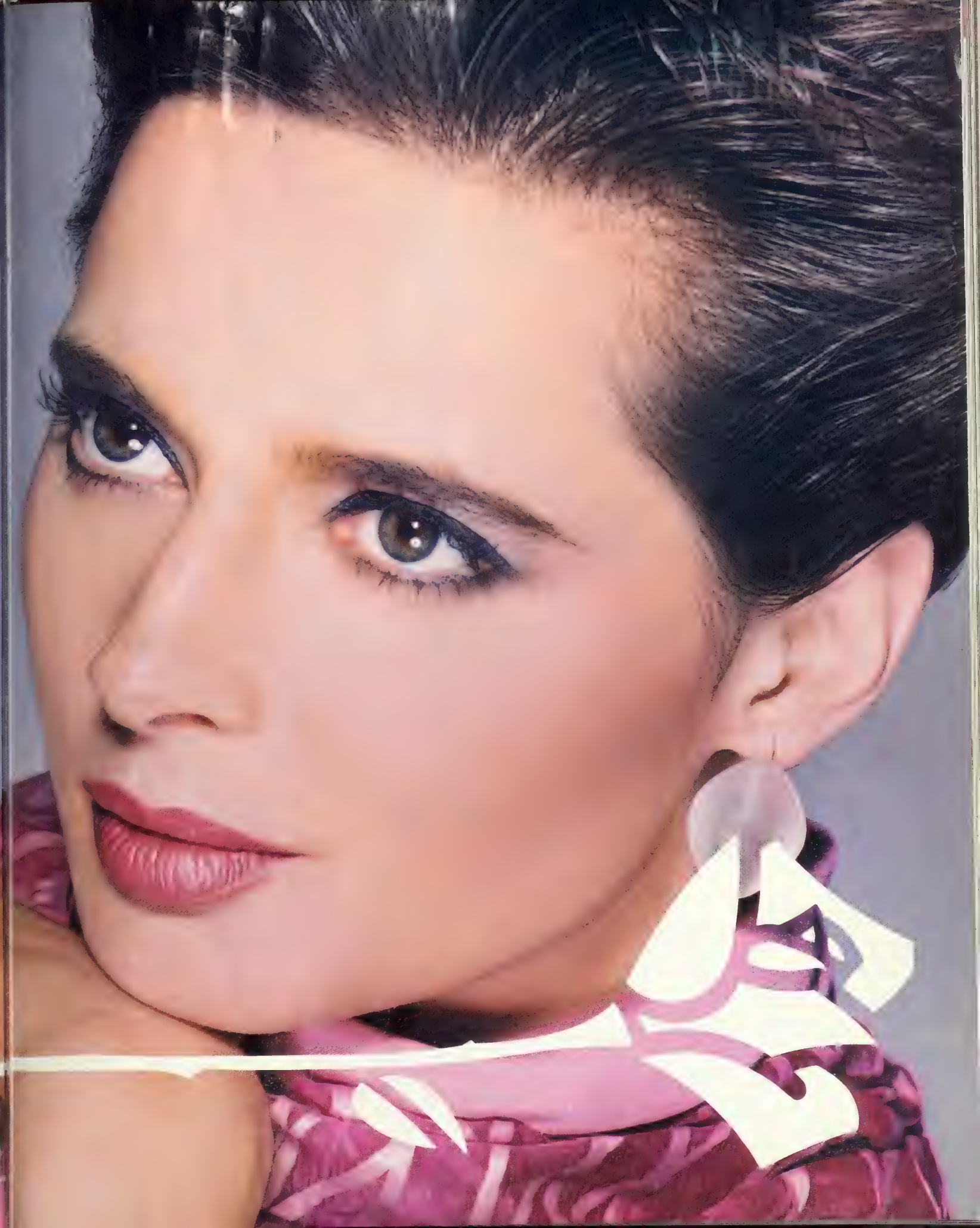






LANCÔME

PARIS



CIVILIZATION HAS NEVER ADVANCED QUITE SO RAPIDLY.



HOUSE & GARDEN
MARCH 1988
Volume 160, Number 3

HG



COVER
Photographed in Paris's Bagatelle Gardens, Karl Lagerfeld's romantic cotton dress, $2,305 at Marshall Field, Chicago, and, to order, Barneys New York. Hat: Kirsten Woodward for Karl Lagerfeld. Jewels: Karl Lagerfeld, Paris. Hair and makeup: Stephen Rose, Faces/Paris. Styled by André Leon Talley. Photograph by Arthur Elgort. Page 114.



Brian Murphy's house for Dennis Hopper in Venice, California. Page 178. Photograph by Tim Street-Porter.

HG Notes *Art, Architecture, Design* **33**
Homelife *by Diane Johnson* **44**
Books *by John Richardson* **50**
Travel *by Rebecca Willis* **58**
Food Notes *by John Bryce* **72**
Wine *by Jason Cooper* **80**
Gardening *by Caroline Seebohm* **84**
Collecting *by Caroline Moorehead* **96**
Style *by Laurie Schechter* **100**
TalleySheet *by André Leon Talley* **108**
HG View *by Anna Wintour* **113**
Home Front *Decorating, Essentials, Shopping, Electronics* **194**
Real Estate *by Karen Cook* **208**
Salesroom *by David Lisi* **214**
Duka's Diary *by John Duka* **226**



David Hockney in his hand-painted pool. Page 150. Photograph by Michael Roberts.

Romance: The spirit of Fragonard . . . The fun of fashion . . . The richness of tapestry . . . The splendor of ornament . . . The surprise of color **114**

Modern Rothschild: Eric and Beatrice de Rothschild bring exuberance to a rich tradition. Roger Toll describes the style of Château Lafite, and André Leon Talley defines the style of the family **124**

Decorative Bette: Rhoda Koenig presents an inside view of Bette Midler's colorful family and a house where Bloomsbury meets Southern California **136**

A New Light in Texas: Architect Arthur Andersson talks with Martin Filler about his variation on the Western farmhouse **144**

Hockney at Home: Henry Geldzahler celebrates the powerful interplay between the artist's work and his surroundings in the Hollywood Hills **150**

Little Black Chairs, Little Black Dresses: New from Milan **158**

Busted Out!: William Hamilton remarks on the mania for marble heads **160**

Duane Michals' Four Seasons: The photographer loves his garden. In pictures and words he records its seasonal changes **164**

Our House: Is it a museum or a home? In this election year Christopher Hitchens investigates the changing face of the White House **172**

Fish Without Fire: Through trial and error Jeffrey Steingarten discovers how to make the most out of microwave technology **176**

Dennis Hopper's New Wave: Designer Brian Murphy produces a startling new house for the maverick actor. James Truman takes a look **178**

Gilt Complex: The gilt madness is evident from the moment you step into the Laphams' New York apartment. André Leon Talley talks to Joan Lapham **186**

House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years. Elsewhere, $41 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4; Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1988 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.
Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322
Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017

It coddles five passengers in [illegible] while assaulting the road with the ferocity of a race car.

Such is the scope of the BMW 535i.

A luxury sedan for those who've reached civilization's higher echelons with heart and spirit intact.

"To put it bluntly," wrote AutoWeek on the 535i, "this is a car that encourages you to drive the hell out of it."

The encouragement is provided by a race-bred, 3.5-liter, 182-horsepower engine that catapults the 535i from 0 to 60 in 7.4 seconds. Yet, the 535i exercises its power with such civility that, even at pulse-stirring speeds, "it feels stable, comfortable and quiet" (AutoWeek).

Such grace under velocity is technologically explained. Beginning with a widely-emulated, four-wheel independent, double-pivot suspension—now further enhanced by progressive rate springing and gas-pressure shock absorbers.

A microprocessor-based engine management system that couples optimum engine performance with peak fuel efficiency.*

Advanced anti-lock brakes that can mean the difference between having an accident and avoiding it.

And an interior environment that bestows on five adults the blessings of orthopedically-designed leather seats, a power sunroof, and an 8-speaker anti-theft stereo sound system.

Perhaps no greater tribute can be paid to one of the world's fastest sedans than Motor Trend's response. "We were completely won over by the car's charming manners, ease of operation and elegant comfort."

We invite you to share in that experience.

It would be uncivilized of us not to.

BMW

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

*EPA-estimated 21 mpg, 28 highway, manual transmission. Fuel efficiency figures are for comparison only. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Highway mileage may be lower. © 1987 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.




Think of it as a 272-piece collection of the world's most brilliant crystal.
Waterford® is well known for radiant, hand-cut crystal tableware. But Waterford chandeliers, like the 6,000-faceted example you see here, provide illumination on an even more lavish scale.
© 1988 Waterford Crystal, P.O. Box 2208, Ocean, New Jersey 07712.
WATERFORD
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.



WHAT MEETS THE EYE: *The scrolled arm form and the exclusive Baker cotton/linen damask fabric. Unseen, the Baker tradition of handcraftsmanship in solid frame construction, tailoring and Comfort-Down™ luxury all together balances style with lasting value. Baker upholstered furniture and fabrics are available through fine furniture and department stores. You are invited to write for their names and you may send $5.00 for our Baker Upholstered Furniture Catalogue.*

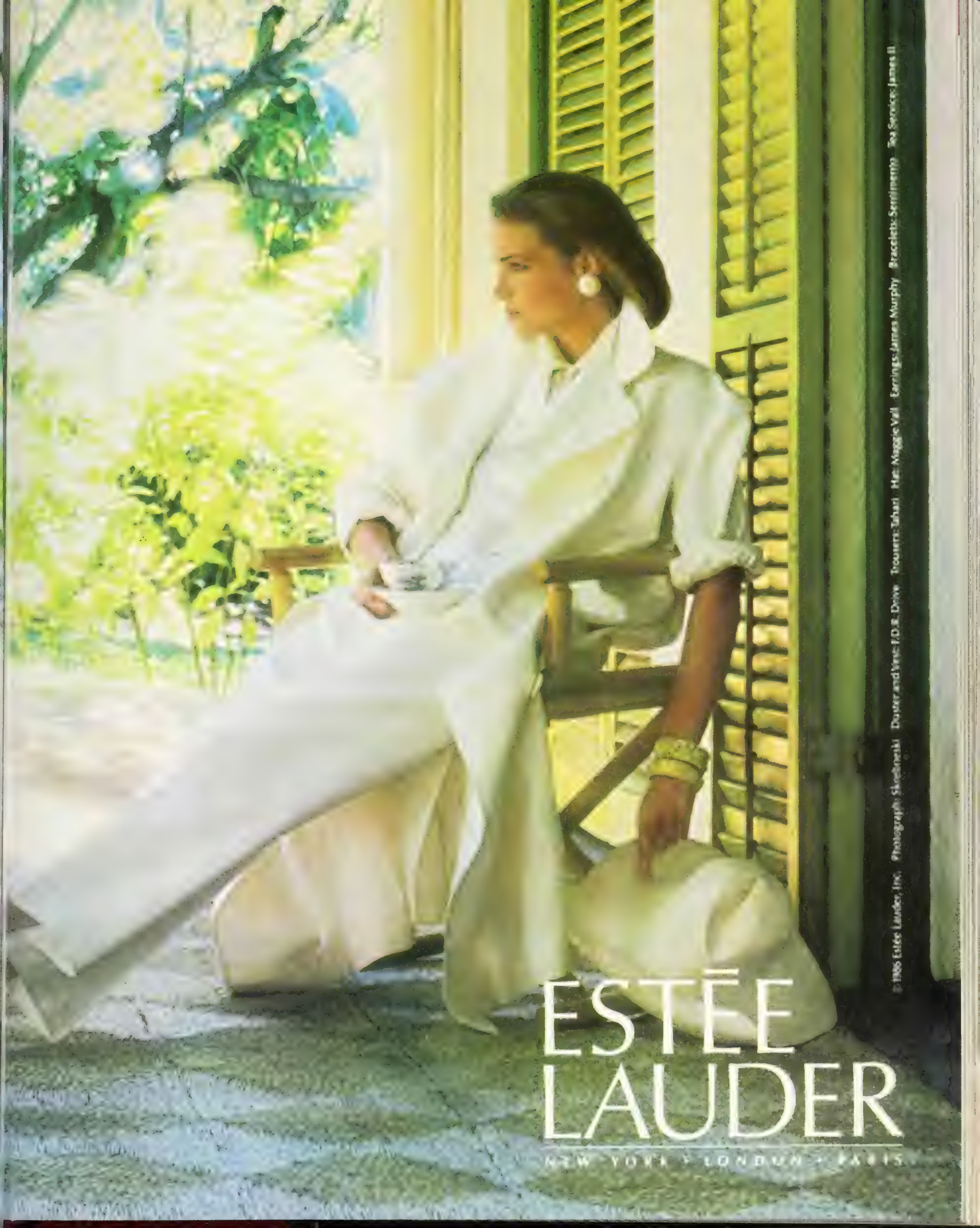




Baker Furniture, Dept. 530, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

Baker
KNAPP & TUBBS


WHITE LINEN


ESTĒE
LAUDER
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS
©1995 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photographer: Skrebneski Duster and Vest: I.D.B. Dove Trousers: Tahari Hat: Maggie Vail Earrings: James Murphy Bracelets: Sentimenti Tea Service: James II



HG

Anna Wintour
Editor in Chief

Creative Directors **Marie-Paule Pellé, André Leon Talley** Design Director **Derek Ungless**
Editors **Martin Filler, Nancy Novogrod, Gabé Doppelt** Art Director **Karen Lee Grant**
Managing Editor **Priscilla Flood**
Features Editor **Michael Boodro** Senior Editors **Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron** architecture; **Babs Simpson**
Decorating Editors **Jacqueline Gonnet, Amicia de Moubray, Laurie Schechter, Carolyn Sollis**
Architecture Editor **Heather Smith MacIsaac** Gardening Editor **Senga Mortimer**
West Coast Editor **Joyce MacRae** Los Angeles Editor **Eleanor Phillips Colt**
Assistant Managing Editor **Duncan Maginnis** Copy Editor **Reginald Gay**
Copy Associate **Gabrielle Winkel** Copy Researcher **Sarah Fletcher**
Associate Art Director **Raúl Martinez** Picture Editor **Thomas H. McWilliam Jr.**
Editorial Production Manager **Kay Susmann** Art Production Editor **Carol Knobloch**
Picture Researcher **Susan B. Goldberger** Art Assistant **Andrzej Janerka** Art Coordinator **Andrea Selby**
Editorial Coordinator **Lorna Damarell Caine**
Assistant to the Editor in Chief **Anne Alexander**
Editorial Assistants **Katherine van den Blink, Diane Carpentieri, Adele Glenn Harrell, Sarah Kaltman Stacey L. Klaman, Kathryn Lineberger, Jane Magrino, Michele Michael, Katie Ridder, Susan Tsao**
Reader Information **Margaret Morse**

Editors-at-Large **Rosamond Bernier, Charles Gandee, John Richardson**
Consulting Editors **Brooke Astor, Beatrice Monti della Corte**
Contributing Editors **Marella Agnelli, John Bowes-Lyon, Michael Chow, Jacques Dehornois Oscar de la Renta, John Duka, Gaetana Enders, Dodie Kazanjian, Rhoda Koenig, Catherine Marron Denise Otis, Doris Saatchi, Marilyn Schafer, Suzanne Stephens, Marie-Pierre Toll James Truman, Dorothea Walker, Deborah Webster**
Editorial Business Manager **William P. Rayner**

J. Kevin Madden
Publisher

Advertising Director **Martha Mosko D'Adamo**
Sales Development Director **Robert Newkirchen** Advertising Manager **Ronald J. Meredith**
Design Resource Manager **Albert J. Blois**
Distilled Spirits Manager **Donald B. Fries** Jewelry and Watch Manager **Wallace B. Greene**
Travel Manager **Judith A. Lamort** Beauty Manager **Cynthia R. Lewis**
Fashion Manager **Susan Rerat** Home Furnishings Manager **Kevin T. Walsh**

Promotion Creative Director **Jayne Ingram**
Promotion Art Director **Lori Edwards Glavin** Promotion Manager **Taylor Ingraham**
Public Relations Manager **Annette Martell Schmidt** Promotion Copywriter **Alice McGuckin**

New England **Richard Balzarini** Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South **Dennis W. Dougherty** 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309
Midwest **Melvin G. Chalem** 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit **John F. McClure** 3310 West Big Beaver Rd., Suite 537, Troy MI 48084
West Coast **Margaret M. Thalken, Trish Birch** 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
Anne Sortwell 50 Francisco St., San Francisco CA 94133
Florida **David Rubin** 454 Alamanda Dr., Hallandale FL 33009
England **Robert E. Yost** 19 South Audley St., London W1Y 5DN
France **John H. Liesveld Jr.** 284 blvd. Saint-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy **Marva Griffin** viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director **Eckart L. Güthe**

British **House & Garden** Vogue House, Hanover Sq., London W1R 0AD
French **Maison & Jardin** 8–10, blvd. du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
Italian **Casa Vogue** piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
Brazilian **Casa Vogue Brasil** Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430–Jardim America, São Paulo
Australian **Vogue Living** 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

House & Garden is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Chairman **S. I. Newhouse Jr.** Deputy Chairman **Daniel Salem**
President **Bernard H. Leser**
Executive Vice President **John B. Brunelle**
Executive Vice President **Joseph L. Fuchs**
Vice President–Corporate Resources **Fred C. Thormann**
Vice President **Verne Westerberg**
Vice President–Treasurer **Eric C. Anderson**
Vice President–Secretary **Pamela M. van Zandt**
Vice President–Circulation **Peter Armour**
Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution **Irving Herschbein**
Vice President–Condé Nast Package **Neil J. Jacobs**
Editorial Adviser **Leo Lerman**

Alexander Liberman
Editorial Director

© 1983 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.





Room Design: Mario Buatta

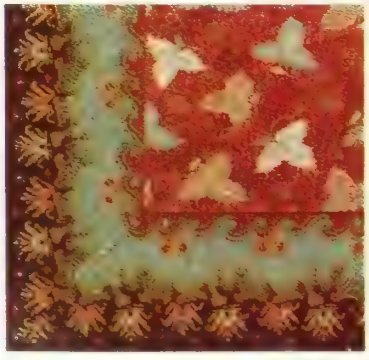
ALL DESIGNS IN STOCK

Carpet: Directoire, Azure Yello

Clichy-Salmon



Autumn Leaf



Petit Bouquet-Black





Stark

CARPET

979 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022/Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas Dania Denver Houston Laguna Niguel Los Angeles Philadelphia San Francisco Seattle/Troy/Washington, D.C



The fabric is Brunschwig, the chair is, too!

Brunschwig & Fils

75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.

RILOU TAPESTRY WELLINGTON wing chair.

THROUGH OUR EXCLUSIVE STORES AND THROUGH THE TRADE IN THE USA AND CANADA.
NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BEVERLY HILLS • BIRMINGHAM, MI • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DALLAS • DENVER • HARTFORD/CANTON • HOUSTON • LA JOLLA • MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • MONTREAL • PA

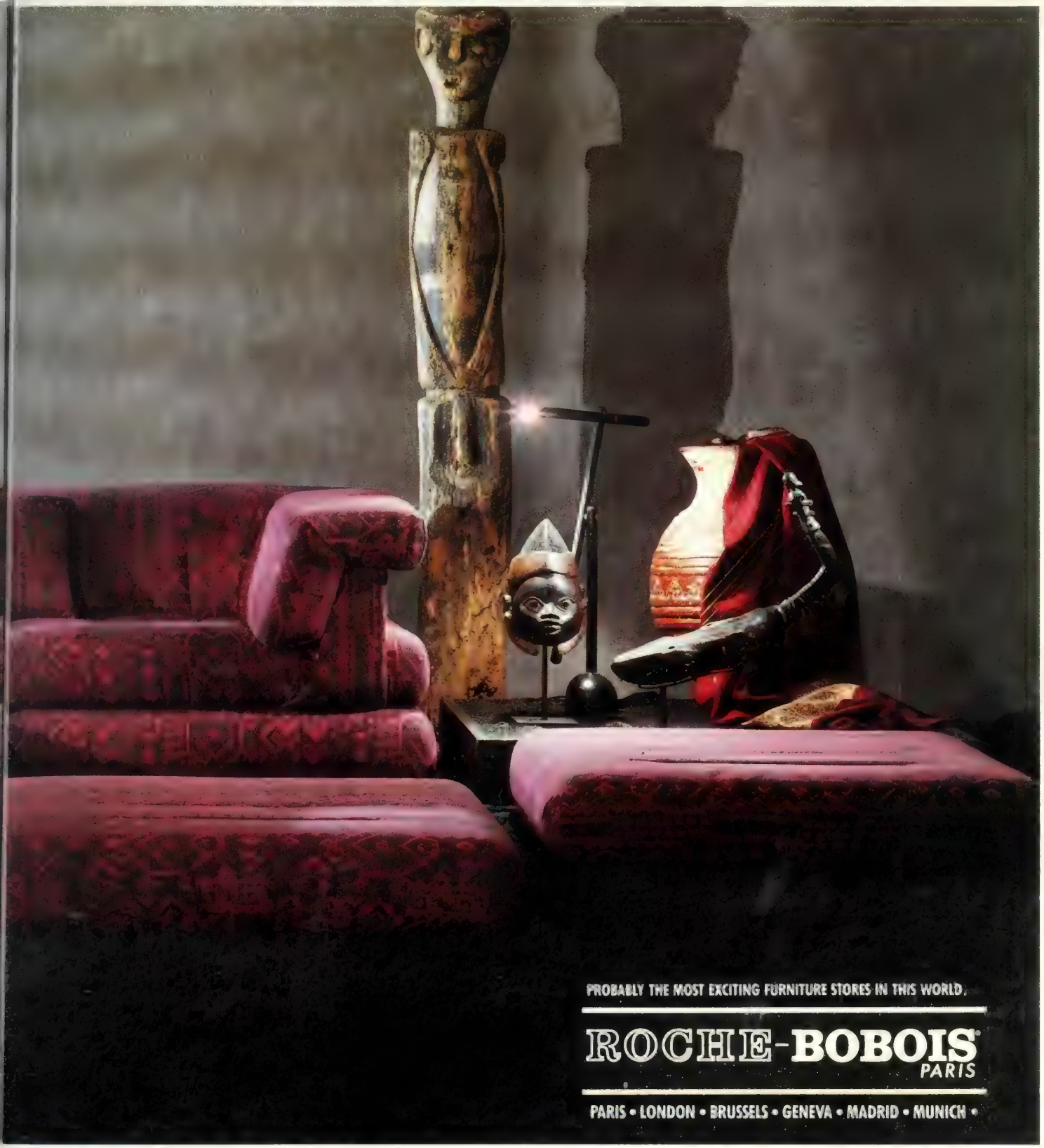


COMPOSITION IN COMFORT, BY ROCHE-BOBOIS: A VERY PERSONAL SENSE OF STYLE.

Tapis Siège responds to your moods and captures the magic of very special moments. Arrange the cushions for intimate conversations, or set the stage for a festive party. *Tapis Siège* is the elegant reflection of a confident personal style.

Tapis Siege, upholstered in pure cotton, is available in a choice of many colors. For our new, extra large catalog, please send a $10 check or money order to: Roche-Bobois (Dept HS5), 183 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

HILADELPHIA • PHOENIX • QUEBEC • ROSLYN HEIGHTS • SAN FRANCISCO • SCARSDALE • SEATTLE • SOUTHPORT, CT • TORONTO • VANCOUVER BC • WASHINGTON DC • WINNETKA •



NANCY CORZINE

For the Interior Designer in Everyone



Showrooms

Nancy Corzine
451 N. Robertson Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90048

Neville Nowell Designs, Inc.
680 8th Street, #155
San Francisco, CA 94103

Blake House
595 S. Broadway St., #110W
Denver, CO 80209

Slocombe Antiques
1400 Hi Line, #B
Dallas, Texas 75207

Nancy Corzine

E A U D E G I V E N C H Y





G I V E N C H Y
PARIS
PARFUMS

HECHT'S meier&frank FAMOUS·BARR

DISCOVER THE LUXURY OF MANNINGTON FLOORS.

Extraordinary floors, endless possibilities. To explore them, contact your Mannington Flooring Specialist or write Mannington, P.O. Box 30, Salem, NJ 08079.

Floors shown:
Sheet Vinyl 4350, Ceramic Tile 664

mannington®
LUXURY VINYL · WOOD · CERAMIC TILE FLOORS

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY
ARTHUR ELGORT

"It's an exhilarating, exhausting, endless challenge," says photographer Arthur Elgort, above right, about working with HG's new creative director André Leon Talley. The result of their most recent collaboration is our lead feature on romance. Talley comes to HG via *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, and *WWD*. He develops features all over the globe, and in his monthly column, TalleySheet, offers insightful observations about people and fashion. Elgort's most recent book, *The Swan Prince*, featuring Mikhail Baryshnikov, has just been published by Bantam, and his photographs are in the ICP collection in New York and the Victoria and Albert in London.



DUANE MICHALS

Photographer Duane Michals' passion is his garden, so his feature in this issue is the definitive labor of love. He has published several books—his latest, *Album* (Twelvetrees Press, this spring), is a collection of black-and-white portraits with Michals' aptly titled introduction, "I'm much nicer than my face." Michals exhibits at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York.

(Continued on page 24)


Photography: Arthur Elgort Art Direction: Marc Balet
LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN® & CO.



Henredon and Fabriyaz

foremost names in home furnishings combine their genius to create seating of unparalleled excellence. We invite you... the Henredon upholstered furniture and Fabriyaz fabric collections at select interior design studios and fine furni... For a Henredon Upholstered Furniture brochure send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. G38F, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon



Pattern – ARTOIS BLUE © Bernardaud, NA Inc 1988 – 41 Madison Avenue, New York, N Y 10010 – The Bernardaud Shop, 345 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida

macy's
WE'RE A PART OF YOUR LIFE

Marshall Field's

WOODWARD & LOTHROP



When you're famous for something,

Over the years, the name Schumacher has become practically synonymous with a certain kind of traditional look.

And we're proud of it. Very proud.

But, at the same time, we're a little concerned. Because it seems we're so well known for that particular look, people often lose sight o the fact that we do other things that are quite



the other great things you do often go unnoticed.

different. And quite wonderful.

Just look at the wallcoverings above in our contemporary Airbrush collection, and you'll see what we mean. Not exactly what you think of when you think of Schumacher, are they?

Well, think again.

SCHUMACHER

We're much, much more than you think.

PANNONIA GALLERIES, INC.

Fine Paintings

1043 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021 (212) 628-1168



LUIS RICCARDO FALERO
(Spanish 1851-1896)
"Diana"
Oil/masonite, signed, dated
Paris 1883, 20 x 30 inches

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



JOHN DUKA
looks at personalities' decorating styles each month in Duka's Diary and comments on the "eternal wrestling match between man and his sofa."



HIRO
says, "It's not food per se that interests me but how I approach the project." His photographs appear with writer Jeffrey Steingarten's monthly food feature.



LAURIE SCHECHTER
reports in Style on the latest decorating ideas and trends, but "if it's already out there in a big way, I move on." She worked at *Vogue*, *New York*, was fashion editor of *Rolling Stone*.



TIM STREET-PORTER
moved to Los Angeles from England eleven years ago and has photographed this month three of the city's most celebrated residents—Dennis Hopper, David Hockney, and Bette Midler.

RHODA KOENIG
used to sing Gershwin and Porter in nightclubs and now finds herself in London writing for HG as well as for *New York*, *Vogue*. She interviewed Bette Midler for this issue.





ttaché case
3,500.
vernight bag
3,995.

TAKE OFF WITH HERMÈS "ESPACE."

Hermès presents "Espace," a luggage collection created through the union of calf and carbon fiber.

Exceedingly durable, in both supple and rigid forms, "Espace" is leather lined, trimmed with polished brass and topped with the Hermès saddle-stitched handles.

HERMÈS
PARIS

Available exclusively at Hermes Stores:
New York, 11 East 57th Street. Palm Beach, Worth Avenue. Dallas, Highland Park Village. Beverly Hills, Rodeo Drive. Chicago, The Hermès Boutique at Bonwit Teller
San Francisco, One Union Square. Boston, Opening this Fall. Houston, Opening this Fall.

Boutiques du Monde d'Hermès:
Baltimore, Nan Duskin. Denver, Printemps. Manhasset, Americana Shopping Center. New York, Barneys. Philadelphia, Nan Duskin. San Antonio, Frost Bros. Toronto, Hazelton Lanes.

Visit the Hermes Boutique closest to you or call 1-800-441-4488, ext 222

When it happens only once in a lifetime, it should be indelibly engraved for all time.

A child is born and a lifetime of special events begins. Some so important, they are etched in one's memory forever. These are the occasions that deserve to be recorded on nothing less than Crane.

Crane announcements and invitations are as distinctive as the events they help celebrate. Like all Crane papers they are made of 100% cotton fiber which makes them not only beautiful but enduring.

Thus, it comes as no surprise that when the event is unforgettable, Crane is so often chosen to be the paper the memories are made of. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass. 01226.

Crane

We've been taking your words seriously for 187 years.




Aria Gold.
A New Note In French Couture Pour La Table.
Christofle
CHRISTOFLE, 680 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10021

Tempo's advanced dynamic exterior styling reflects Ford's growing reputation for design leadership. The same holds true for Tempo's newly refined interior. So that inside and out, there's no doubt that this is a *new* Tempo. One designed with the driver in mind.

It's not just a car. It's a driver's car.

Front-wheel drive. A more powerful multi-port electronic fuel-injected engine. Four-wheel independent suspension. And power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering. All combine to c car capable of handling almost any kind of

The new Ford Tempo. Whether you ch the smooth performance of a GL or LX. The enhanced performance of the GLS mo Or the extra traction of Tempo All-Wheel-Drive, you will be able to express your dri ambition in more sophisticated terms.

6-Year/60,000-Mile Powertrain Warrant

Covers major powertrain components

Driving ambition. Expressed in sophisticated terms.



Buckle up—together we can save li

ears/60,000 miles. Restrictions and
tible apply. Also, participating dealers
heir customer-paid work with a free
ne Service Guarantee, good for as long
ı own your vehicle. Ask to see these
d warranties when you visit your
Dealer.

Best-built American cars...seven running.

ısed on an average of owner-reported problems in a series of surveys of '81-'87 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality is Job 1."

Buy or lease the new Tempo at your Ford Dealer.

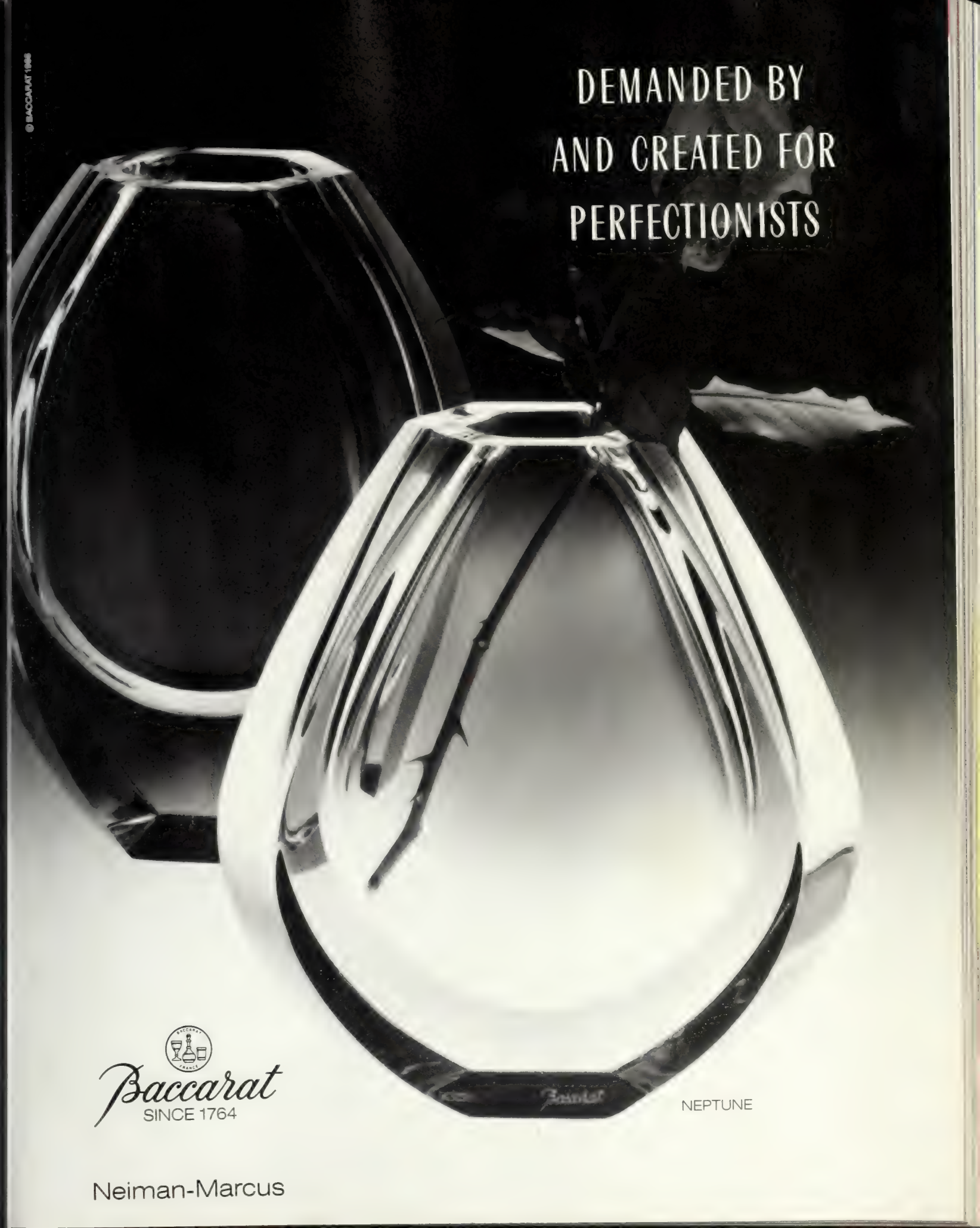
New Ford Tempo.



Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford


King Of The Hop.
In the royal kingdom of chocolate rabbits there are simply no hares to the throne. With Godiva's delectable semi-solid milk chocolate, his majesty will always reign supreme. And, as Belgium's court of confectioners agrees, his sumptuous splendor is deliciously enhanced by his trove of praline-filled milk chocolate eggs. Long live the king!
GODIVA
Chocolatier
Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
For information about Godiva® Chocolates, call 800-451-5411.

© BACCARAT 1998





Even a perfectionist needs a little variety now and then.

Tanqueray

Have at least one thing in your life that's absolutely perfect.

Send a gift of Tanqueray Gin anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

TANQUERAY® IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY DISTILLERS SOMERSET, N.Y., N.Y. © 1984



HANS NAMUTH

One of the hot ones: David Salle in his studio.

Lining Up for Art

Waiting lists are the latest expression of an overheated art market

One of the stigmata of the eighties is the waiting list. It is a product of the superheated contemporary art market in which there are piles of new money and frantic competition for the hot names. Since 1982, when interest rates shrank and Wall Street started to boom, the contemporary art market has been expanding in all directions—more collectors, more dealers, more market-minded artists, and the arrival of the aggressive corporate or private art consultant. (So far, it doesn't appear that the stock-market crash on Black Monday has affected the contemporary art market; when people lose confidence in stocks, the relative value of art often increases.) All this adds up to increasing pressure on the dealer who administers the supply and has to meet the demand.

"If you want a Donald Sultan, I'll put your name down," explains Irving Blum of the Blum Helman Gallery on West 57th Street, which also has waiting lists for Bryan Hunt and Ellsworth Kelly. "When one surfaces, I'll try to accommodate you."

But don't be naive. It's not a matter of waiting your turn. The dealer picks and chooses, and the process is complicated

art

by the fact that some artists with the largest demand work at a less-than-prolific rate. For instance, Eric Fischl supposedly produces only four paintings a year. Donald Sultan and Philip Taaffe do a dozen or so.

The fact is that the waiting list is really nothing new. There have always been more people after the works of certain artists than can possibly be accommodated. There has without exception been a waiting list for Jasper Johns since his first show. Johns does three or four paintings a year. Several collectors were annoyed that Leo Castelli let Asher Edelman, a relatively recent high roller in the contemporary art sweepstakes, buy one of the paintings from Johns's last New York show (January 1987).

Certain collectors have a prodigious influence on this question. If word goes out that Charles Saatchi is buying a new artist, a lot of collectors will follow suit. Or if he decides to sell an artist's work, as he did in the case of Sandro Chia, it has a chilling effect on the artist's market.



Going her own way: Susan Rothenberg with an unfinished piece

Some dealers treat the idea of waiting lists with scorn. Mary Boone, who is sometimes accused of having started the phenomenon, says emphatically, "I have no waiting lists, and I'd never use that term." The dealer of Eric Fischl, David Salle, Sherrie Levine, and Brice Marden, among others, insists that "it's a selling tool, a political tactic, part of this new high-pressure, buy-by-numbers way of collecting." Mary Boone concedes that she will not sell to just anyone. She, like other dealers, is trying to keep prices down to protect the serious collector. There is an enormous inflation from the primary market sale to the secondary resale. "I'm selling Eric Fischl paintings for $85,000 when they could be worth $400,000. So I have to be careful."

Paula Cooper admits that some of the artists at her SoHo gallery—Elizabeth Murray, Jennifer Bartlett, and Joel Shapiro—have waiting lists: "We keep notes but I know in my mind which collectors I'm interested in selling to."

Irving Blum says there's nothing like a museum retrospective to secure a long waiting list. "Frank Stella's recent big retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art brought his name to people's consciousness. Consequently, if you're collecting new painting and if you have a lot of money and if you want to be *really* fashionable, you want a Frank Stella."



Frank Stella: his MOMA retrospective lengthened the lineup for his works.

How can a collector rise on a waiting list, short of bribing a dealer? "Sometimes collectors will buy art that isn't overwhelmingly popular so the dealer will become more sympathetic to them," says Helene Winer of Metro Pictures, which has waiting lists for Cindy Sherman and Robert Longo.

And some collectors try to climb to the top of the list by name-dropping. "They tell me who they have in their collection or if they've lent paintings to museums," says dealer Pat Hearn, whose East Village gallery has waiting lists for Tishan Hsu, Peter Schuyff, Philip Taaffe, and Mary Heilmann.

Also, some dealers are extremely loyal to long-term collectors. "Certain collections are viewed as being reflective of a high standard," says Raymond Learsy, a New York collector and a member of the National Council on the Arts. "Those are the collections that the dealer wants to see his artists in."

Don't be naive. It's not a matter of waiting your turn

Dealers give priority to museums and collectors because they're good for an artist's career. And if a dealer doesn't know a collector, he tries to find out if his intentions are honorable—is he interested in the work or its resale value.

Waiting lists can put pressure on artists to continually do the same work for fear of losing their audience if they don't. But waiting lists can also enable artists to do freely whatever comes to mind. Susan Rothenberg isn't influenced by the fact that there are a lot of people waiting for her paintings. She got off her horse image several years ago. In her show last fall at Sperone Westwater, she moved into very different terrain with a sense of greater complexity and chromatic richness. She has gone her own way in spite of waiting lists, and people are still lined up for her work.

Dodie Kazanjian

Keen on Portraiture

Paul Kasmin opens a new photography gallery in New York

Paul Kasmin, 28, is the son of Kasmin, one of London's leading art dealers who acquired cult status in the early 1960s by introducing contemporary American art to England. As such, Paul was well placed to start a gallery in New York. He had dealt privately in photographs by André Kertesz, Cecil Beaton, and Hoyningen Huené and exhibited his own photographs under the name of Percy Washington (based on a character in the Fitzgerald story "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz").

"Daniel Newberg, a dealer in contemporary American and European art, had bought a 5,600-foot space that he wanted to share with a European, so he approached me," Paul Kasmin says. "I could have opened a gallery in London, but I don't enjoy living there, and Americans understand photography better than the folks back home. In London it is a lonely business."

The Paul Kasmin Gallery opened at 580 Broadway in January; the interior was designed by Lewis & Micol and the furniture by Paul's friend Jasper Morrison. The gallery's first show was of Brancusi photographs followed by a group show of contemporary works.





PRADE NI F. (.M Nr.

Constantin Brancusi's studio, c. 1925; the artist in 1928

"I'm very keen on portraiture; I'm not interested in the gable end of a house in the middle of America or a close-up of a Scottish puddle. My main interest is to show artists who take photographs as well. I admire José Maria Sert and Man Ray, who thought of himself as an artist rather than a photographer.

"In London I became very familiar with the work of many of the dead photographers—now I'd like to show an interest in the living." **Liza Campbell**



NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA

On View

An international retrospective of **Degas** premiers at the Grand Palais Feb. 9–Mar. 16. The exhibition of 275 works, including *Rehearsal of the Ballet,* left, reveals new insights about the artist's life and career. Comes to the Metropolitan Museum in early October.

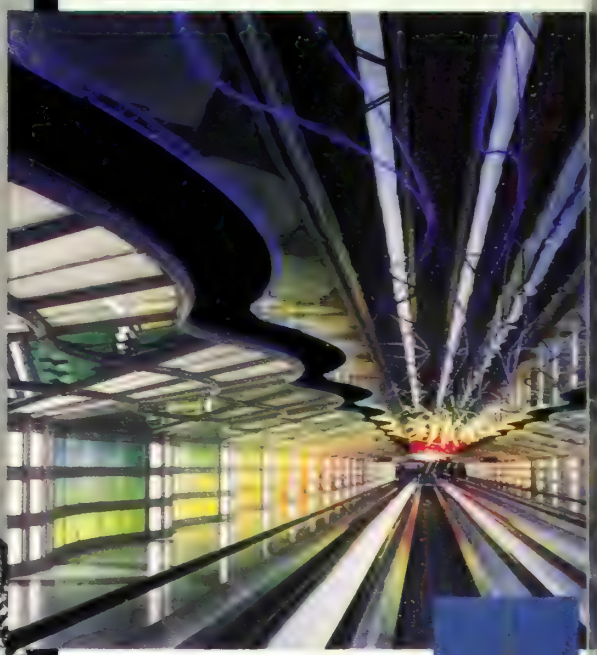
Greek sculptures and painted vases from the 9th to 5th century B.C. are on their first U.S. tour in **The Human Figure in Early Greek Art** at the National Gallery of Art through June 12.

Works on Paper at the Dallas Museum of Art highlights the innovative techniques and styles employed by artists as diverse as James McNeill Whistler, David Smith, and Jasper Johns. Through March 20.

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's new exhibition **The In-Between World of Paul Klee** features 25 major works on paper from the Djerassi Collection until Jan. 10, 1989.

architecture







Helmut Jahn, left. Above: United Airlines terminal at O'Hare. Right: One Liberty Place in Philadelphia.

Going for the Glitz

Chicago architect Helmut Jahn's flamboyant designs are definitely not for the faint of heart or pure of eye

In little more than a decade, Nuremberg-born, Helmut Jahn of the Chicago firm Murphy/Jahn has transformed himself from the *Wunderkind* to the *Glitzmeister* of American architecture with buildings unmatched in bringing unbridled showmanship into the corporate mainstream. One spectacular example of the 48-year-old Jahn's approach is his new United Airlines terminal at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Not since the sixties has that building type been given such high-profile dazzle. Although not up to the best of that decade—such as Eero Saarinen's TWA terminal at New York's JFK or his main building at Dulles Airport near Washington D.C.—United/O'Hare nevertheless demonstrates an uncommon conviction that the architectural gateways to our cities ought to be given the symbolic importance once accorded to railroad stations. That is implied by Jahn's steel-aluminum-and-glass vaulted Concourse B, which recalls the great iron-and-glass train sheds of nineteenth-century railway depots. Much more contemporary in its imagery is the neon-threaded moving sidewalk between the concourses, reminiscent of discotheques before they came to resemble English men's clubs.

But what every American architect craves is the chance to make his mark on the metropolitan skyline. Jahn has done that most recently with his needle-spired, 61-story One Liberty Place tower in Philadelphia. He has also broken the unwritten local law that no structure exceed the 548-foot-high City Hall, a funny Victorian pile topped by a statue of Philadelphia's founder, William Penn. More disturbing than that urbanistic lèse-majesté is the essential crudity of Jahn's loudly striped glass-and-granite skyscraper. Like a child's drawing of New York's Art Deco Chrysler Building, it lacks the proportional finesse that is the first requirement of a successful high rise. With its chunky profile and gleaming skin, One Liberty Place shifts the center of civic attention away from the governmental and toward the commerical in a symbolically arrogant manner. It is not only an egotistical usurpation but also a visual assault, marring the face of the city for decades to come. **Martin Filler**

Wright On

The American public can't seem to get enough of Frank Lloyd Wright, our only architect with the instant name recognition of a Rembrandt or a Beethoven. Publishers and curators are well aware of that, and the recent flood of books and exhibitions on his architecture, furniture, decorative objects, and drawings only fuels popular interest in Wright's timeless work. New York's Museum of Modern Art has already begun initial planning for a major FLLW retrospective scheduled for some time in the 1990s, but there is no need for the architect's insatiable constituency to wait that long for a first-rate survey of his towering genius. The latest show, "Frank Lloyd Wright: In the Realm of Ideas" at the Dallas Museum of Art and LTV Pavilion through April 17, is a particularly ambitious attempt to re-create the thoroughly unified atmosphere Wright gave to his architecture and interiors. The 160 artifacts on view include the full-scale, completely furnished Usonian Automatic House, designed by the master in 1955 but never constructed until now. It makes this a far more vivid affair than the average two-dimensional architecture exhibition and ought not to be missed during a two-year, six-city national tour.



Side chair from Wright's Sondern House, Kansas City, Missouri, 1940



Archangeles

Kirsten Kiser's new Gallery for Architecture in Los Angeles, a lively addition to the city's art scene, is devoted to works by architects, such as Richard Meier's nonarchitectural collages and Hans Hollein's *Berggasse 19*, left, a gilded evocation of Dr. Freud's couch and armchair, named in honor of his Vienna address.

One Man's Mission Style

The very concept of the museum design collection has been so deeply influenced by the pioneering Museum of Modern Art in New York that it's difficult for some people to think of one without such twentieth-century icons as Breuer chairs, laboratory glassware, or sculptural ship's propellers. That doesn't include architect Paolo Polledri, who was recently named to form an architecture and design department at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Born and schooled in Italy, at 41 Polledri is young enough to have lived through the major changes in architectural values since the sixties, which place greater emphasis on works that had been forgotten during the heyday of Modernism. (Polledri is seen, right, with one of them, Bay Area architect Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts of 1915 in San Francisco.)



AARON RAPAPORT

Paolo Polledri, new architecture and design curator at SFMMA.

Polledri plans one of the most exciting agendas for a museum design department in years. Rather than duplicating classic survey collections elsewhere, SFMMA's "will explore the relationship between the regional culture of California and the man-made environment," Polledri says. "I plan to focus on architecture—buildings and landscape design—and object design—furniture, lighting, and graphics. Above all, I want to include artifacts that illustrate a design process, to emphasize the context that produced them rather than particular personalities."

Polledri's dream collection would include a chair by the incomparable California Arts and Crafts architects Charles and Henry Greene ("I've got to have some of their furniture"), an Apple I personal computer, and what might turn out to be his most lasting contribution of all: a new scheme by a top contemporary architect for the museum itself. "This building ought to speak for my department." He adds hopefully, "It better be good." **M.F.**

design



Starck Reality

Philippe Starck may be the hottest new designer around, but he's not talking

Getting an interview with Philippe Starck is no easy matter. To start with, this designer only communicates to the press through his wife, Brigitte, which turns any attempt to organize a meeting into the verbal equivalent of an obscure folk dance. Apparently Starck likes to talk—he loves to talk, it is hard to shut the Gallic genius up. Knowing this, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager wrote into the contract for Starck's current design project, the Royalton Hotel in New York, that he must not give interviews lest, horror of horrors, everyone get bored hearing about the hotel before its reopening in the summer of 1988. The Royalton, which stands almost directly opposite the Algonquin, is as I write little more than a shell filled with dust-besmirched builders. As such, it was hovering near the bottom of my list of pressing questions when I finally set up the interview and flew over to New York. Within hours of arriving in Manhattan I received three telephone calls. They went like this: the interview's off—it's on—it's been postponed.

Midweek, three days into the noninterview, tracking down Starck was still proving hard. I resorted to devious routes and talked to those around him.

Michael Steinberg, a charming gray-eyed person whose showroom, Furniture of the Twentieth Century, wholesales Starck's designs, agreed to talk. "I admire him enormously; he is one of the few people of our generation who has produced classic furniture, in particular the Café Costes and Pratfall chairs." These chairs are two different sizes of the same model and are remarkably reminiscent of an Art Deco chair by Ruhlmann, but they are minimal where Ruhlmann's is luxurious—the difference between a filing cabinet and a chest of drawers.

A motorbike fanatic, he marc about in leathers

Starck, born 39 years ago, studied interior architecture at Paris's École Camondo. He first got noticed after designing two Parisian nightclubs—Le Main Bleu and Les Bains-Douches. He preserved the original concept of Les Bains-Douches, set in an old public bathhouse, by retaining municipal tiles and the large pool. Starck's break came when he was one of five young designers commissioned to work on the Élysée Palace.

The highly successful Starck Club in Dallas was his first major design commission in America. The discotheque, located in a defunct brewery, has been described as bizarre—resembling an upper-class fallout shelter. However, New Yorkers don't often look to Texas for outré inspiration, and it was not until Starck had completed several projects in France and Japan that the style-conscious of New York clasped him to their collective bosom. The jobs that did catch their attention were François Mitterrand's office apartment in the Élysée Palace, the Café Costes in Les Halles, and Manin, a restaurant in Tokyo. The Café Costes, in particular, received a great deal of publicity because it was the first absolutely *new* design for a café that Paris has had for one hundred years. In it he managed to distill the traditional essence but still emerge with a fresh look that is unmistakably French. In attending to every detail down to the knives and forks, he created a per-



Starck's Les Bains-Douches: once a bathhouse, it's still a public space but now a Parisian nightclub.

fect showroom for his work. An English designer who wished to remain unnamed described the Café Costes as a triumph. Manin, on the other hand, he says, is "hideous, and a terrifying place to eat. After all, eating out is doing a private thing in a public place, and the last thing you need is a hostile environment."

As the designer of sleek, spare furniture Starck is surprisingly disheveled-looking. A motorbike fanatic, he marches about in leathers, his stomach having a life-and-death battle with his shirt buttons. Fond of proclamations such as "My home is an aeroplane" and "I only drink champagne," he is a bombastic man who revels in his larger-than-life image.

Whichever way you look at it, Starck has the status of designer-as-celebrity. A fine example of the cult surrounding him at the moment is that his nine-year-old daugher, Ara, was allowed to exhibit a footstool of her own design at the prestigious Milan Fair. In Starck's exhibition in Barcelona a piece that received some comment was a large plinth painted blue with a glass bell jar on top, which housed two pieces of his new designer pasta.

The magnitude and, on occasion, absurdity of the cult surrounding Starck poses the question: Will it last? Craig Miller, a curator at the Metropolitan Museum, said of Starck, "He's one of the most interesting young designers in France at the moment, but he is so prolific that we are looking carefully before choosing a piece for the museum." Curiously, the Museum of Modern Art had this response on Starck: "We are not familiar with this name. What does he do?"

I asked Michael Steinberg what he thought of the Starck cult: "Well, I think he is a brilliant publicist and his wife, Brigitte, works as an excellent support system. There *is* a circus going on, but it's not as if the circus leaves town and there's nothing left. By the way, we're having a party tonight that Starck is coming to—you can meet him there."

I leapt at the chance.

A visitor to the gallery opening said, "He is quite brilliant; his presentations are sloppy—mostly verbal—but he generates enormous enthusiasm by thinking on his feet. He's flexible and amenable and works very closely with his clients; for instance, you'd be surprised how much Monsieur Costes had to do with his café. Having seen the plans, I think you will find his designs for the Royalton Hotel are much warmer than you'd expect."

At last the man himself loomed in the doorway, an unmistakable figure looking like a bear in a green beret. All I knew about him personally was that when he is not commuting around the world he and Brigitte live in a villa just outside Paris.

I was propelled across the room by Michael Steinberg. There was a glimmer of a possibility that the interview was going to be set up the following afternoon, so I was told in a hiss to talk to Starck but on no account tell him I was the interviewer he had been playing hide-and-seek with all week. I took the opportunity to talk with Starck about Philip K. Dick, the science-fiction author of *Ubik*, a book that seems to obsess the designer. He names many of his chairs after



A reinterpretation of the Sphinx: Starck's Pat Conley I chair, available from ICF, New York.

Chair of the Month

When I first saw the Frank Gehry cardboard chair, I giggled. I remember when I was a child what I loved doing was taking big cardboard boxes and making houses! I'd crawl inside with my friend and we'd have our own clubhouse. This chair is the ultimate in what you can do with cardboard; I think children would love it.

There's a lot of the child in Frank. There's whimsy in this chair and humor, too. It's comfortable and sturdy. Frank told me you can spill a glass of water on it or leave it in the rain, and it swells up but goes back down when it dries. If it starts to come apart, you just put some glue on and it goes back together. **Carol Burnett**

Carol by Frank Gehry, corrugated cardboard. From New City Editions, Venice, Calif.



design

its characters, though strangely the brochures tend to spell their names wrong. Two of his chairs, Dr. Sonderbar and Pat Conley I, interested me particularly in light of Starck's written statement: "Modern designs should be things that your grandmother can put up with without feeling uncomfortable or humiliated." Both Dr. Sonderbar and Pat Conley I have the capacity to reduce any sitter to a quivering wreck within moments. Dr. Sonderbar is an extremely ugly and uncomfortable chair while Pat Conley I is sprung with vinyl tubing which, on settling, immediately gives way, leaving your bottom dangling well below the steel framework and your knees up on a level with your chest. I asked Starck why these chairs were so staggeringly uncomfortable: "I had a spare fifteen minutes, and those are what I came up with." Does this mean that *everything* the great man designs gets through—is there no editing? A London dealer explained why these designs had managed to slip beyond the prototype stage: "Starck is a very big man; if he sits on a chair, he'll be wedged in it—there's no chance of his bottom dropping through anything."

On a good day he can design four pieces an hour

Starck has previously said that he is a "design junkie" and that on a good day he can design four pieces an hour. This makes one think there is arrogance in the man. Then again you cannot blame him if people are ready to buy these things for the cachet of the label—after all, much of his work has his name on it. Another person I talked to said, "It's a bit like having a leather handbag with Gucci stamped all over it. But there are those people who won't buy him because they don't like labels."

Not surprisingly, my last chance at an interview was canceled unceremoniously, and Starck departed for Paris where he was finishing off his design for a bar-cum-restaurant-cum-grocery called Puzzle (both branches opened in late September). Before long if Starck maintains his popularity, we could all be sitting sipping our coffee in rooms designed to look like the waiting room of an elegant 21st-century mental asylum.

Time to strap yourself into your Teflon straitjacket, Grandma. **Liza Campbell**

Co-Starcks

Three French designers in the Starck tradition who have ideas of their own



Don't think for a minute that Philippe Starck is the *only* French furniture designer. Younger French talent is flourishing—hot news in a post-Memphis age.

Marie-Christine Dorner

With two boutiques, one restaurant, a sixteen-piece collection of furniture, and a year's work with Idée (all in Tokyo) to her credit, 27-year-old Marie-Christine Dorner triumphantly returns to Paris to tackle her biggest challenge: the total rehaul of the Hôtel d'Isly, to be renamed La Villa de Saint-Germain-des-Prés when it opens in June 1988.

"Materials make the difference," says Dorner, who frequently uses silver gold finishes on steel or dyes wood with ivory and navy tints for her precise linear pieces that have a Japanese look. She's also a designer with an eye on the future: "The need to personalize one's environment will be accentuated."

Dorner is perhaps the brightest star in this group of young designers. Starck certainly thinks so, since he wrote, "Now I believe in reincarnation," in the catalogue of her first exhibition.

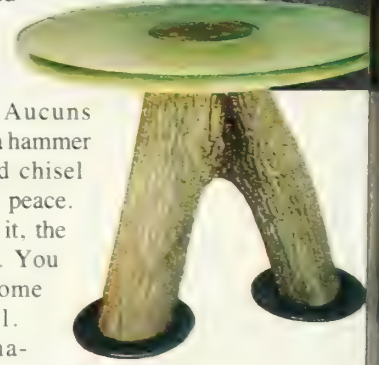
Dorner's furniture made by Idée is distributed through Furniture of the Twentieth Century in New York.





Thibault d'Aucuns

The 28-year-old philosophy graduate turned glass furniture maker Thibault d'Aucuns sculpts with a hammer and diamond chisel and an inner peace. "If you lose it, the glass breaks. You have to become the material. The imagination, the intimate and beautiful must speak." The Musée d'Art Contemporain owns examples of his work, which is sold at Galerie Hogan in Paris and, on special order, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, New York.





Thierry Peltraut

"The stupid, the superfluous, or the inexplicable is the best in ornament," says thirty-year-old Thierry Peltraut, the cynic of the group, in describing his designs. "They're deliberately basic—the classic forms of the eighteenth century." If, of course, you think sculpting "without form" by dripping acid over sheets of metal is basic. Peltraut's furniture for the Avant-Scène gallery in Paris is available at Casa Bella in New York.

clarence house

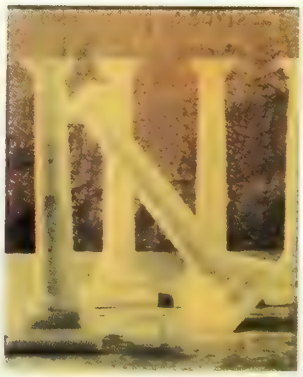
211 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



DRAGON EMPRESS—Jacquard

York, NY 0... 212 925 2777 © Donghia Furniture Co Ltd. 1987







D O N G H



Wood and stone:

Beautifully simple materials

now transformed into

simply beautiful

accessories and tables.

In all, a collection

of over fifteen

very artful objects.

On view now

at Donghia showrooms.

Everywhere.



I A



Unruly Interiors

Diane Johnson tells why her house keeps intruding on her, like a noisy person

I met a woman who told me that she had had a parrot as a pet for over fifty years, and they had always hated each other. It had been the childhood pet of her children, had met their school bus every day, had presided over family meals, even watched bridge games, and kibitzed—had learned to scream "trumped my ace" with uncanny realism, greatly upsetting unsuspecting players. Now with her children grown, her husband dead, my friend is left alone with this parrot, which bites her whenever it can.

My house is like that parrot. While presenting to the world a deceptively pleasant face—pretty, light, eccentric, on a little mews street on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco—it bites me whenever it can. It has flowers, it has views out of old Hitchcock films of bridges and bay and Lombard Street, "the crookedest street in the world." It even has a garage—an incredible luxury in this little city. But somehow we cannot get along, this house and I.

An adversarial relation to a house is a baffling and difficult thing. In principle a house is neutral, passive, inanimate, waiting for the stamp of your character. Yet we all sense the vitality, the mysterious organic life of houses, so why should it not be that, like people, strange mismatches occur?

In the case of my house, at first I wondered whether it might be because it can't come up to the memory of my "real" house. Most of us, I suppose, are some time or other obliged to leave a beloved house and make do somewhere else. Even if the somewhere else seems perfectly all right to other people, it cannot to oneself until you really are at home again, until the new house welcomes you.

We moved from our big old house in Berkeley to resolve the exigencies of commuting—the bridges which lead to San Francisco, where my husband works, are now impassable with traffic jams and shouting drivers. With high hearts we took on the task of renovating a little Victorian ruin, a kind of proletarian cottage that survived the earthquake of 1906. Remodeling a house is, of course, generally agreed to be a masochistic and desperate enterprise, and one doesn't even have the satisfaction of unique misfortune, for everybody says the same thing.

Everyone tells me how pretty my house is: the French doors, the big kitchen, the pine floors . . .

Yet we've been here two years now, and all the towels are put in cupboards, nails and screws arranged by size in little jars along shelves—outward signs of order. Perhaps it's like a once-stormy marriage now ironed out. There are things you can't forget. Bad feelings built up between me and this house.

Yet I love to be at home. Staying home is tinged for me with furtive, almost illicit charm. In the late thirties and in the early days of the war, my parents were under the influence of advanced theories of health and education which advocated outdoor life and exercise, or perhaps these were native theories, for when my father barked in a certain voice, "Go outside and get the stink blown off ye," he claimed that this very phrase had been said to him by his father, whose own father had been born in the eighteenth century—indeed my father pronounced this phrase in a strange accent, not Iowan but more like an Elizabethan, and I've always believed I will one day come across these words in Shakespeare.

This suggestion that home, or at any rate inside, was faintly unhealthy has added to the ambivalence and intensity of my relationship with my houses. What slightly dangerous pleasure to be home, or at least indoors.

There were certain words, vaguely pejorative, that surrounded "home" and added to my rebellious inclinations to stay there. *Homebody* for one. A homebody was partly nice, would make cookies; there would be around her house (a homebody in those days was always "her") evidence of handiwork. But the word also suggested plainness, timidity, perhaps a certain lack of vitality or adventurousness. Other words even more disapproving were *stay-at-home* and *shut-in*. The implications of the odious *housewife* were not lost on me. (Now I put *housewife* on forms I fill out.)

The problem for writers is that they practically have to be shut-ins, stay-at-homes. But when you have an active relationship with a house, even an adversary relationship, it keeps intruding on you, like a noisy person in the room. As I am writing, it keeps speaking up, keeps walking up to the writing table, to say, "Paint me, reflect upon my unfinished corners, why haven't you found the light for the bedroom, the curtain? Call the man about the mirrors. Call the man to trim the tree." The house is like a novel, unfinished, demanding, and gives exactly the same feeling of being stuck in the middle which is the most vexing part of novel writing. To write a real novel, I have to leave home.

People have often written about the house as a metaphor of the soul. For a woman imbued with the idea that her house is her work, it perhaps becomes more important than for a man to detach herself from it in order to write. Staying home is traditionally a perquisite of the male writer, what sets him off from mere office-bound men, but in my case, to get away from my parrot house, I have taken to going to the North Beach library, a couple of blocks from here, where I work in the kiddie section, insulated from the sound of mothers reading to their tots at the low tables by the fact that I don't understand Chinese.

One pitfall at the library, though, besides the capricious hours of opening, is the shelf

KEN MARYAN KI

© 1987 Parfums International Inc.



of books on interior design. These are a continual temptation. I know by heart a certain book by David Hicks and all the compendiums of rooms that this magazine has published over the years, sometimes with pictures that I myself had cut out of the magazine long ago. In my scrapbook I have pictures from the days when Françoise de la Renta's dining room was red with blue-and-white china. Was such an august personage aware of young California housewives dreaming of her splendor?

Are other people as susceptible as I to the allure of pictured rooms? Maybe only homebodies are. Or do men, too, in their Knollish offices dream of rooms? How long have I had this picture of a tall room with painted shutters and cream walls, zebra rugs on a red carpet, and on every table a collection of something—paperweights, boxes, exquisitely arranged. With such a dream how can I love the very different charms of a cottagey living room bathed in Mediterranean light?

Novelists, they say, are by nature keepers of score, historians of disappointment

We all remember being told to count our blessings. And we all do remember, I am sure, that wicked feeling of reservation, that dark inner surliness that no one in the light of our general good fortune could possibly understand, that feeling of being bad because discontented. Everyone tells me how pretty my house is: the French doors that open to the vast blue of the bay dotted by little sailboats, the romantic beam of light that swings around and around from the lighthouse on Alcatraz, the big kitchen with its marble counters and pine floors. . . .

Novelists, they say, are by nature keepers of score, grudge-savers, historians of disorder and disappointment. With such unruly interior lives perhaps a special plea can be made for their need to have an ivory tower of their own special variety: "A lordly pleasure house/Wherein at ease for aye to dwell," full of rooms "all various, each a perfect whole/From living Nature fit for every mood/And change of my still soul," as Tennyson described his. I cannot love you, house, because you are this, not that. Yet I suppose it is I, not my house, who is going to have to change, just as Art did in Tennyson's poem, leaving her dream house for realistic service in the world but never giving up her dream of the ideal. ♠



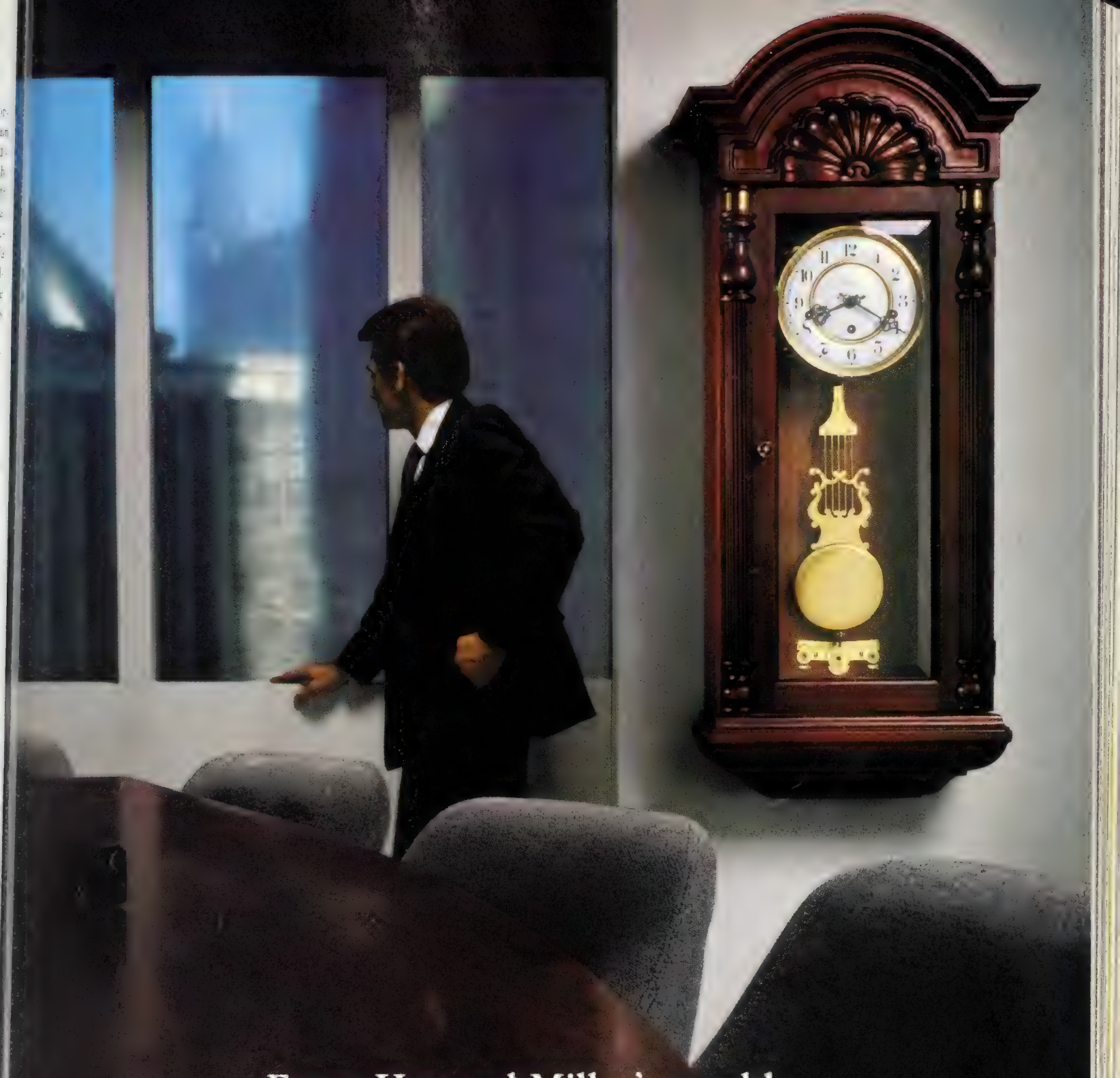
MONTBLANC
THE ART OF WRITING

MEISTERSTÜCK „EN VOGUE"

The variation — the ultimate translation of the classic model in Burgundy red. Representing the best in design, it combines technical excellence and perfect styling — from the piston-filling system to the 14-carat gold nib and the gold-plated fittings.

Exclusive U.S. and Canadian Representative
KOH-I-NOOR RAPIDOGRAPH, INC.
100 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. 08804
(201) 479-4124

In Canada: 1815 Meyerside Dr.,
Mississauga, Ont. L5T 1G3
(416) 671-0696



Enter Howard Miller's world

More than clocks, a lifestyle.

For clocks that express the way you live, the name is Howard Miller.

From traditional grandfather clocks, wall clocks, mantel clocks and alarm clocks, to the ultimate in contemporary designs. Howard Miller's world is where you want to live.

For a full-color catalog of more clock ideas than you ever dreamed of, send $5 to:

Howard Miller Clock Company
860 East Main Street · Zeeland, Michigan 49464
In Canada, Apsco Products

Pictured here: The **Jennison** from Howard Miller's "Heritage Hill Wall Clock Collection."

Showroom Locations: 15-D-6A Merchandise Mart, Atlanta; 10058 World Trade Center, Dallas; C-206 SFMC, Highpoint; 203 Merchandise Mart 2, San Francisco.



Available through Interior Designers and Architects

KK

Mira-X of Switzerland is now represented
exclusively in the United States by Kravet Fabrics.

Design shown: Signum, white 1; Signum, black 8.

Main Office: 225 Central Avenue South
Bethpage, New York 11714
516-293-2000

Location: The Matterhorn, Switzerland.

KRAVET FABRICS
MIRA X

We capture beauty.



Picasso Onstage

John Richardson welcomes the reissue of Douglas Cooper's lively study of the artist as theater designer

The new edition of the late Douglas Cooper's classic study *Picasso Theatre* (Abrams, $75) is the more welcome for having been so long out of print. True, a number of the black-and-white illustrations still look woefully Xerox-like, but Cooper's analysis of this hitherto uncharted subject is as eye-opening as ever it was when first published in 1968. Nobody else could have written this book. The author's close friendship with such Diaghilev alumni as Cocteau, Massine, and Lifar, not to speak of Picasso, enabled him to evoke the last great years of the Ballets Russes with a perfect combination of scholarly gossip and gusto.

Especially revealing are the glimpses of Picasso on the job. What genius for theatrical improvisation he had! He liked to work literally *on* the dancers. Some of his finest effects would be left to the very last moment. On opening night Picasso would appear backstage accompanied by a dresser laden with paint pots and sticks of theatrical greasepaint; he would daub dancers' faces and costumes as boldly and effectively as if he were at work on a canvas. "One generally has to paint the dress on the dancers," I remember Picasso telling his old friend Clive Bell, the English art critic. Might Pablo have had an ulterior motive, Bell asked, apropos an incident that occurred just before the curtain went up on *Parade*. The little ballerina Lopokova had apparently "wriggled and giggled and messed everything up" because Picasso by-mistake-on-purpose had tickled her nipples with his paintbrush.



Costume study for *Le Tricorne*, 1919.

Cooper is at his saber-rattling best when chronicling the battle of *Parade* (May, 1917), Jean Cocteau's avant-garde ballet set on the hustings outside a circus tent. When Cocteau had the bad taste to describe *Parade* as the "greatest battle of the [first world] war," people were outraged. The French army was facing a major German offensive, costing thousands of lives and casualties, and the Russian revolution had broken out two months earlier. Hardly surprising that fights broke out on opening night and that shrieks of "Sales boches!" rent the air. Audience and critics alike were either ecstatically pro- or maniacally anti-*Parade*. Provoked by an offensive review, Erik Satie (*Parade*'s composer) sent the critic in question a postcard: "Monsieur et cher ami, you are nothing but an asshole and an unmusical one at that." A libel action ensued, and Satie would have gone to jail if friends had not intervened.



Detail of curtain for *Parade*, 1917

Léonide Massine's choreography was wonderfully inventive: "The American girl had to ride a mettlesome horse, to go bicycling, to dance a rag-time, to quiver like a film image, to imitate the rolling motion of a ship in a storm and so on, while the Chinese Conjuror had to pull an egg out of his pigtail, eat and digest it, then find it in the toe of his sandal." As for Cocteau, his scenario, for which Apollinaire coined the word *Surreal*, must be seen as a reaction to Diaghilev's famous challenge, "Etonne-moi." For better or worse the modish poet's would-be, with-it gimmicks—a magnified voice shrieking gibberish as well as the *crrrack* of bullwhips and pistols and the clickety-clack of typewriters—were ruled out by the rest of the team. In the end it was Picasso who "amazed" Diaghilev—not always pleasantly, because his costumes—huge Cubist superstructures—for the three circus "managers" made dancing so difficult. Seventy years later, this *Gesamtkunstwerk*—which brings together, as Cocteau said, "Erik Satie's first orchestral score, Pablo Picasso's first stage decor, Massine's first Cubist choreography, and a poet's first attempt to express himself without words"—still looks and sounds as fresh and original (to judge by the Joffrey Ballet's excellent revival) as it must have been on opening night.

What a genius for theatrical improvisation Picasso had!

Cooper did not describe how Picasso's involvement with the ballet coincided with an urge to settle down and marry. Given his recent rejection at the hands of Gaby Lespinasse (see House & Garden, October 1987), the artist fell easy prey to Olga Kokhlova, a very pretty young dancer in Diaghilev's troupe. Once the ring was on her finger, Olga turned out to be all the things he despised—a nagging, boring bourgeoise—as well as more than slightly deranged. Aided and abetted by the relentlessly chic Cocteau, Olga proceeded to propel her husband, who loved and loathed being lionized, into the world of *le tout Paris*. The artist's *époque des duchesses* was mercifully brief. Less than a decade lat-

Medallion Serapi from our Oriental Design Collection



May you age as beautifully as this rug will.

Twenty years from now, the lovely little girl you see up there will look a lot different. However, the new Karastan rug she's sitting on will probably look much the same.

The rug is from one of Karastan's three Oriental design collections: The 700 Series, the Williamsburg Collection and our newest addition, the Stately Homes Collection.

Each rug in each of our collections is densely woven through the back in the very finest of worsted wools on an Axminster loom. The results, you will find, are almost indistinguishable from intricate handweaving. The patterns themselves were lovingly recreated from Persian, Chinese, Turkoman and other handwoven rugs. And their rich, lustrous colors will just improve with age, as with any true Oriental.

We have so much faith in our quality, each rug comes with a 20-year warranty. But there's no guaranteeing the warranty won't wear out long before the rug will.

PURE WOOL PILE

Karastan®

Karastan Rug Mills, a Division of Fieldcrest Cannon, Inc.



At Erno Laszlo the Erno Laszlo Institute makes and keeps.

With over half a century of expertise, Laszlo can help every skin type from very oily to very dry.

Our trained Laszlo Specialists work with you to design your own personalized ritual that solves specific skin problems. And they continue to work with you to meet your skin's changing needs.

Erno Laszlo. A lifetime program that lets your skin be the best it can be. A program that's been living up to its promise for over fifty years.

In fact, our rituals work so well, we're confident enough to offer a money-back guarantee.

So don't cover up skin problems, eliminate them. For the Laszlo Specialist near you, simply call 1 (800) 223-1228.

ERNO LASZLO SKINCARE

Montaldo's

er Picasso reacted so violently against Olga's pretensions and possessiveness that he took to portraying the formerly beautiful ballerina as a horrendous hank of skin and tendon characterized by a rictus of rage.

When in the mid twenties Picasso lost interest in his wife and the ballet, Cooper follows suit. He fails to see how the artist's theatrical sense continued to manifest itself in oblique ways right up to the end of his life. And he falters when obliged to focus on Picasso's own peculiar plays, especially the fiendish *Four Little Girls*. Cooper was too much of a Formalist to see that this seemingly childish pantomime is (as Lydia Gasman pointed out) a dionysiac reenactment of primitive ritual sacrifice and that its apocalyptic language derives from the Book of Revelation. But then he died before a new generation of art historians delved into Picasso's awesome Spanish psyche and revealed how he came to see the world in terms of black theater where farce and tragedy, life and death, good and evil are eerily expressed in terms of each other.

Hardly surprising that fights broke out on Parade*'s opening night, and shrieks of "Sales boches!" rent the air*

When *Picasso Theatre* came out in 1968, it was deservedly acclaimed. But Cooper—critic of legendary malice and censoriousness—was also castigated for presenting such important new material in the frivolous form of a coffee-table book. A silly accusation were it not that Cooper had inveighed against some of his colleagues for doing the same "unserious" thing. Now that art books are obliged to adopt a coffee-table glossiness in order to sell, nobody would bother. Twenty years ago purists were up in arms.

Up in arms, too, because Cooper was apt to make his nasty, niggling attacks on other writers from the safety, that is to say the anonymity, of London's *Times Literary Supplement*. However, Cooper's vituperative prose was always easy to spot, and after twenty years of anonymous persecution colleagues could no longer contain their resentment. John Russell decided to use Cooper's weapons against him. He attacked *Picasso Theatre* in an anonymous review, blasting away at Cooper's many musical errors, which are still uncorrected in the new edition. Russell perpetrated a further tease on Cooper. Pretending to be a naive art student, he published a letter disingenuously asking whether coffee-table books were all that invidious, given that some of the scholarly Cooper's writing took that form. Cooper couldn't come up with an answer. But, for all its blemishes, this reprint of *Picasso Theatre* does. It bears out that an art book can be both serious and glossy provided the text is full of new ideas and information and the illustrations wisely and lavishly chosen and, if possible, decently printed. In that case, off the coffee table and onto the library shelf. ♠



Matisse: Rhythm and Line
by Jacqueline and Maurice Guillaud
Clarkson N. Potter, 648 pp. $100

Elegant and encyclopedic, the Guillauds' grand guide through the work of Henri Matisse includes 775 plates (275 in color) of the artist's paintings, drawings, watercolors, etchings, lithographs, cutouts, monotypes, and sculptures. Excerpts from the pioneering Fauvist's journals, letters, and interviews provide a running commentary of sorts. A brief biography and a text on Matisse's graphic works are also included, along with a history of the two well-known Baltimore collectors, Etta and Claribel Cone.

Cy Twombly: Paintings, Works on Paper, Sculpture
edited by Harald Szeemann with contributions by Roberta Smith, Demosthenes Davvetas, and Harald Szeemann
Prestel-Verlag, 240 pp., $60

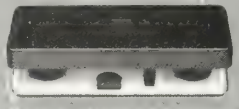
Published in conjunction with the Twombly retrospective that toured Europe last year, this revised edition of the exhibition catalogue includes 101 color plates of the artist's paintings and works on paper as well as 19 black-and-white plates of his less well known sculptures. Vintage comments on Twombly by Frank O'Hara, Pierre Restany, and Roland Barthes are included along with essays by contemporary admirers of the American expatriate's work.

Charles Gandee

THE ERNO LASZLO EYECARE RITUAL AT A SPECIAL PREVIEW PRICE.



For a limited time Erno Laszlo invites Members and non-members alike to experience the eye-opening effects of our pHelio re Eyecare Ritual. Firming Eye Gel, Replenishing Eye Cream, Gentle Eye Makeup Remover and Luxury Mascara all beautifully presented in the Laszlo signature lacquer box.



This offer is good only while supplies last.



For your copy of our full color brochure send $1.00 to: Porcelanosa USA. 1732 Stumpf Blvd., Gretna, LA 70056

Simply stated. A piece to be proud of.



HARDEN

The Queen Anne, Full Bonnet Highboy. Crafted in cherry by the hands of Harden. Send $3 for Bedroom Catalog or $12 for Complete Portfolio to Harden Furniture, McConnellsville, N.Y. 13401. *Harden*™

Favorite among interior designers and architects. Showrooms in Chicago, Dallas, High Point, McConnellsville, Miami, New York City, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

TIFFANY ISN'T ALL WE'RE FAMOUS FOR



AMERICAN SCULPTURE
- Harriet Frishmuth
- Malvina Hoffman
- Jo Davidson
- Paul Manship

EUROPEAN ART POTTERY
- Zsolnay
- Massier
- Rorstrand
- Sèvres

EUROPEAN ART GLASS
- Loetz
- R. Lalique
- Galle
- Daum

AMERICAN CERAMICS
- Natzler
- Rookwood
- Grueby
- Van Briggle

SILVER
- Jensen
- Gorham

FURNITURE
- Majorelle
- Galle
- Ruhlmann
- Thonet

STEUBEN GLASS

WIENER WERKSTATTE

LILLIAN NASSAU, LTD.

220 East 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 759-6062

LALIQUE®
CRISTAL



Marshall Field's
(312) 781-3335



To let from Landmark Trust: Clytha Castle.

Eccentric Rentals

Rebecca Willis tracks down some unusual properties for rent across the British Isles

An American's summer home is an Englishman's castle—or his mill, mansion, manor house, gatehouse, folly, abbey, water tower, game lodge, or chapel. The summer months may find the British flying south, but for visitors they represent the best chance of catching a glimpse of the sun. Byron's "English winter—ending in July/ To recommence in August" is somewhat unkind: the climate has occasionally been known to be quite pleasant. And today there is more reason than ever for staying within those shores: the great British tradition of eccentricity, immortalized in bricks and mortar, is up for rent.

The organization with the noblest intentions in that field is without question the Landmark Trust, whose incredible properties range from a summer house shaped like a pineapple in Scotland to a Martello tower in Suffolk built to keep out Napoleon. "They'll be furious if you write about them," said a friend. "It's like a private club for a select few to enjoy." This, it turns out, is a great, though not uncommon, misapprehension.

Set up in 1965 the Landmark Trust is, researcher Charlotte Haslam admits, "consciously publicity-shy," but this is only because it is a charity whose first priority is conservation. People take second place, and rentals bring in a mere 30 percent of the Trust's spending money. As your visit is effectively subsidized, a bit of proselytizing seems justified: "The point of staying in a Landmark is to learn about our heritage. When people leave we want them to say to themselves, 'Yes, there was a point to building this.'" The philosophy is humbling; the subtext is that these buildings will outlive you, so enjoy them while you're here.

The Trust has decided exactly how many people's wear and tear each building can tolerate, and "minds very much indeed" if the number is exceeded. I always assumed that this same strictness somehow explained their fondness for single beds. Not so, and now there is even an occasional double bed to be found. But don't expect telephones and other modern luxuries—you are stepping into the past after all. Truly British, the Trust appeals to the guests' sense of fair play—"we do hope and expect that you will leave it as clean as you can."



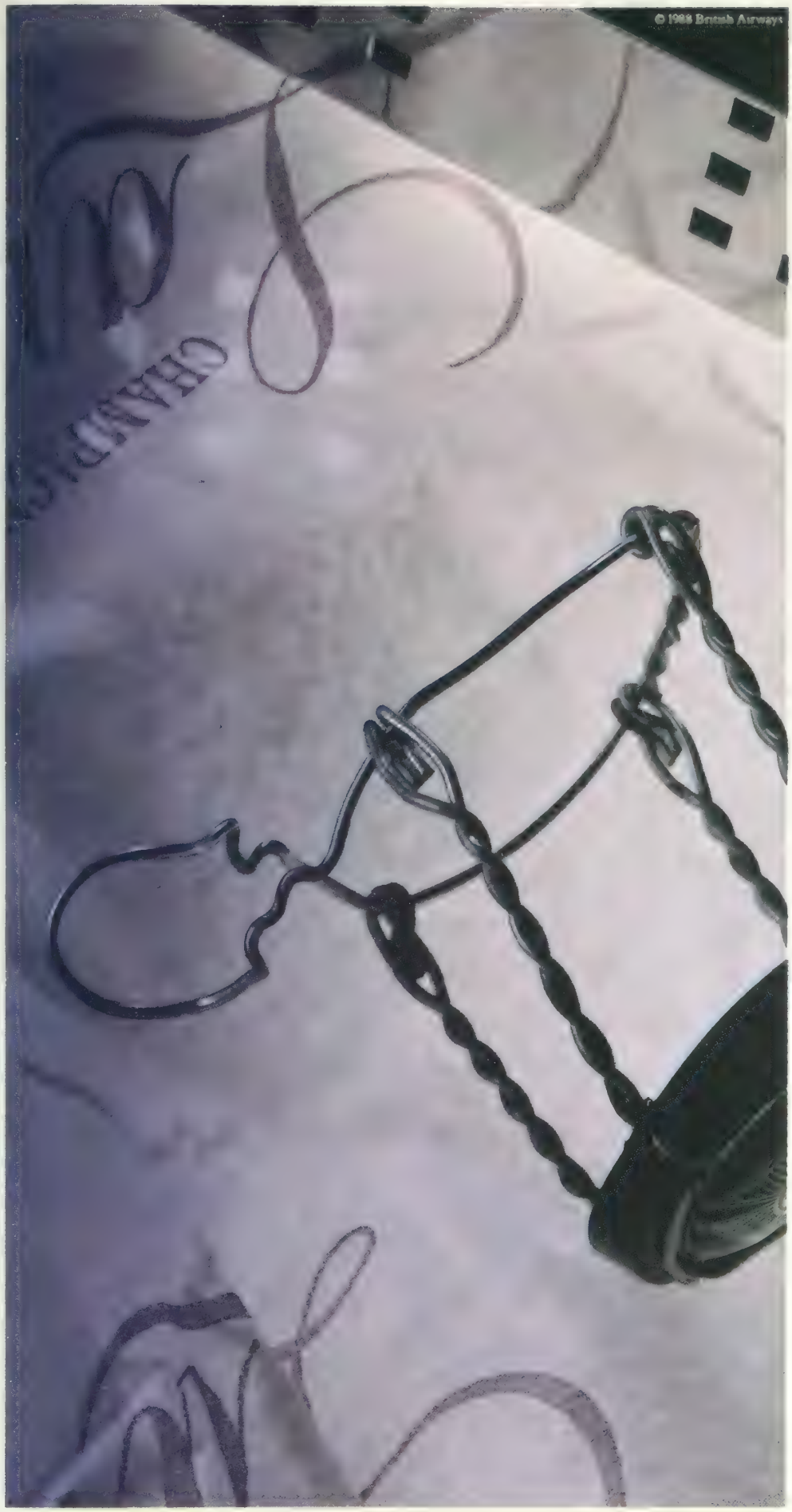
Cotswold mansion: 16th-century Stanton Court

Even if you feel confident that you measure up to such exacting standards, you will still be a long way from choosing where to stay. Should it be the Gothic Temple at Stowe in Buckinghamshire built about 1740 and now on long lease from Stowe School? Or Clytha Castle, a folly built in 1790 near Abergavenny in Wales, with views toward the Black Mountains? Or, for a large party, Fort Clonque, set on rocks three hundred yards from the coast of Alderney in the Channel Islands and reached by causeway, with a drawing-room ceiling eleven feet thick? Or the Appleton Water Tower near King's Lynn in Norfolk, all Victorian, vertical, and vertiginous? Or right in the city of London, houses above the shops in an eighteenth-century Smithfield terrace—one of which used to be the home of Sir John Betjeman? Or should you go to Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel—run by Landmark but belonging to the National Trust—and stay in one of the many houses there?



Pineapple-shaped house on Firth of Forth

A new brochure, the first in ten years, gives details about a hundred Landmark Trust properties. Spoiled for choice, I asked Charlotte Haslam's advice: "My favorite property is whichever I'm researching at the time," she hedged. But when pressed, she picked out from the recent acquisitions Culloden Tower in Yorkshire, with its fine Rococo Gothick interiors, and Stogursey Castle in Somerset, the gatehouse of a medieval castle—"perhaps because they tell you so much about the mentality of the people who built and used them." All the properties, in the



CHAMPAGNE
AND
APLOMB.

CLUB

New Club* Class. Dedicated to those business travellers who thirst for the finer things. And the finest service.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's favourite airline.®

BEAUTY INSPIRES BEAUTY



Q U E E N

he most
eautiful woman
ho ever lived.
he most beautiful
oll ever created.



traiture in fine imported porcelain.
lefertiti. Hand-painted in the vibrant hues of the ptian palette. Dramatically costumed in the al dress of a Nile Queen. Gowned in crystal-ated gold lamé with a matching mantel. The nning world-renowned headdress *hand-inted* in cobalt blue, and decorated in carnelian l, turquoise and gold. On it...a golden cobra set h a fiery "jewel." The authentic metal pectoral acing her neck and shoulders is set with a *nuine diamond.*

A regal presence. Exquisitely sculpted and nd-painted. The aristocratic features...high eekbones...aquiline nose. The eyes boldly encir-d with the black "Kohl" used by the beauties ancient Egypt.

A magnificent treasure. From her bracelets, dec-ated in 24 karat gold, to her Egyptian san-als, to the golden "Ankh" – symbol of life – that e holds in her hand.

Extraordinarily priced at $245. Available exclu-vely from Franklin Heirloom Dolls.

oll shown smaller than actual size of approximately 22".

988 FHD

ease mail by March 31, 1988.

anklin Heirloom Dolls
anklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091
ease enter my order for The Queen Nefertiti Doll. I need send o money now. Bill me for my deposit of $49.* when my doll is eady for shipment, and the balance in four equal monthly in-allments of $49.* each, after shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax

ignature _____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

11846- 4

N E F E R T I T I

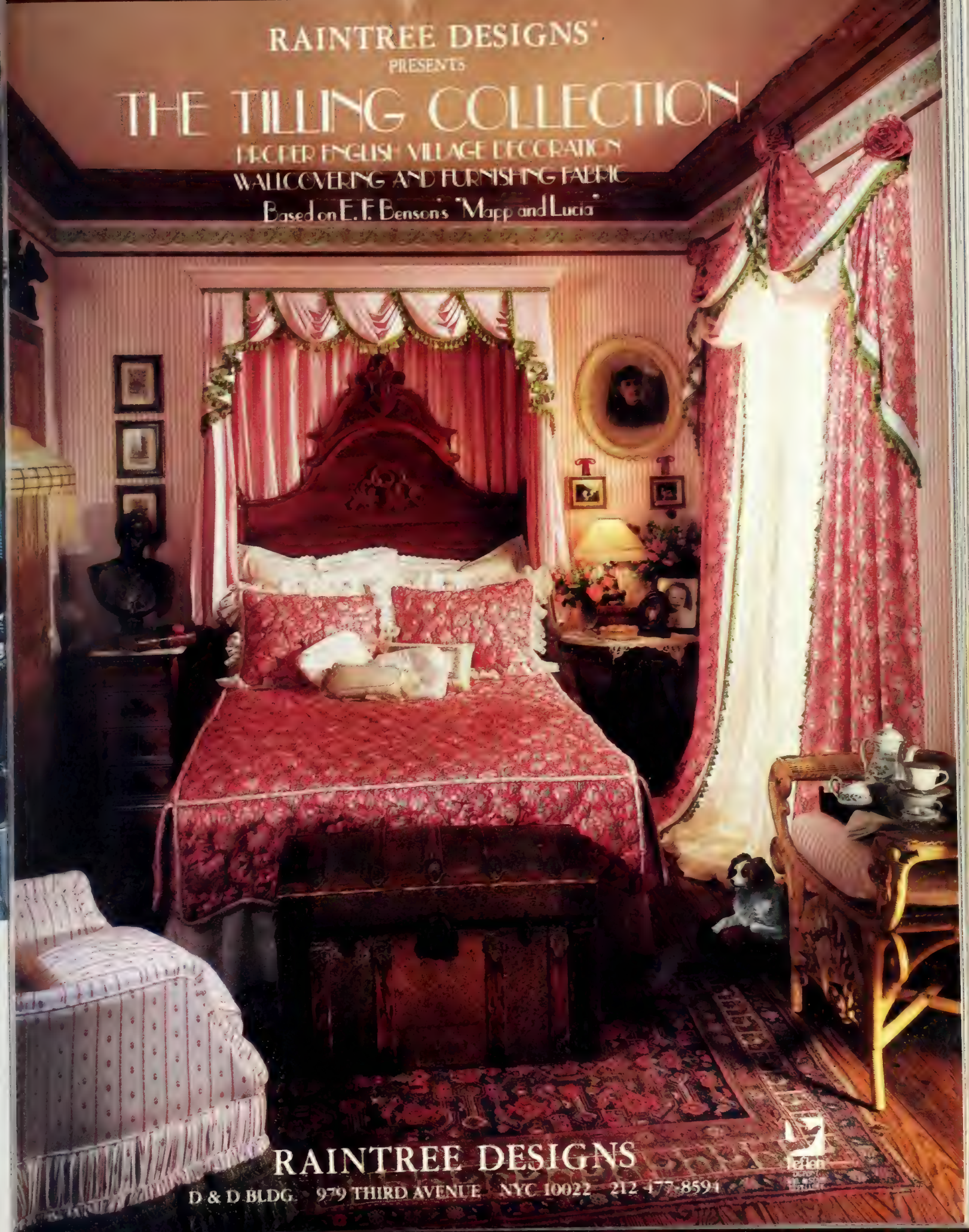
or the fine homes of the world



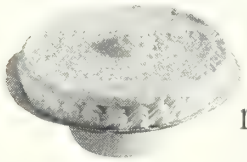
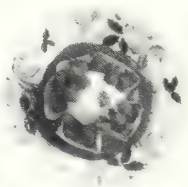
poggenpohl®

The ultimate in kitchen and bath cabinetry

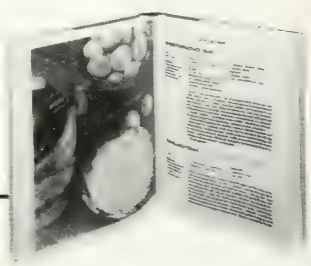
To explore the possibilities of redefining the kitchen or bath as a lifestyle reflection, we invite you to send $ 7.00 for full color catalogs to: Poggenpohl USA Corp., (HG) 6 Pearl Court, Allendale, New Jersey 07401, Tel.: (201) 934-1511, Tlx.: 710 990 9206, Telefax: (201) 934-1837
Poggenpohl cabinetry manufactured by Fr. Poggenpohl GmbH, West Germany. Est. 1892.


RAINTREE DESIGNS®
PRESENTS
THE TILLING COLLECTION
PROPER ENGLISH VILLAGE DECORATION
WALLCOVERING AND FURNISHING FABRIC
Based on E. F. Benson's "Mapp and Lucia"
RAINTREE DESIGNS
D & D BLDG. 979 THIRD AVENUE NYC 10022 212 477-8591

HOW SWEET IT IS!

Introducing a new temptation from the kitchens of GOURMET. If only the Chocolate Soufflé  on this page were real. If you could dip your spoon into the Lemon Sherbet in Crêpe Tulipes…savor the Orange Dacquoise…sample the Ginger Walnut Roll with Molasses Cream…if you could only have one  taste, then you wouldn't need to read any further. ◆ Because all we'd have to tell you is that the recipes for those desserts, plus 600 others, are gathered in an extraordinary new cookbook: GOURMET'S BEST DESSERTS. ◆ This remarkable book brings you 25 years of the best of GOURMET's dessert classics, from simple to spectacular, updated for today's new equipment and techniques. And there's an extra bonus! Almost 100 NEW recipes  developed just for this volume! ◆ The book  itself is a beauty. Printed on heavy stock bound with wipe-clean hard covers, it features more than 600 pages, and over 60 irresistible color photos. ◆ We can't make these marvelous desserts real—but *you* can. Order GOURMET'S BEST DESSERTS now, and give your dinners the fabulous finale they deserve.





TO ORDER
CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-922-4400

Or send your name and address with check, money order or credit card information for $29.95 each plus $3 postage & handling to: Conde Nast Collection, Dept. P05, PO Box 10850, Des Moines, IA 50336

NY, CA, GA, IL, MA, MI, CO, IA residents please add appropriate sales tax

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



NOW YOU CAN EXPERIENCE AT HOME FOODS SO EXQUISITELY DELICIOUS YOU'D HAVE TO COMB THE WORLD TO FIND THEM.

Travel through the little hamlets that dot the green meadows of the world, and you come upon foods so superb they linger in your memory forever. Perhaps a mellow Comté® cheese made in the French mountains east of Burgundy. Or a sauce of Italian plum tomatoes grown in the lava-rich soil of San Marzano near Mt. Vesuvius. Or a coffee so rich and full-bodied, you suddenly understand what a good cup of coffee is all about. Imagine experiencing these foods whenever you wish.

Thomas Garraway Ltd., established in London in 1657, has long been known as a purveyor of fine foods. We search the world for its choice foodstuffs and spare no pains to bring them to our patrons at their very best. Now, we've arranged a way to deliver these superb foods to your home anywhere in the U.S. through our Fresh Delivery Service.

NATURAL INGREDIENTS.
As an introduction to our wide array, we invite you to enjoy fine foods like these—all made with only natural ingredients. Never any artificial flavours or preservatives.

ITALY'S FRESH FLAVOURS IN OUR PASTAS AND SAUCES.
Feast on our unique and delightfully shaped pasta like *Radiatore*—a ruffle-shaped pasta perfect for capturing and holding a sauce. And what sauces! For instance, *Primadoro*—lavish with diced vegetables, light cream, prosciutto and the incomparable San Marzano Tomatoes.

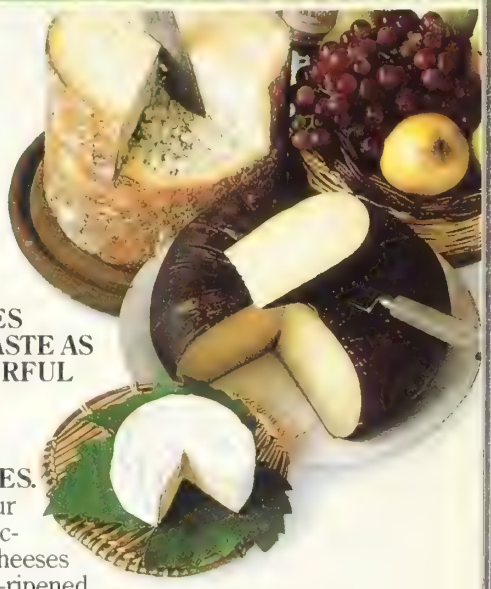


COFFEES IN THE TRADITION OF GARRAWAY'S FAMOUS LONDON COFFEE HOUSE.
Starting 320 years ago, Garraway's was *the* meeting place for wealthy merchants and traders. (Charles Dickens mentions it in *Pickwick Papers.)*

Now, you can experience at home coffees of the same superb quality and freshness. Like our *Traditional Roast:* an inspired blend of arabica beans from Kenya, Ethiopia, Costa Rica and Java. And *Parisian Roast Decaffeinated.* A unique natural European process removes caffeine and delivers deep, true and satisfying coffee flavour.







CHEESES THAT TASTE AS FLAVOURFUL AS IN THEIR HOME VILLAGES.
Among our wide selection are cheeses like a soft-ripened *Camembert* made lusciously rich and creamy; a classic English *Stilton,* the revered blue-veined cheese still produced in Derbyshire; and a hearty, zesty *Aged Monterey Jack* from California wine country, with a resonant character all its own.

A FREE GIFT TO WELCOME YOU.
Which of our foods would you most like to try? Check 3 on the attached order form and mail it to us. Along with your choices, we'll send you a free imported wicker picnic hamper and our 48-page catalogue. Then you'll be offered a monthly selection of specialties. Read all the details on the order form. And do try us. We'd be most pleased to have you join us on our uniquely delicious journey.



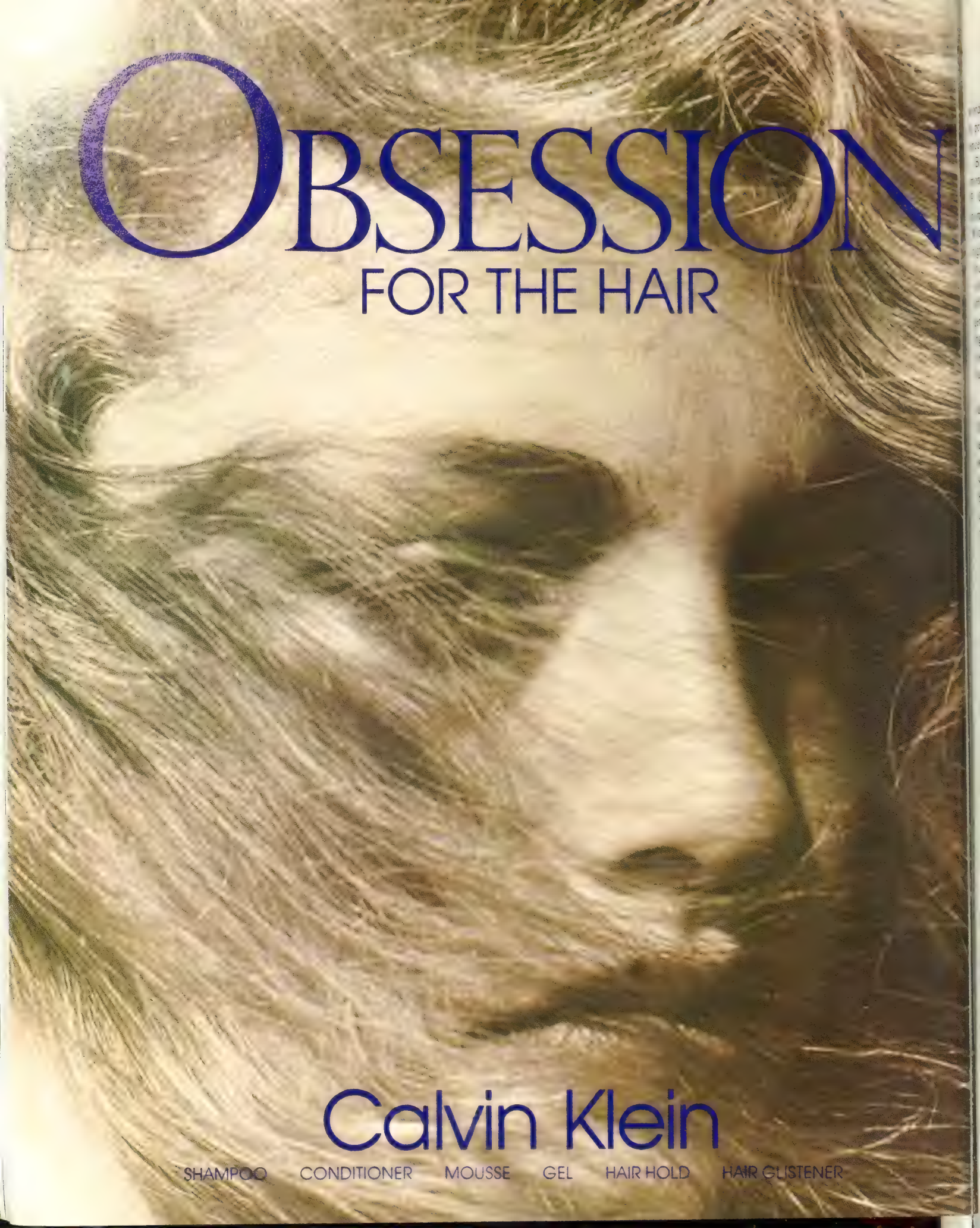
Offer valid only for NEW MEMBERS who must be residents of the Continental U.S. Expires October 1, 1988. Membership subject to approval. Limit one hamper per household. ©1988 Thomas Garraway Ltd.
If order card is missing, write to Thomas Garraway Ltd., U.S. Customer Service Center, Madison, Wisconsin 53790-0001 or for fastest service call

1 800 356-7070

2028C1

THOMAS GARRAWAY® Ltd.
EST 1657

Quite Simply, The Finest Foods In The World.


OBSESSION
FOR THE HAIR
Calvin Klein
SHAMPOO CONDITIONER MOUSSE GEL HAIR HOLD HAIR GLISTENER

words of the founder John Smith, are likely to provide "not just a holiday but an experience of a mildly elevating kind."

By contrast Blandings, an eighteen-month-old establishment named after one of P. G. Wodehouse's characters' stately homes, seems out-and-out commercial. With its red-leather-look brochure it is as high profile as Landmark is low because it's financially rather than emotionally involved with the buildings. As a result it offers conscience-free holidays in indulgent surroundings where, instead of being environmentally aware and bringing your own sheets, you can be waited on handmaid and footman.

Blandings has 64 properties, mainly large houses—dowers, manors, castles—many of which have pools and tennis courts and are lavishly equipped with bathrooms. One even has its own squash court. The most expensive is Hatton Castle near Aberdeen, housing up to twelve people beneath its crenellated roof for $7,620 a week, including chef and housekeeper. Also in Scotland but less costly ($3,890 a week) is Glen Striven, which overlooks Loch Fyne (of oyster fame) where water babies can splash about in the dory and catamaran supplied with the house. Some of Blandings's most attractive houses, such as the sixteenth-century Stanton Court and Georgian Old Hundred, are in the Cotswolds.

A quarter century ago a certain city gent decided to let out his own country estate and soon found himself running Country Homes & Castles. Today he and his staff spend much of their energy arranging the life-in-a-stately-home experience: "Marvel at stories passed down through generations, and enjoy the lively and entertaining company of your British hosts," the brochure invites. If the image of Lords of the Manor fallen on hard times and prostituting themselves to tourism makes your toes curl, you can also rent splendid homes without the hosts. "Homes" is the operative word: the owners have temporarily gone away—but not without first locking up their most priceless *objets* and checking your references. The 46 houses available on this basis include Lismore Castle in County Waterford, Irish home of the Duke of Devonshire, which is fully staffed and sleeps fourteen, and a house at Newick in Sussex which could happily handle a party of 25. "People who ring us about weekend cottages have missed the point," I was told in case I'd missed the point, too.

Should you actually *want* a cottage, the National Trust now has a good selection, particularly in the West Country, Wales, and the Lake District. Some are suitable for disabled people, and this year three have been adapted for wheelchair users. For a leaflet giving details about whom to contact in each region (a slow process, this one) send a self-addressed envelope to their New York or London office. Some of their most unusual and dramatically located properties are in Cornwall and are illustrated in an extravagant (for the National Trust) color brochure. For sheer fairy-tale romance, the Water Tower at Trelissick would be hard to beat anywhere: it has four floors, one room on each, and you would not be surprised if Rapunzel suddenly let down her hair from a top window.



With five reception rooms and fourteen bedrooms, Tullynally Castle sits on 1,500 acres that include two ornamental lakes and 30 acres of gardens.

Should it be the Appleton Water Tower, all Victorian, vertical, vertiginous?

Of the other cottage industries, English Country Cottages (represented in the U.S. by Heritage of England) probably has the best selection with nearly seventeen hundred of them packed into this year's fatter-than-ever brochure. They have their quota of nondescript bungalows, self-catering complexes in castles, and small apartments in the west wing, but you can pass over these for some lovely farmhouses, several oasthouses (where hops were dried for beer making) in Kent, and an unusual, but small, Pepper Pot Cottage in Paignton, Devon, for example. There is even a cottage in the west of London: Rectory End, which sleeps two and adjoins the rectory, was built in 1782 as the village school and today looks surprised to find itself in suburbia halfway to Heathrow from London. This year English Country Cottages has discovered the wheel: you can rent a restored fairground wagon standing in an orchard in the Chilterns which sleeps two, or if there are four of you, a 1921 railway carriage on a disused line in Hampshire.

The tourist offices of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland have lists of all kinds of rentable properties. At the thirteenth-century Roch Castle in Pembrokeshire, for example, you can take the keep that sleeps ten, or the west wing for six, or join the two together for a larger party. The Irish Tourist Board list includes Cloughan Castle, Norman and petite, which has views of five counties from its battlements. They will also put you in touch with the specialists, Elegant Ireland.

Some of Elegant Ireland's castles and houses come with our old friends, the "lively, entertaining hosts," and others you can rent with everything *except* the family. In the latter category are Ross Castle in County Galway, with five bedrooms, nine bathrooms, croquet lawns, a lake, and a pool for a hefty $6,400 a week; the 45-room Tullynally Castle in County Westmeath which takes ten to fourteen people and claims to have a more lived-in, informal feel than others; and Lisnavagh in County Carlow, a Victorian Gothick number complete with heated pool, "grass tennis court [mossy]," and peacocks on a thousand acres of park and farmland. Somewhat more modest are the Georgian house Clashleigh in County Tipperary and an eighteenth-century parsonage in County Carlow. Most include staff, although the appealing four-bedroom Rahaly Castle in County Galway is self-catering. Elegant Ireland can also arrange cars, helicopters, and often a range of field sports in season, too.

If you want to rent a sporting lodge in Scotland—with or without the bloodshed—this can be done through Macsport or the sporting department of Strutt and Parker. If shooting is in season, you have to pay for it, and the cost can run into the thousands, depending on the type, but out of season you can rent the lodges, unstaffed, for as little as $600–$1,000 a week and simply enjoy the scenery.

Finally an American concept has arrived in Britain: the Fountain House in Bath, built in the 1760s, has been converted into fourteen "luxury serviced apartments" for holiday lets. Bookable through Blandings, an apart-

JOHN SEARLE

Maintenance-Free Protection



- **Maintenance-Free:** Since this fence is constructed entirely of aluminum, it can never rust. And there is no need to paint because the baked enamel finish will not chip, peel, or crack.
- **Elegance:** The beauty you want in a fence is combined with the security you need. The fence shown is just one example of the many styles and colors available from Jerith in maintenance-free aluminum.
- **Guaranteed:** This is the only fence backed by a full 15-Year Guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials. It's quality like this that has made Jerith a leader in fencing for over 35 years.

Send in the coupon now and you will receive details of a $50 rebate offer.

The Signature of Fine Fencing.

Jerith Manufacturing Co., Inc.
2716-38 Salmon Street, (Dept HG38)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134

Send me a FREE catalogue on beautiful, maintenance-free Jerith fencing.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

SHORTCUT TO GETTING AROUND BRITAIN.

Cut out this coupon and find out how to get from London to Oxford in under an hour. Or to the capital of Scotland (400 miles) in approximately 4½ hours. The secret, of course, is BritRail, with 15,000 trains daily to over 2,400 destinations. And BritRail offers lots of travel options. The BritRail Pass gives you unlimited travel all over Britain. A 15-day pass is less than $17 a day. But you have to buy it before you leave. So plan ahead. Send for your free brochure. Then see your travel agent.

One shortcut leads to another.



BritRail Travel International
Dept. HQ, 630 Third Avenue,
New York, NY 10017

Please send me your brochure, *Go BritRail*.

Name
Address
City State Zip

BritRail Travel

ment for four people with two bathrooms costs $310 a night. Is this really the shape of things to come, I wonder? It may be a sensible use of a town house, but modern flatlets—however "luxurious"—in a medieval castle or a Gothic abbey? We can only rent whole pieces of the past if the developers keep their hands off. ♠

British Rentals

UNITED STATES

Blandings
V. G. Williams, Inc., 2841 29 St. NW
Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 328-1353

British Tourist Authority
40 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019
(212) 581-4700

Country Homes & Castles
4092 North Ivy Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30342
(404) 231-5837

Elegant Ireland
Abercrombie & Kent
1420 Kensington Rd., Oakbrook, IL 60521
(312) 954-2944, outside 312 area
(800) 323-7308

Four Star Living
964 Third Ave., New York, NY 10155
(212) 758-2236

Heritage of England
153 West 13 St., New York, NY 10011
(212) 242-2145
outside N.Y. State (800) 533-5405
Brochure $5

Irish Tourist Board
757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017
(212) 418-0800

National Trust
Royal Oak Foundation
285 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013
(212) 966-6565

GREAT BRITAIN

Cornwall Holiday Cottages
National Trust Cornwall Office
Lanhydrock, Bodmin Cornwall PL30 4DE
England; 208-3880. Brochure $5

Landmark Trust
Shottesbrooke Maidenhead, Berkshire
SL6 3SW, England; 882-5925. Catalogue $9

Macsport
Ballater Rd., Aboyne Aberdeenshire
AB3 5HT, Scotland; 339-2896

Scottish Tourist Board
23 Ravelston Terrace, Edinburgh EH4 3EU
Scotland; 332-2433

Strutt & Parker
13 Hill St., London W1X 8DL
England; 629-7282

Wales Tourist Board
Brunel House, 2 Fitzalan Rd.
Cardiff, Wales; 499-909

Wales Travel Centre
34 Piccadilly, London W1V 9PB
England; 409-0969



THE BOLD LOOK
OF KOHLER.

Kohler captures the essence of tide and sand dunes in bisque porcelain. This is Serpentine,™ an Artist Editions™ original design by noted porcelain artist Jan Axel. Pedestal lavatory and matching toilet. Shown with Bravura™ faucet and Crescent™ spout in polished gold. See Yellow Pages for a Kohler Registered Showroom. For complete product portfolio send $7 to Kohler Co., Dept. AC3, Kohler, WI 53044 or call 1-800-4KOHLER.

Copyright 1988 Kohler Co.

Le Grand Restaurant

John Bryce tells how Alain Dutournier set out to conquer Paris from the place Vendôme

French people divide their eating not the way their guidebooks do—by price and food—but by the status of the experience. They begin with the simple café and arrive, eventually, at *le grand restaurant*. Everyone acknowledges *le grand restaurant*. The chefs of France set out on the road to *le grand restaurant* the way Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré set out from Angoulême for Paris—innocent and avid, chasing perfect gentility in the illusive ambience of the perfect sauce, the perfect tablecloth, the perfect pot of roses. They are usually disappointed. *Le grand restaurant* is a state of mind. It is as capricious as Madame de Bargeton. It is not always what it seems.



To begin with, most chefs on their way to *le grand restaurant* are not very sophisticated. They come from small towns and modest families. They are apt to mistake solemnity for elegance—to proffer tapestried chairs and too-big tables and funereal service. Or they mistake hauteur for style, like the chef-patron at the France in Auch, who checks the labels on your wine to see if you are worth his attention, or the captain at Olympe, who tells foreigners that in Paris you peel the shrimp before you eat them. Or they mistake price for tone, like Alain Senderens at Lucas-Carton, whose hors d'oeuvres start at thirty dollars. In the end the cooks who achieve a *grand restaurant* are like other artists—nature's aristocrats. Their taste has nothing at all to do with class or what the French would call *formation*. Their style, like their food, is a matter of instinct. They have a sense of intimacy and occasion at the same time, and their restaurants glow. Joël Robuchon's Jamin in Paris glows, but not many other restaurants here do, whatever the cost and effort that went into them.

One of my favorite Paris restaurants has always been a Gascon restaurant out in the relative sticks of the twelfth arrondissement. It is not a *grand restaurant*. It is called Au Trou Gascon, and it is owned by a Gascon chef named Alain Dutournier, who invented marvelous variations of his mother's specialties and served them in a fin de siècle dining room that was light and full of charm. Dutournier comes from a village called Cagnotte. His mother ran an inn there, and he helped her out and learned to cook.

A couple of years ago I discovered that Dutournier, at 37, had merely been stopping in the twelfth arrondissement on his way to *le grand restaurant*. He had borrowed eight million francs from the bank, hired an architect and a decorator, and rented a ground-floor space on the rue de Castiglione, across from the Lotti and down the street from the Ritz, Morgan bank, Chaumet, and the other imposing institutions of the place Vendôme. He had turned over Au Trou Gascon to his wife and to a young sous-chef from Faugeron called Bernard Broux. He said to himself, "Alain, if you stay at Au Trou Gascon you will end up as L' Ami Louis of the twelfth arrondissement." This is what *they* were hoping (by "they" he meant other cooks), but he was going to surprise them with the grandest *grand restaurant* in Paris. He called his new restaurant Carré des Feuillants because it sits on land that had once belonged to an order of monks

Au Trou Gascon was a restaurant that seemed to happen just right





TOP: JUSTIN KIMMS; OTHERS, PASCAL HEYMELIER

Alain Dutournier, top, of Au Trou Gascon and Carré des Feuillants. Above: The standard service plate at Carré des Feuillants. Left: Warm cepe mushroom pâté with parsley sauce, a specialty of Au Trou Gascon.

CAMPARI



Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.



Only Marbro so elegantly captures the light of your life. Beautifully hand-cut by a master crystal artisan, lead crystal is transformed into a sparkling treasure. Only Marbro, renowned for the finest shades in the world, could patiently craft this shade, embellished with double pinched pleat trim, and laced with a delicate strand of gold in French folds.

Your hand-crafted Marbro lamp is singular, distinguished by a tradition of excellence unequalled in the world of lighting.

Available through select showrooms. Write Marbro, 1625 S. Los Angeles St. Los Angeles, CA 90015.

MARBRO

Quite simply, the finest.

JAC DEY

Fabric Presented "Les Lupins" 100% Cotton Chintz



New York Office: 123 East 54th Street
Tel: (212) 207-8382

Headquarters: 1, rue de Furstenberg, Paris
Tel: (1) 43 26 41 55

Atlanta
Travis-Irvin

Chicago
Designers Choice

Dallas
John Edward Hughes

Denver
JEH/Denver

Houston
John Edward Hughes

Miami
Hugh Cochran & Assoc.

San Francisco
Sloan Miyasato

Los Angeles
Kipp Collection



NEW
CREME BASE FERMETE,
FOR A FIRMER,
MORE RADIANT SKIN.



For skin that has begun to show a loss of tone and firmness, Stendhal has created Creme Base Fermete. Used alone or as a makeup base, this rich, luxurious sheer moisturizer helps renew the appearance of tone and elasticity in your skin, leaving it looking and feeling supple, vital and radiant.

Because today's lifestyle can take its toll on your skin, Stendhal has created Creme Base Fermete to address your skin's needs. Creme Base Fermete is an excellent addition to the Recette Merveilleuse beauty treatment for maturing skin.

STENDHAL.
THE FRENCH WORD
FOR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

Joey's

PARIS Stendhal

FOOD NOTES

called the Feuillants and then to the Jacobin dissidents who split off from Robespierre in 1791 and were known thereafter as the Feuillants Club. More important, he liked the word *carré* because it began with *c*, and would be right up front with the *a*'s, *b*'s, and *c*'s in every alphabetical listing of *grand restaurants*. He has never got over the fact that the Guide Gault Millau puts Au Trou Gascon with the *t*'s, and that some people even put it with the *l*'s (as if it were *Le* Trou Gascon). To make his point about *carré*, he ordered everything he could in squares—the menu, matchbooks, ashtrays, and even the dark green service plates.



Crab and mango served with saffron sauce at Carré des Feuillants.

Au Trou Gascon was a restaurant that seemed to happen just right. There were no false steps to trip up our provincial hero. It was a pleasant neighborhood spot when Dutournier bought it. But it had beautiful boiserie, thickly molded ceilings, old mirrored walls and, best of all, four 1906 painted panels of rosy Belle Époque women posing demurely as the Four Seasons. Dutournier was 24 then and had been working since he was fifteen. His parents mortgaged their inn to "aider le petit," he says, and he and his wife divided the money. They ordered lace curtains and etched glass lamps, pretty lacquered chairs and cachepots for carnations and mums. They came up with a color for the walls—a soft, warm apricot beige—and outlined the moldings in a barely darker version of the same shade.

In the kitchen Dutournier began to experiment with his Cagnotte cooking. His wife says that at first he was very "severe." No mustard on the table. No Madeira, only Sauternes, with the foie gras. No chickens but his favorite chickens from Chalosse. He wanted a clientele, he says. He wanted to discourage the kind of locals who came for Sunday lunch—one old lady and her poodle to a table, no wine, and half a bottle of mineral water. He worked on a menu that would eventually include his famous Gascon *pastilla*—a delicate, sealed croustade of pigeon, foie gras, grapes, pine nuts, and baby cabbage—and an Indian-spiced, stuffed *cul de lapereau*, his grandmother's *escalopes de foie gras de canard au vinaigre*, and a remarkable salmon baked with cabbage. He arrived at two stars and three toques—and lobster ravioli that in all of Paris were second only to Joël Robuchon's. The Trou Gascon sommelier could remember what wine you had ordered the week before—or the year before, for that matter. He saw—Dutournier likes to say this—a bottle sitting on the head of every customer.

Dutournier never succeeded in discouraging the neighbors. They stuck around and got their gastronomical education in a quarter ordinarily given over to entrecote and pommes frites. Parisians drove "out" from the center of town and talked about the restaurant. In time the most sophisticated Parisians ate there. And then the most sophisticated foreigners. During the "day of the strong dollar," they were booked for months ahead.

Dutournier is a brassy, irrepressible talker. He likes to say that there has been "no cuisine in France for a century, except the cuisine that cooks from Gascony and Alsace created," and that this has to do with "Eastern influences." He is hard put to tell you who, precisely, the exotic Easterners in Alsace were, but the flavors of Moorish Spain have crossed the Pyrenees into southwest France. Dutournier's Gascon *pastilla* is only one or two ingredients away from a classic Moroccan *pastilla*, and he makes a Gascon stew with bitter chocolate. It is more likely, though, that the exotic East entered his own Gascon repertoire when he was nineteen and apprenticed at a Chinese restaurant in Munich. Unlike most French chefs, he is open to influence. He is still the youngest of the great Gascon chefs of Paris. (The oldest was the famous Antoine Magnin of L'Ami Louis, who died last fall, at 86, and who was in fact Parisian-born and raised in Switzerland.) There are also Philippe Serbource, from the wonderful bistro Chez Philippe, and the Descats, *mère et fils*, who until recently had the restaurant Lous Landès. But Dutournier says he is the first *grand restaurateur* of them all.

Today's young Rubempré is a yuppie, green but greedy, and it may be that Alain Dutournier was simply in the spirit of the times when he set out so determinedly for a *grand restaurant*. He was always an entrepreneur. In 1980 he organized chefs from Faugeron, Morot-Gaudry, and Le Petit Co-

PASCAL CHEVALIER



©1986 Hanes Hosiery, Inc.


Photo circa 1920

RETURN
TO TRADITION...

A Palm Beach tradition
of charm, classic elegance, and
impeccable service.
An era of graciousness and
attention to detail that is
celebrated today at an intimate
oceanside hotel,
the Palm Beach Hilton.
Enjoy a wealth of world class
amenities, a warm residential style
and the personal attention
that will make your stay in
Palm Beach a
memorable one.

PALM BEACH HILTON
OCEANSIDE RESORT

Call your travel agent or
800-433-1718 or
800-HILTONS or
305-586-6542.

lombier into something called Les Toques Gourmandes, which serves as a wine cellar for member restaurants, associations, and individuals, and they also opened wine bars (now with a franchise) called Le Pain et le Vin. When those worked well, they opened a *cuisine centrale* supplying 150 restaurants with meals that needed only a minute in the microwave. He began to talk about turning Au Trou Gascon into a "true" Gascon restaurant, a little *touristique* maybe but something that would bring in clients from the suburbs during slow times. He talked about ordering plates with d'Artagnan's head on them. His wife refused. He told her that a restaurant had to be *rentable*, and that people who couldn't see their way to putting d'Artagnan's head on a plate or advertising in parking lots or learning to say hello in Japanese when the dollar dropped and the yen was high—those people would be left behind.

He covered the walls in fine, pale woods, painted Tiepolo clouds on the ceiling

Carré des Feuillants opened on January 8, 1986. He draped a banner on the corner of the place Vendôme and stood a big green wooden signboard on the sidewalk with an arrow pointing to his courtyard. The place was enormous. Two hundred square meters of atrium and restaurant. A hundred square meters for the kitchen. And another two hundred for service areas. The scale did not go well with what the French would call the *petites économies* of the restaurant—with the single chocolate truffle you got with your coffee instead of the plateful of chocolate truffles appropriate to a *grand restaurant* or the cheese that was sliced so thin you could hold it up and see the light through it, like a Meissen teacup.

Dutournier had never had room for spits or grills or a real *friteuse* at Au Trou Gascon. But now he had room for everything, and he fitted out his gleaming new kitchen with cold closets and hot closets and storage vaults. He bought one and a half tons of cepes for his storage vaults. He envisioned a restaurant full of rich, happy people devouring his *coeurs de canard aux champignons sauvages* ("authentically southwest," the menu said) while they ordered wines that cost them 25 percent more than they would have paid at Au Trou Gascon.

The arithmetic of 35 employees waiting on 75 guests in five hundred square meters of what is arguably the most expensive street in Paris does not make for an easy atmosphere. The restaurant has to pay its way and the bank's way and the decorator's bills—and Dutournier's decorator had exhausted himself making work. He had covered the walls in fine, pale woods, tin-stenciled the plaster, painted Tiepolo clouds on the ceilings, commissioned outsize acid-green pictures of grapefruits, limes, and celery for the big dining room, and filled the bar with Gustave Doré Orientalist hunting prints. Actually there are four dining rooms at Carré des Feuillants, along with the bar and the atrium, which is presided over by a lugubrious specialist in the "house cocktail." It is called a *sans culotte:* champagne, passion fruit liqueur, one cherry, and (for something blue, in honor of the red, white, and blue of the French Revolution) a rim of blue-tinted sugar on the edge of the flute.

A *grand restaurant* must never seem commercial. It must never appear as the business which, of course, it is. But Carré des Feuillants is still business—at least until you taste the eggplant caviar with cumin or the mullet with cabbage, walnuts, and green and black peppercorns. It needs to "settle." Anxiety hangs in the air. Young boys in black tie serve your bread and pour your water as if one crumb or drop on the tablecloth would send them back to the provinces. The first time I was there the sommelier suggested a Burgundy that cost a fortune. When I asked for another Burgundy—there are over five hundred wines on the *carte de vin*—he said he had "nothing else to recommend." Dutournier admits that a lot of his old customers prefer Au Trou Gascon—that it has gotten to be a kind of club for the cognoscenti. But he is full of enthusiasm for his new clients—the Australians who talk too loud and the South Americans who try to buy the plates. He likes the sort of people who make a restaurant *rentable*. He knew that the critics were jealous when the best review he got was not in *Le Monde* or *L'Express* or *Le Figaro* but in the Communist party paper *L'Humanité*, which liked the decorating. And he knew that the other cooks in town were jealous when they started calling up and reserving tables under false names—which meant that at dinner those tables would be empty. There is a problem about tables if you are courting the guests at the Ritz or the Crillon or groups of movie producers having a Paris meeting. Hotels make reservations for their clients and the clients cancel. What bothers Alain Dutournier is that you don't cancel at a *grand restaurant*. ♠

THE ART OF
MARTEX®



INSPIRED
BY LIBERTY
OF LONDON

LIBERTY
OF LONDON

MARTEX® LIBERTY™OF LONDON LUXURY PERCALE ENSEMBLE, "ISABELLA," 200 THREADS PER SQUARE INCH OF NO-IRON 100% COMBED COTTON WITH COORDINATING BATH ENSEMBLE. WESTPOINT PEPPERELL, 1221 AVENUE OF AMERICAS, NY, NY 10020. (212) 382-5185. DESIGN © LIBERTY OF LONDON PRINTS LTD., 1987
© WESTPOINT PEPPERELL, 1987.

COTTON MADE IN THE USA

Port Without Pomp

Jason Cooper rescues England's favorite after-dinner drink from humbug and complexity

I have never, until quite recently that is, been all that fond of port. Port. To be perfectly frank, the very word seems to ring with stuffy pomp and humbug, and until a few years ago I had an almost pathological distaste for the stuff. I should begin by saying that my earliest enological experiences were not particularly happy ones. Let me explain: in England there is a variety of diehard nanny that to this day steadfastly believes in the beneficial effects of port on a young man's constitution. To be fair, this is not as nutty as it may sound: I have it on good authority that port was regularly administered in the best of Edwardian public schools and indeed that the children of royalty were seldom given anything else. When I tell you that my own nanny began my education in the matter with a particularly nasty brand of cheap ruby and this at the tender age of seven, you may begin to understand my problem.



Mercifully enough, my father has never been much of a port man himself, but there were the inevitable occasions when at some grand dinner or other the moment would come for the ladies to withdraw. And then the terrible moment of decision—to stay or not to stay. As a teenager, you lose either way. Worse still, however, is the discovery that staying behind after the women does not, in my experience at least, improve with age. One finds that the few houses where the convention is still observed seldom provide the best male company anyway. A disagreeable cross section of stockbrokers and noisy army people tends to be the general thing, and conversation, once deprived of the moderating influence of female company, all too often degenerates into a shouting match over such key issues as money, sex, or pheasants. For years, then, I had been shunning what I now find is one of the grandest and most pleasurable of wines. Having rediscovered it, however, I have also found that port bears with it pitfalls and complexities that might well have been designed to baffle even the vintner.

For years I had been shunning one of the grandest and most pleasurable of wines

Real port, as its name implies, comes from a rigorously defined area of northern Portugal in the Douro Valley. Historically port has the dubious distinction of being the result of bigamy: in 1253 King Afonso III of Portugal, a liberal and generally enlightened monarch, took his liberalism too far by marrying Beatriz of Castile. This would have been very well were it not for the fact that his first wife, Matilda of Boulogne, was still alive. A papal imbroglio ensued, and before the first marriage was annulled Beatriz gave birth to Dom Dinis—the heir to the throne who introduced grape vines into the region.

It was not until over four centuries later that the wine began to be fortified with brandy to create port as we know it today. The brandy, after three or four days, artificially arrests the wine's fermentation, thus ensuring that a high proportion of the grape's natural sweetness is retained in the wine. The majority of the region's estates, the quintas—particularly those of the Upper Douro (Alto Douro), which generally make the finest ports—cultivate their vines by hand to this day.

The important thing to remember is that there are two main types of port: wood-aged and bottle-aged. Of the three bottle-aged varieties the finest is vintage port. A vintage year is declared only about three times a decade, and vintage port is the result of such an outstanding year. The wine is aged for its first two or three years in wood and then bottled to mature: for a refined vintage port this should take a minimum of ten to fifteen years although the bottle is available to buy immediately. As for the other bottle-aged ports, single quinta is the product of a single estate in nonvintage years, while so-called crusted is generally a blended wine also bottled early to mature in the same way.

There are basically three varieties of wood-aged ports to consider: tawny, ruby, and white. These are all aged in oak vats and, with the exception of old tawnies, usually blended and bottled after three years. Ruby is nothing but an inferior tawny, and white in my view is not much good for anything. (The French consume large quantities of this as an aperitif, but there it is.) I shall not weary you with descriptions of the two remaining wood-aged ports: vintage character and late-bottled vintage. Suffice it to say that they are attempts at producing a vintage port without putting in the expense and fuss to create the style of the real thing. These wines may be fine (I confess I tried a Dow's 1981 late-bottled vintage the other day and found it quite lovely), but they are nonetheless imitations.

Two true vintage ports currently drinking extremely well are the 1966 and '63. Recently I was lucky enough to have a go at some Warre's '66 and thought it one of the most sensational wines I've ever had. When drinking a port of this stature, don't rush it: you are

LAWRENCE MYNOTT



A world-standard of quality is within reach. Presenting the finest in fashion, handbags, leathergoods, shoes and accessories for Spring/Summer 1988. Available exclusively at Gucci Shops.



GUCCI

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS PALM BEACH CHICAGO BAL HARBOUR SHORT HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA PALM SPRINGS TROY
SAN FRANCISCO HONOLULU ATLANTA PHOENIX LAKE TAHOE LAS VEGAS ATLANTIC CITY CHARLESTON BOSTON NEW ORLEANS

Photographs by John Goodman. All merchandise from the Spring/Summer Collection. Available in our stores or through our catalogue. For store addresses or further information, call 1-800-223-2590. To receive a catalogue subscription send $6.00 (includes postage) to Gucci CSB 3168, Department 728, Melville, New York 11747. The American Express® and Gucci Cards welcomed. © Gucci America Inc. 1988

"BEAUMONT" SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.

Jeffrey & Co., Circa 1890.
Arthur Sanderson & Sons, today.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HM QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF WALLPAPERS PAINTS & FABRICS
ARTHUR SANDERSON AND SONS LTD LONDON

Sanderson

Wallpapers and Fabrics at Arthur Sanderson, 979 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., Toronto, and showrooms throughout the U.S.

"COLERIDGE" SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.

Owen Jones, Circa 1870.
Arthur Sanderson & Sons, today.

Sanderson

Wallpapers and Fabrics at Arthur Sanderson, 979 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., Toronto, and showrooms throughout the U.S.

in the presence of greatness, and there is a magnificent progression of experiences to savor. To begin, once the port is properly decanted and in the glass, hold it up to the light—I trust we're talking candles here—and look for a characteristic amber color within its smoky brown exterior. Swirl it gently around in the glass, and then sniff. This alone should have you hooked for life, but it's not until the liquid is tasted that the sheer *sensuality* of vintage port begins to reveal itself.

Nobody can pretend such heady stuff comes cheap: vintage such as this is likely to set you back well over $50 a bottle. But do not despair: much more fun than buying a vintage port when it's ready to drink is picking it up for a song when it's young and letting it mature in your own cellar. Your investment will be appreciating nicely should you want to part with it, and if you don't you'll end up with not only a magnificent bottle of wine but a bargain to boot.

Choosing the right vintage port can be a difficult task. As port producer James Symington puts it, "It's like asking a chap aged two when he's going to go gray." The year 1977 is generally considered to be a great one, and it is now clear that 1985 will be another; many experts have already made favorable comparisons between this and the highly venerated 1966. The vital thing is patience. Drinking a prized vintage port only a few years old is nothing short of enological infanticide and more than likely will result in a bad case of indigestion. Still I realize that there will be those short of money, patience, or the life expectancy required for the real thing, and for these poor souls the best advice is to go for an older tawny. Dow's does a very fine twenty-year-old tawny, which I find first-rate, but, as in Keats's immortal words, "O, for a draught of vintage!" ♠

A sampling of ports available in the United States:

VINTAGE PORTS (bottle-aged)
1963: Warre's, $85; Dow's, $96; Taylor, $120. *1966:* Warre's, $47; Taylor, $60. *1977:* Graham, $46; Croft, $46; Fonseca, $50. *1983:* Warre's, $29; Fonseca, $28; Dow's, $25; Royal Oporto, $12. *1985:* Though not drinkable yet, this is going to be a fabulous year for port. Cases of 12 bottles from all major shippers, now available, range from about $160 to $360.

TAWNY PORT (wood-aged)
Dow's 1981 Late-Bottled Vintage, $13; Dow's Twenty-Year-Old Tawny, $25; Sandeman, $14; Niepoort Colheita 1960, $39

SPIRIT OF THE SIOUX



A Masterpiece In Porcelain Sculpture Created For America's Indian Museum.

In a ritual older than time, the Sioux medicine man begins his mystic chant. Dancing in the light of the dawn — in union with the spirit of the eagle.

"Spirit of the Sioux." A masterpiece in hand-painted porcelain created by Robert F. Murphy, the Gold Medal winner who is sought after by collectors of Western art. And created as the premier work in the new gallery of the American Indian Heritage Foundation Museum.

This original work of art is so superbly sculptured, you can count all 51 feathers on the Indian's headdress. And feel the intensity in the medicine man's eyes. Captured in fine porcelain and hand-painted in all his glorious colors. And signed and dated by the artist.

Shown smaller than actual size of 12" high including hardwood base.

ORDER FORM © 1988 FM

Please mail by March 31, 1988.

The Franklin Mint / Franklin Center, PA 19091

Please enter my order for "Spirit of the Sioux," to be handcrafted in fine imported porcelain and hand-painted. When my sculpture is ready, I will be billed for a deposit of $39.* And then in 4 monthly installments of $39.* each, after shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3 for shipping and handling*

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

11655-15

A Franklin Mint Exclusive



Planting a Seed

Caroline Seebohm tells how, in the cold of winter, seed catalogues offer a rich profusion of possibilities

The greatest test of a gardener's stamina is not eradicating crabgrass or even persuading a Himalayan blue poppy to turn blue but waiting out the winter months when plants are dormant, beds are frozen, and nothing a gardener yearns to do outside can be done.

Commerce and the U.S. mail have saved us from this annual torment. With the delivery of the seed catalogues, which fall into our mailboxes as liberally as the snow falls on our flower beds, we frustrated gardeners can sit back in front of the fire and dream our dreams. Perhaps a row of Jade Pagoda cabbages? A bed of salvia by the rockery? Or a bunch of Japanese parsley outside the kitchen?

There are over four hundred up-to-date garden catalogues in the library of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. At least fifty percent are devoted solely to seeds.

Katharine S. White was probably the first writer in this country to extol the producers of the seed catalogues. "They are as individualistic—these editors and writers—as any Faulkner or Hemingway," Mrs. White wrote in *The New Yorker* in 1958. "They have an audience equal to the most popular novelist's, and a handful of them are stylists of some note."

Mrs. White's favorite seed houses were Burpee, the Joseph Harris Company, and Max Schling. Schling no longer sells seeds, but Burpee and Harris remain staples of a gardener's winter reading. The Burpee catalogue is huge—over 200 pages stuffed with functional color photographs and breezy descriptions of flowers and vegetables.

Harris is infinitely more glamorous than Burpee and far grander than in the days when Katharine White was poring over it. "I could enlarge on the virtues of corn named Wonderful, Snowball Cauliflower, Cornell Self-Blanching Celery," suggests Mrs. White about her Harris offerings. "My choice for vegetable seed," wrote garden writer Eleanor Perényi in her book *Green Thoughts*, "if only because they don't run after novelties at the expense of the tried and true."

Another well-known house is Park, famous for flowers as well as vegetables. Eleanor Perényi has mixed feelings about it: "I spend much time studying their Japanese chrysanthemums, Madagascar palms and green amaryllis, but must report disappointments at the lower level: packets mislabeled (laced pinks at 10 cents a seed turned out to be common Cheddar), low viability in the seed, poorly rooted cuttings."

Covering the other two hundred plus seed catalogues would take a determined digger several dizzying months. Out of 83 garden catalogues mentioned in Katharine White's columns in *The New Yorker*, 22 were out of the business ten years later. Meanwhile, new ones spring up, reflecting garden fashions just as promiscuously as hemlines.

Many believe growing from seed is the only proper way to garden

The older seed companies such as Comstock, Ferre have frequently offered heirloom seeds that date back to the mid nineteenth century. D. Landreth sold seeds to Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, and the Landreth catalogue has an interesting list of seeds available since the 1800s. Old seeds are open-pollinated and therefore often hardier than hybrids, but enthusiasm for planting historical seeds has now also assumed philosophical and ecological overtones. Many newer seed companies, such as Abundant Life and Johnny's Selected Seeds, are catering to an interest in preserving the legacy of America's horticultural past.

Seed exchanges also provide heirloom supporters with authentic old seeds. The idea was pioneered by Kent Whealy, founder of the Seed Savers Exchange, a grass-roots operation with more than six hundred members. Heirloom seed people claim that the major companies such as Burpee, Gurney's, Harris, and Park, mindful of the bottom line, are under pressure to sell only bigger and better commercial varieties. The 1988 Park Seed catalogue, for instance, boasts a new four-inch fully double zinnia that looks like a dahlia and a new impatiens that sounds more like a peony. Yet many gardeners say the new hybrid flowers are often hardier and more disease-resistant than the old varieties.

Thanks in part to the pioneering work of Lady Bird Johnson, wildflower gardening is taking the country by storm. People are buying cans of wildflower seed and throwing them on their backyards in hopes of getting a maintenance-free flower-filled meadow next year. (Hopes are frequently dashed. As Mrs. Johnson herself points out, it's no good scattering seed into grass "as if you were feeding chickens." To ensure germination, it is necessary to rake and water.) Jumping into this growth market are seed catalogues such as McLaughlin's, offering wildflowers of the Pacific Northwest, Prairie Nursery in Wisconsin, and the Botanic Garden Seed Company.

There are also catalogues targeted to a particular region of the country—for instance, Florida's Kilgore, Plants of the Southwest, Territorial Seed Company for gardeners west of the Cascades, or High Altitude Gardens based in Ketchum, Idaho. There are those we read for pure pleasure because of the photography or plant descriptions (Park, German, Harris, Letherman's). Goldsmith's catalogue is printed on such glossy paper and with such glamorous typefaces that it is more like a Bloomingdale's mailer than a seed list. Shepherds, specializing in European seeds such as Dutch beets and haricots verts, is beautifully presented with line drawings and includes recipes from Renée Shepherds. Gurney's is a crazy newspaperlike item with small print, postage stamp–size pictures, and a huge selection of goodies, including pink and blue potatoes, originally from the Andes.

Pamela Lord, cofounder with Jason Epstein of the Garden Book Club, loves the Pinetree Garden Seeds catalogue, for both its reasonable prices and its selection: "I found a cardoon from them, which I grew around

STEVEN LUPANACCIA

CENTURY



THE BRITISH NATIONAL TRUST COLLECTION

The National Trust of England, Wales and Northern Ireland has appointed Century Furniture Company to recreate a collection of fine furniture from their historic properties. The selection of 52 pieces include walnut, mahogany, satinwood and upholstered furniture.
For more information, please call 800-852-5552. Century Furniture Company, Hickory, N.C. 28603.

At Mill House of Woodbury we believe nothing can equal the elegance of English antique furniture.



But there's an exception to every rule.

Fine antique dining tables are rare today. Although you'll find them at Mill House, you may prefer the far wider selection we can offer you in our antique reproduction tables, custom-made for us in England to the same uncompromising standards as their 200-year-old ancestors. They're available in a variety of woods and styles, in sizes just right for anything from dinner for four to a banquet for 40. The choice is yours—only at Mill House of Woodbury.

Mill House Antiques

Route 6, Woodbury, Connecticut 06798 Telephone (203) 263-3446

We're closed Tuesday but open every other day of the week, including Saturday and Sunday.





Don't settle for a carbon copy!

A gift of flowers is a truly grand way of expressing yourself and revealing your own uniqueness. For Spring, a special occasion, or just to tell someone that you care—a beautiful, original presentation of flowers conveys your personal feelings in a way that cannot be duplicated.

When you want to communicate your individuality and instinctively good taste, call a Professional AFS Florist. Whether you prefer to express yourself with the traditional or the contemporary, trust your AFS Florist to create an original design for you.

Don't settle for a carbon copy of someone else's taste! Call or visit a Professional AFS Florist. See what creativity and instinctively good taste truly is.

afs
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Call or visit your professional AFS Florist listed on the following pages to receive service with a very personal touch. Unconditional satisfaction is always guaranteed.

CALL YOUR PROFESSIONAL AFS FLORIST

Begin Enjoying The Finer Things Of Life Today

You can depend on the AFS Florists listed below for quality products, creative design and professional service. Whether your need is for simple, unusual or elegant flowers for in-town or out-of-town delivery depend on your AFS Florist.

ARIZONA

Mesa
Mesa Floral & Gifts
1734 East Main St Ste 7
602-964-0667

Peoria
Amour Florist
6750 West Peoria
602-486-1104

Phoenix
A. Amlori Flowers
4840 E Indian School Rd
602-840-9028

Curtis Flowers & Gifts
3143 East Lincoln Drive
602-954-8835

LaCount's Flower Shop
2505 E Indian School Road
602-955-0020

LaPaloma Flower Shop
13216 North Seventh Street, Suite 6
602-863-1515

McElhaney's Flowers & Gifts
325 E Camelback Road
602-264-4617

Scottsdale
McCormick Ranch Flowers
7345 Via Paseo Del Sur
602-948-9920

Sun City
Alves Flowers & Gifts
15418 99th Ave
602-972-2164

Tucson
Abella Bokay Florist
2423 S Kolb Road
602-886-8363

Catalina Flower Shop
5604 East Broadway
602-747-9284

Ladybug Flowers
7946 E Broadway
602-886-5606

CALIFORNIA

Anaheim
Conroy's Florist
1701 West Lincoln
714-956-9900

Arcadia
Santa Anita Flowers
1000 South Baldwin Ave
818-447-8118

Barstow
Barstow Flower Boutique, Inc.
201 E Main St
619-256-8408

Berkeley
University Flower Shop
1900 University Avenue
415-848-5320

Beverly Hills
John Phillip Flowers
357½ South Robertson Blvd
213-657-7644

LA Premier Flowers
8818½ W Olympic Blvd
213-276-4665

The Kensington Garden
9355 Wilshire Blvd
213-205-0090

Brea
Nan's Custom Florals
341 South Brea Blvd
714-529-5943

Burbank
Burbank Florist & Gifts
218 E Olive Ave
818-846-5111

Burlingame
The Flower Boutique
859 California Drive
415-347-6865

Camarillo
A Flower Affair
315 Arneill Road
805-987-6878

Canoga Park
Conroy's Florist
22001 Sherman Way
818-999-6922

Canyon Country
Conroy's Florist
27592 N Sierra Hwy
805-298-7088

Carmichael
Vanity Fair Florist
6635 Madison Ave
916-967-5105

Castro Valley
Lewelling Florist
3709 Castro Valley Blvd
415-582-4667

Chico
Chico Florist & Gifts
118 Main Street
916-342-6508

Clovis
P.S. Send Flowers
300 West Shaw
209-299-6663

Costa Mesa
Costa Mesa Florist
117 Broadway
714-548-6071

Mesa Verde Florist
1888 Harbor Blvd
714-631-7422

Del Mar
Del Mar Floral & Gifts
1011 Camino Del Mar
619-755-0303

El Cajon
Conroy's
1303 Broadway
619-444-3101

Kelly's Gifts & Florist
972 Broadway
619-442-0373

El Cerrito
Adachi Florist & Nursery
11939 San Pablo Avenue
415-235-6352

El Toro
El Toro Florist
23700 El Toro Road
714-586-8710

Escondido
Carousel of Flowers
2445 East Valley Parkway
619-741-5740

Fountain Valley
Fountain View Flowers
10954 Warner Avenue
714-962-6615

Fremont
Fremont Hub Florist
39192 Fremont Blvd
415-796-9594

Sunshine Shop
34253 Fremont Blvd
415-792-7300

Fresno
Creeping Charlie Friends And Flowers
5091 N Fresno St Suite 124
209-227-6868

Family Florist
381 N Blackstone Ave
209-264-5859

San Francisco Floral Co.
1600 Fulton St
209-268-0111

Glendale
Glendale Florist & Gifts
1815 W Glendale Blvd
818-246-2425

Granada Hills
Flower Lane
17309 Chatsworth St
818-366-6561

Hawthorne
Conroy's Florist
14250 South Prairie Avenue
213-679-0301

Huntington Beach
Conroy's Florist
16961 Beach Blvd
714-842-2605

Huntington Beach Flower Market
[illegible]
714-847-9614

LaVonne's Florist
[illegible]

Indian Wells
W.T. Flower Co.
74919 Hwy 111
619-346-2728

Irvine
Conroy's Florist
14725 Jeffrey Road
714-551-4262

Orange Tree Florist
5394 D Walnut
714-857-0334

La Canada Flintridge
John R. Roberts Floriculturalist
838 Foothill Blvd
818-790-0733

La Jolla
Carrie's Flowers & Gifts
7777 Girard Ave Suite 103
619-454-3535

La Mesa
Conroy's Florist
5163 Jackson Dr
619-697-7001

Lafayette
Franco's Florist
961-A Moraga Road
415-283-6187

Laguna Beach
Laguna Tradition
976 South Coast Highway
714-494-8026

LaHabra
Flowers N' Things
401 S Harbor Blvd #A
714-870-5923

La Palma
Conroy's Florist
5961 LaPalma Avenue
714-523-2590

Larkspur
Katherine Eubanks Florist
320 Magnolia Avenue
415-924-0803

Loma Linda
Loma Linda Florist
25656 Barton Road
714-796-0719

Los Altos
A Place For Flowers
208 Main Street
415-941-9933

Los Angeles
ABC Flowers & Gifts
667 South Western Avenue
213-388-1403

Conroy's Florist
10624 West Pico Blvd
213-836-2043

Downstairs Greenery and Florist
Bonaventure Arcade Plaza
213-485-[illegible] 800-223-2993

Plaza Floral Group
3920 Sunset Blvd
213-664-4181

Los Gatos
Carousel of Flowers
14100 Blossom Hill Road
408-356-4060

Madera
Plaza Flower Shop
201 North [illegible] Street
209-673-9197

Manhattan
"Doc" Adams Your Florist & Gift Shoppe
501 D Street
916-748-2696

Menlo Park
Cindy's Flowers & Gifts
667 Oak Grove Plaza
415-321-4564

Merced
Tioga Florist
769 West 16th Street
209-722-6095

Milpitas
Marlowe's Flowers of Milpitas
301 Serra Way #90
408-943-1557

Mission Viejo
Anna's Florist
[illegible] Trabuco Road
714-581-7030

Modesto
Janet's Flowers & Gifts
1407 G Street
209-[illegible]

Mountain View
Marlowe's Herbert Stanley Flowers
2680 El Camino Real
415-948-4229

Napa
Herritt's Flowers & Exclusive Gifts
1546 1st Street
707-224-8381

Newport Beach
Flowers 4 U of Newport Beach
506 W Coast Highway
714-722-7894

Oakland
Seulberber's Florist & Gifts
418 Fourteenth St
415-451-7600

Orange
Conroy's Florist
1300 North Tustin Avenue
714-956-9900

Oxnard
Arcade Flowerland
2414 S Saviers Road
805-483-2251

Pacific Palisades
Pacific Palisades Florist
15043 Sunset Blvd
213-454-0337

Palm Springs
The Four Seasons Florist
191 South Indian Avenue
619-322-2141

Palo Alto
Village Flower Shoppe
111 Town and Country Village
415-328-5992

Paradise
Skyway Florist
7067 Skyway
916-877-9334

Pasadena
Burkard Nursery & Florist
690 No Orange Grove Blvd
818-796-4355

Foothill Florist
2401 San Pasqual
818-796-5803

The Flower Peddlers
957 E Colorado Blvd
818-793-0058

Piedmont
Ron Morgan
342 Highland Avenue
415-655-0321

Rancho Cordova
Dee's Flowers and Gifts
2104 Distinctive Dr
916-361-8226

Redondo Beach
Conroy's Florist
1080 South Pacific Coast Hwy
213-376-8861

Redwood City
G & R Flowers
2565 El Camino Real
415-364-8326

Riverside
Country Gardens Florist & Gifts
3685 Van Buren Street
714-688-6006

Flowerloft
3697 Arlington Ave
714-787-9422

Sacramento
Altaro's Flower Shop
6175 Mack Road
916-[illegible]

Capitol Plaza Florist
532 Downtown Plaza
916-443-8875

Madison Florist
5565 B Auburn Blvd
916-332-9029

Michael's Flowers & Fantasies
4751 "J" Street
916-454-0719

Sacramento Floral Co.
2715 Stockton Blvd
916-452-7121

Salinas
Flower Magik
[illegible] Main Street
408-757-7287

San Bernardino
Flowerloft
[illegible] Highland Avenue
714-881-1634

San Carlos
Granara's Flowers
1682 El Camino Real
415-591-0751

San Clemente
Jensen Floral Imports & Design
107 Avenue Del Mar
714-498-9464

San Diego
Coleman Gardens
5029 West Point Lomas
619-225-0719

Mission Hills Florist, Inc.
901 W Washington Avenue
619-291-3611

Old Columbia Square Florist & Gifts
1158 State Street, Suite IA
619-232-5846

Pacific Beach Florist Co.
1950 Garnet Avenue
619-273-0280

Pacifica Florist
2710 Garnet Ave
619-272-1400

Paper Rose
401 University Avenue
619-260-0707

Potts By Patt Florists
1560 Garnet Avenue
619-273-0344

San Francisco
Bredwell Meyer Flowers & Fine Wines
4359 18th Street
415-621-1556

Glen Park Flower Shop
2838 Diamond St
415-584-4536

Golden Bear Design
773 14th Street
415-431-9699

In Bloom Again
1411 Franklin Street
415-441-5260

Pappas At The Plaza
1255 Battery Street
415-434-1313

West Portal Floral Company
51 West Portal Avenue
415-661-7277

San Jose
Blossoms 'n Bows
3247 S White Road
408-274-6232

Marlowe's Flowers
2520 Berryessa Road
408-926-9455

The Downtown Florist
52 W Santa Clara Street
408-280-5757

Tree House Florist
1302 Lincoln Avenue #102
408-971-9777

Via Valiente Florist
6944 Almaden Expwy
408-997-3121

Flowers. The Finer Things Of Life. Call Your AFS Florist Today.

UNCONDITIONAL SATISFACTION IS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

CALL YOUR PROFESSIONAL AFS FLORIST

Begin Enjoying The Finer Things Of Life Today

You can depend on the AFS Florists listed below for quality products, creative design and professional service. Whether your need is for simple, unusual or elegant flowers for in-town or out-of-town delivery depend on your AFS Florist.

San Juan Bautista
Vintage Flowers & Gifts
106 3rd Street Suite A
408-623-4699

San Leandro
Lynn's Floral Design
120 Joaquin Ave
415-357-4129

San Marcos
Rancho Village Florist
663 S. Rancho Santa Fe Road
619-744-7020

San Marino
Broadway Florist
2998 Huntington Drive
818-799-0255

San Rafael
Paula's Florist
777 Grand Avenue, Suite 6A
415-453-6511

Santa Ana
Love-N-Flowers
1230 E. Edinger
714-972-3911

Santa Monica
Edelweiss Flower Boutique
1722 Ocean Park Blvd
213-452-1377

Silverio's World of Flowers
1329 Montana Avenue
213-451-2496

The Flower Box
508 Santa Monica Blvd
213-393-9878

Santa Rosa
Blossoms
326 Santa Rosa Plaza
707-525-0545

Sherman Oaks
Hilo Florist
4842 Van Nuys Blvd
818-789-9266/CA 800-652-6900/
US 800-824-2672

Simi Valley
Conroy's Florist
1090 Los Angeles Avenue
805-583-0766

Sonoma
Taylor's of Sonoma
147 East Spain Street
707-938-1000

South Lake Tahoe
South Lake Tahoe Florist & Nursery
1038 Winnemucca St
916-541-4748

Stockton
Alex Floral Company
33 North American
209-466-6909

Delta Florist
4129 North Eldorado Street
209-941-9572

The Flower Box
7135 Pacific Avenue
209-477-5574

Studio City
Conroy's Florist
12456 Ventura Blvd
818-506-5124

Sunnyvale
Conroy's Florist
1002 E. El Camino Real at Poplar
408-773-1113

Tarzana
Tarzana Florist, Inc.
18764 Ventura Blvd
818-345-7484

Tempe City
Patio Flowers
9619 Las Tunas Drive
818-287-1914

Tustin
Tustin Heights Florist
1162 Irvine Blvd
714-838-3803

Vacaville
Flowers & Balloons by Kathy
316 Parker St
707-447-8241

Vallejo
Dal Porto Flowers
611 Florida Street
707-642-7525

Ventura
Rainbow Florist
9280 Telephone Road
805-647-8838

Vista
Silver Bells Florist
948 South Santa Fe
619-758-2956

Walnut Creek
Cayford's Florist
1250-I Newell Avenue
415-933-9140

Watsonville
Brennan Street Florist & Gifts
55 Brennan Street
408-722-6307

West Covina
Flowers By Robert Taylor
2616 E. Garvey South
818-331-5358

Westlake Village
Village Florist
4637 Lakeview Canyon Road
818-889-7119

Westminster
Garden View Florist
9035 McFadden Avenue
714-895-3034

Woodland Hills
The Flower Garden
22829 Ventura Blvd
818-999-5700

Yorba Linda
Yorba Linda Flowers
18302 Imperial Highway
714-996-2264

Yuba City
Yuba City Florist Inc.
664 Plumas St
916-673-9060

Yucaipa
Yucaipa Florist-Too
34644 County Line Road
714-795-7767

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque
Blossoms By Win
4200 Wyoming N.E. Suite A-2
505-298-5434

Felicity Flowers
3320 San Mateo N.E.
505-881-8397

Flower Basket
11901 Menaul Blvd. N.E.
505-298-0980

Rose Bud Flowers and Gifts
6001 San Mateo N.E., Suite B-4
505-888-4022

The Plantation Flower Shop
5901 Wyoming N.E.
505-821-8555

NEVADA

Carson City
Alic's Flowers & Gifts
222 E. Washington St
702-882-8490

Las Vegas
A Rainbow of Flowers
134 South Rainbow Blvd
702-363-1015

A Robin's Nest Flower & Gift Shop
1616 Las Vegas Blvd
702-386-6062

A Touch of Green Florist
3149 North Rancho
702-645-8585

Bloom Saloon Florist
316 Bridger Avenue
702-384-8863/US 800-233-5568

Primrose Lane Flower Boutique
2321 South Eastern
702-457-3833

Rain Forest Exotic Plants & Flowers
4161 S. Eastern, Suite A
702-732-9555

Sunrise Bouquet Flower Shoppe
675 N. Nellis Blvd
702-438-6705

Valley Florist
3335 E. Tropicana
702-456-0045

Whiting's
4386 Eastern Avenue
702-737-7327

Reno
Paradise Floral
203 E. Moana Lane
702-827-0155

Sparks
Flower Bucket Florists
1657 Prater Way
702-359-8846

OREGON

Beaverton
Something Special Flower & Gift Shoppe
4575 S.W. Tucker Ave
503-626-8056

Eugene
Blooms Flowers & Gifts
1167 Willamette St
503-343-8167

Rainyday Florist
1375 Pearl Street
503-485-8153

Forest Grove
O.K. Floral Shop
2015 Pacific Ave
503-357-6031

Medford
Flowers By Suzie
502 Crater Lake Ave
503-772-2266

Portland
Encore Flowers
4120 N.E. Sandy Blvd
503-287-6342

Flowers Clarence Walker
435 N. Killingsworth St
503-285-7714

Flowers Tommy Luke
625 S.W. Morrison
503-228-3131

Garden Gallery Florist
4439 S.E. Johnson Creek Blvd
503-777-2040

Jacobsen's Florist, Chocolates & Wine
111 S.W. Columbia St
503-224-1234

Salem
Pemberton's Flower Shop
2414 12th St. SE
503-588-0910

Triple Tree Florist
310 Court Street NE
503-581-4226

Tigard
Flowers By Donna
11700 S.W. Hall Blvd
503-639-6717

WASHINGTON

Bellevue
Main Street Florist
10301 Main Street
206-454-6051

Kent
Kent Floral
215 West Meeker St
206-852-1970

Mercer Island
Mercer Island Florist
2728-78th Avenue S.E.
206-232-2990

Puyallup
Country Flowers
10411 Canyon Rd. E.
206-537-1654

Renton
The Flower Box Florist
2120 S.W. 43rd
206-251-8070

Seattle
Falceto's Greenlake Florist
7025 Woodlawn Avenue N.E.
206-524-9957

Florist In The Park, Inc.
17171 Bothell Way N.E.
206-362-1933

Gehl Flowers
221 S.W. 152nd St
206-242-3205

Petal Pushers Florist
20212 Aurora Village Mall
206-546-6122

Sea Tac Flowers
19045 Pacific Hwy. South
206-244-9101

West Seattle Flower Shop
4508 California Avenue S.W.
206-937-2070

Snohomish
City Floral of Snohomish
1122 First St
206-568-3123

Spokane
Empire Floral and Nursery
South 2920 Glenrose Road
509-535-9739

Eugene's Flowers
West 601 Francis Avenue
509-326-3535

Mel's Nursery, Florist & Gift Shop
N. 8800 Division
509-467-5132

Serendipity
W. 1901 Boone
509-325-4654

Sunset Florist & Greenhouse
1606 South Assembly
509-747-2101

Tacoma
The Krinkle Bush Florist
1008 E. 72nd St
206-537-0040

Woodinville
Woodinville Florist
13317 N.E. 175th Street,
Suite K
206-483-9222

SEND DISTINCTIVE FLOWERS IN TOWN OR OUT OF TOWN WITH COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.

Professionally designed flowers from one of the AFS Florists listed is always the right choice for living, giving or entertaining. When you call or visit your AFS Florist, you don't have to settle for a standard, stereotyped arrangement that's available everywhere. Instead, ask your AFS Florist for his personal creativity and service. Your AFS Florist will help you select a beautiful, distinctive arrangement that's personally designed for you. Don't settle for the ordinary. Your AFS Florist can create and deliver the extraordinary!

Flowers, The Finer Things Of Life. Call Your AFS Florist Today.
UNCONDITIONAL SATISFACTION IS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

Manuel Canovas

D & D Building, 979 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. [illegible]
P.D.C. 8687 Melrose Avenue, West Hollywood, CA. [illegible]
Showrooms : Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy (Michigan), Washington (D.C.)



INSIDE DANIEL ANNEA

Dive into the pages of J. L. Hudson.

Ultimately every gardener will have his or her own preference. The voice of the catalogue, the layout, listings, prices, and deliveries will play their part. And if your eyes finally glaze over while reading yet another ardent description of a hybrid eggplant or buttercup squash, it's time to pick up my favorite catalogue of all, Better Yield Insects, where you can buy aphid predators ($15 for 100) or whitefly parasites ($11 for 1,000) to control the pests that you will no doubt invite into your garden by planting all those sexy vegetables you have selected from perusing your seed catalogues all winter. ♠

Seed catalogues

Most of these companies ask that you send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your request.

Abundant Life Seed Foundation
P.O. Box 772
Port Townsend, WA 98368
Allwood Brothers, Mill Nursery, Hassocks
West Sussex BN6 9NB, England
W. Atlee Burpee & Co., 300 Park Ave.
Warminster, PA 18974
Better Yield Insects, P.O. Box 3451
Tecumseh Station, Windsor
Ontario N8N 3C4, Canada
Botanic Garden Seed Co., 9 Wyckoff St.
Brooklyn, NY 11201
Chiltern Seeds, Bortree Stile, Ulverston
Cumbria, LA12 7PB, England
Comstock, Ferre & Co., 263 Main St.
P.O. Box 125, Wethersfield, CT 06109
Cook's Garden, P.O. Box 65
Londonderry, VT 05148
Country Garden, Rte. 2
Crivitz, WI 54114
Fragrant Path, P.O. Box 328
Fort Calhoun, NE 68023
H. G. German Seeds, 201 West Main St.
Box 398, Smethport, PA 16749
Goldsmith Seeds, P.O. Box 1349
Gilroy, CA 95021
Gurney's Seed & Nursery Co.
Second and Capital
Yankton, SD 57079
Harris Seeds, 961 Lyell Ave.
Rochester, NY 14606
Hazeldene Nursery, Dean St., East
Farleigh, Maidstone
Kent ME15 OPS, England
Heirloom Gardens, P.O. Box 138
Guerneville, CA 95446
High Altitude Gardens, P.O. Box 4238
Ketchum, ID 83340
J. L. Hudson, Seedsman, P.O. Box 1058
Redwood City, CA 94064
Jardin du Gourmet, P.O. Box 32
West Danville, VT 05873
Johnny's Selected Seeds, Foss Hill Rd.
Albion, ME 04910
Kilgore Seed Co., 1400 West First St.
Sanford, FL 32771
D. Landreth Seed Co., 180–188 West
Ostend St., Baltimore, MD 21230
Le Marché Seeds, P.O. Box 190
Dixon, CA 95620
Letherman's, 1221 East Tuscarawas St.
Canton, OH 44707
McLaughlin's Seeds, P.O. Box 550
Mead, WA 99021
Nichols Garden Nursery, 1190 North
Pacific Hwy., Albany, OR 97321
Park Seed Co., P.O. Box 31
Greenwood, SC 29648
Pinetree Garden Seeds, Rte. 100, New
Gloucester, ME 04260
Plants of the Southwest, 1812 Second St.
Santa Fe, NM 87501
Prairie Nursery, P.O. Box 365
Westfield, WI 53964
Seed Savers Exchange, Rte. 3, Box 239
Decorah, IA 52101
Shepherds Garden Seed, 7389 West
Zayante Rd., Felton, CA 95018
Suttons Seeds, Hele Rd., Torquay
South Devon TQ2 7QJ, England
Territorial Seed Co., P.O. Box 27
Lorane, OR 97451
Thompson & Morgan, P.O. Box 1308
Jackson, NJ 08527
Vermont Bean Seed Co., Garden Lane
Fair Haven, VT 05743



NOW MENTHOL IS LOWEST

By U.S.Gov't. testing method.

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Jan. '85 FTC Report or FTC method.

3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Featured with *Embassy Suite* is Golden Tribute Crystal Stemware.

Embassy Suite by *Noritake*

See all the beautiful Noritake patterns at finer stores, or send 50¢ for color brochure to: Noritake, Dept. HGM 88, 1538 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654.
For help in locating pieces from discontinued Noritake patterns write: Noritake Service Center, P.O. Box 3240, Chicago, IL 60654.

Consider the lilies

They toil not. Maybe not the lilies of biblical fame. But these do. From dawn to dusk. Looking beautiful every minute—each stroke hand painted by old-world craftsmen. As are their counterparts—all the matching accessories that make your bathroom the envy of every visitor.



Sherle Wagner

60 E. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 PL 8-3300

For illustrated catalogue send $5.00 to Dept. TC

The Tennant Sale

A lifetime's worth of eccentric acquisitions is auctioned off by Sotheby's. **Caroline Moorehead** follows New York collector Paul Walter to Wilsford Manor

Before there was any sign of Wilsford Manor, far down a Wiltshire country lane in which the wet blackberry bushes dripped, queues of cars were forming for a viewing of one of the most bizarre auction sales of the year. Organizers from Sotheby's patrolling the road in waterproof capes were apologetic but adamant. The car park had been flooded by a week's continuous rain, and there was no way to approach the house. Paul Walter, a collector from New York who had just flown in from Dublin, was not put off. The remaining mile and a half, in mud, could be done on foot.

For the purposes of the four-day viewing and the two-day sale last fall, Sotheby's had put up a pink candy-striped marquee in the garden, its far end leading directly into the house. The sight, reminiscent of summer weddings, was odd and uncomfortable in a garden that had become secret and impenetrable during the long years of neglect in which Stephen Tennant, brightest of the bright young things of the late 1920s, lived on in the house as an almost total recluse. Stone putti, nymphs, urns, busts, iron chairs, and families of cranes, green with moss, crumbling and battered, had long since partially disappeared behind yew and bamboo and the fronds and tendrils of once exotic and meticulously tended plants.



Paul Walter and statue at Tennant sale.

Paul Walter is one of America's most dedicated and original art collectors, whose collections include nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs; Indian and Southeast Asian paintings, drawings, and sculpture; nineteenth-century porcelain; eighteenth-century glass; and contemporary American paintings. "People are amazed at the variety of what I put together," says Walter in a soft, precise voice. "An African woven hat, perhaps, with a bit of nineteenth-century American pottery and some Indian sculpture, all sitting on a 1930s table made for an Indian maharaja by a German architect. It's fun to take ephemera and put them with serious things. That shocks the scholars."

Walter has just bought a new house on Long Island, which he refers to with satisfaction as a "great shopping opportunity and one I don't usually get." The house will reflect his increasing interest in the nineteenth-century Arts and Crafts movement. "I want a period house," he says, "with late-nineteenth-century design and architecture. It will be largely decorated in the English style: porcelain, glass, fabrics, the lot. And because it's near the beach there will be some whimsical things. A country house *has* to have whimsy, something amusing."

With the house come several acres of garden, currently all "weeds and woods" but soon to be transformed into a series of complementary styles of garden. "It depends a bit on what I buy in England," but will be influenced by Vita Sackville-West's remarkable garden at Sissinghurst in Kent to which Walter returns again and again.

Part of the draw of the Wilsford Manor sale was the knowledge that in the forties and fifties Tennant had been an astute collector of esoteric pieces of garden furniture. Once Walter had negotiated the mile and a half of mud at a brisk stride, therefore, he vanished behind the clumps of sodden bamboo, catalogue and pencil poised, stout







From top: Victorian shell-back chair, c. 1870. Italian carved and painted chair, c. 1900. Colefax & Fowler upholstered pouf, 1942.

OYOTA CAMRY



POWERFULLY SATISFYING.
Pour from a satisfying reserve of power: Camry's twin cam, 16-valve EFI engine shrinks distance with 115 horsepower.

PERFECTLY SATISFYING.

The 1988 Toyota Camry is an inspired blend of refined power, graceful style, and plush comfort. In 1987, Camry was ranked #1 in its segment in customer satisfaction.* The heritage continues. Enhanced in 1988, Camry LE's sophisticated, fuel-efficient,** multi-valve engine delivers tireless cruising capabilities, quick acceleration, and plenty of passing power. Camry's ride is blissfully smooth and quiet, and front-wheel drive is an ally in any weather. Its flush, aerodynamic styling is a perfect finishing touch. And the new Camry Wagon is an extended version of the same satisfying story. 1988 Camry. Satisfaction, perfected.

Get More From Life . . . Buckle Up!



GRATIFYING CONTROL.
The quality feel of control, handling and performance is a positive pleasure for anyone who enjoys driving a fine sedan.



'ower & Associates 1987 Customer Satisfaction Product Quality and Dealer Service (for 1986 vehicles).
estimated 25 city/32 highway MPG for Camry LE with 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission.
87 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

TOYOTA QUALITY
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

shoes squelching through a wilderness now turned into a swamp by other would-be buyers. A nymph shrouded in greenery received a few brisk taps about the face. "She's had her nose fixed," said Walter accusingly.

In the marquee the level of tension was climbing. One infuriated viewer accused the placid Sotheby's representative of lack of planning for the cars. "We didn't think about the rain," she was told. "Well, you should have, shouldn't you? After all, it's October and it's England."

As a collector on a mission to buy, Walter was not a man to be distracted by a little bickering. Long before flying to London he had studied his Wilsford Manor catalogue with the utmost care, the way he has studied hundreds of other catalogues since he first began collecting as a boy. What started it? "I don't know. Greed."

By the time he was at college he was buying old master prints, guided by one of his professors. To this passion he added a desire to travel: the two, allied with a certain freedom to acquire, have made a considerable impact on the art world. Walter laughs about it. "People have the idea that collecting is a casual thing. If you're a compulsive collector, believe me, it's a lot of work. My friends think I go to London on vacation. Perhaps I do, but I'm out from nine to five, searching hard."



Regency klismos beechwood armchair, c. 1810, painted and upholstered c. 1935 in white.

For all their shared obsession with the odd and the beautiful in decoration, Stephen Tennant and Paul Walter do not make a congruous pair. Walter is a tall, large man, exuding decided forcefulness; Tennant was delicate, almost frail. Friends spoke of his childlike innocence, his Dorian Gray quality. "Dear, strange, beautiful, gifted Stephen," Vita Sackville-West said of him. Photographs posed for Cecil Beaton show a pale, ethereal youth with eye shadow and lip gloss and a rather haunting, wary look.

Tennant first came to Wilsford Manor—a checkered flint-and-stone house built for his parents in the Jacobean style—as a baby in 1906. He was the son of Pamela Wyndham, a famous turn-of-the-century beauty with a natural place by birth among the group of well-born friends who called themselves the "Souls." At fifteen his talents as an artist were recognized by admiring family and friends, and an early exhibition of his paintings produced praise. He was already dazzlingly good-looking. In the early twenties he was befriended by Rex Whistler and in 1927 started a long-lasting relationship with Siegfried Sassoon; Cecil Beaton was a frequent visitor at his gatherings. Walter's close study of the Wilsford Manor sale has included research into the character of Tennant himself, a figure little known in Britain and still less so in America. "Tennant was outrageous, you know. Even E. M. Forster was charmed by him—and he was a tough cookie when it came to being charmed."

"People have the idea that collecting is a casual thing. If you're a compulsive collector, believe me, it's a lot of work"

When Wilsford Manor eventually became his, Tennant resolved to transform it into something peculiarly his own. The result was extraordinary, an extravaganza of pink and glitter, of good pieces of furniture mixed with absurd ones, of strangely fashioned chairs and bedside tables, of scattered straw hats and draped fringes, of tinsel and gauze and ivory and feathers and above all of shells, which he pasted onto ceilings and tossed about the floors.

In the fifties, Tennant took to his satin bed and seldom reemerged. The house grew shabby and a little dirty. The garden closed in. It was possibly a sad place during his final years—he died last February at the age of eighty—but it was a grotesque one during the days when the public came to view, under Sotheby's auspices, what he had left behind. Neighbors who for decades had longed to glimpse the Aladdin's cave queued to finger and to mock; boys in oversize rubber boots trampled the mothy polar-bear rugs; and in the nursery wing, where the nanny that Tennant had so loved once held sway, groups of smart young people gathered to read aloud to one another letters whose endearments they found inexpressibly comic. They were a little shocked by what they found, by all the glitter, the outrageous pinks and silvers. "This is ludicrous, darling," they said to each other. "Like Christmas wrapping paper."

Walter has been to many sales in his life; he knows that quality and condition, and not appearances, are what count. As with a man buying a horse and checking its teeth, he tapped his possible purchases smartly all over, sounding out their state of health, their possible flaws. There was much to his taste: an Italian carved and painted chair in the form of a bird, with a velvet seat; a Colefax & Fowler square zebra skin and a buttoned brown velvet pouf commissioned by Tennant in 1941; a circa-1850 gilt and carved-wood gesso table, white marble top perched on three swans feeding from a pillar carved in the shape of bulrushes and lilies. Above the noise, the patter of outrage, Walter kept up an undertone of excitement: "My God. I wasn't prepared for *that* pink. It's *fun*."

He was not disappointed with his day. "It was," he said, driving back to London, "a kind of curiosity. There are fewer and fewer of these places. Probably that's one of the last chances we'll get to see what it was all about." With such sales, he says, it is always hard to know what prices things will fetch, but at the very least a day at Wilsford meant another addition to his already considerable bank of accumulated knowledge.

"Every day like this you learn something new, something someone else doesn't know. Part of it is just looking"—looking and later talking to antiques-dealer friends, casing the market. "It's a bit like horse racing," he says, "and it could be a strong betting day."

It did not turn out to be. The grotto furniture, the gilded swans and dolphins, the lichen-covered bust of Nelson and the pert stone nymphs all went—but not one of them to Walter. Leaving for New York, he thought it all a great joke, particularly as, driving back to London after the auction, he had stopped his car in Pimlico and bought better things for half the price. "It was ludicrous. Everything I wanted went for three and four times the highest estimate. A sort of fever took hold." Was his week wasted? "Oh, not at *all*. You can *never* take that attitude." ♠



Top of Sierra Midnight with inlay of Sierra Dusk, first in the CORIAN Designer Collection.

Introducing Corian® Sierra. What nature would have made if she could have.

Now CORIAN transcends nature.

With an elegant new stone look for countertops and vanities t offers an almost miraculous resistance to stains, scratches and arette burns.

It's new CORIAN Sierra from Du Pont. And it blends beautifully with today's modern decors and Eurostyling.

Because it's CORIAN. Sierra comes with Du Pont's limited warranty which lasts an unprecedented 10 years.

See new CORIAN Sierra at your Authorized CORIAN Kitchen and Bath Dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages.

CORIAN

The Solid Miracle From Du Pont.

N.® The premium quality brand of solid surface products

DUPONT

HG STYLE

Stripes and checks break loose from plain geometry—irregular patterns, bold black-and-white motifs, and "fancy finger painting"



What's new about stripes and checks? Endless varieties, personal expressions, unmatched combinations—lots more than the traditional pinstripes, prison stripes, and checkerboards.

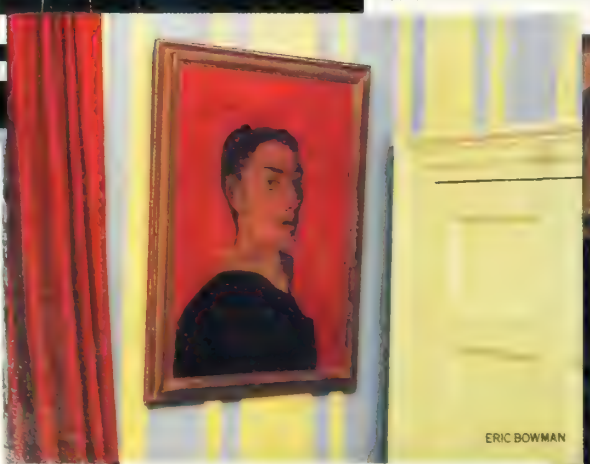
Fabric designers Sue Timney and Graham Fowler, who are known for their bold black-and-white motifs, juxtapose stripes and checks in their London shop. Denise Carbonell plays with stripes and checks in her fashion design and her Manhattan loft. English shoe designer Manolo Blahnik, now expanding into interior and furniture design, hand-painted the stripes himself on the library walls of his house in Bath.

Imperfections can actually enhance stripes and checks

Imperfections can actually enhance stripes and checks, says Scott Waterman, who specializes in painted finishes: "Because they are such simple motifs, they are open to variation." Brett Landenberger layers stripes and checks to add depth to the surface of his paste papers. Using a process he calls "fancy finger painting," he manipulates the patterns to update them and make each sheet unique. Waterman sums it up: "The closer they are to having been touched by the human hand, the better crafted and the more appealing they are." **Laurie Schechter**



JAMES MORTIMER



ERIC BOWMAN





A stripe-and-check paper, left, by Brett Landenberger. Top: Scott Waterman's hand-painted Pompeian effect. Above: The Timney-Fowler Limited shop in London.

From left: Manolo Blahnik's library; Scott Waterman trompe l'oeil; Denise Carbonell's loft.



ALDO FALLAI

GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue New York, New York 10021 (212) 988-9191

HG STYLE

Personalized dressing has come out of the closet and onto the chair—"best dressed" can now apply to your furniture


Cotton-duck slipcover by Monte Coleman.


LIZZIE HIMMEL

An ordinary metal chair is suddenly wearing a dress. A bench is outfitted in a "shirt" with buttons and cuffs. A straightback chair is draped in a Grecian toga.

Andrew Sheinman, president of Monte Coleman, says he "wanted to add a strong fashion element" to his cotton slipcovers for the Victoria chair designed by Mark Zeff. By gathering the back with elastic and offering them in two-color combinations, white with a black sash and black with a white sash, he gave these slipcovers day and evening looks. "The covered chairs are flexible, and they're great for restaurants and parties," says Andrew Sheinman. "Not only are they festive, but they stack too."

"The covered chairs are flexible, great for restaurants and parties. Not only are they festive, but they stack too"




LIZZIE HIMMEL

When it came to slipcovering the furniture in her living room, interior designer Mariette Himes Gomez wanted one piece to be especially dressed up. The result, done in a cotton-ticking fabric, was a bench akin to a man's dress shirt. The arms were wrapped to look like cuffs, the back made to look like the back of a man's shirt, and jeweled buttons were used as studs.

Gianfranco Ferrè, who designed a line of seasonal "clothing" for a Paolo Nava armchair, used similar dressmaker detailing in his Estate slipcover. Tailored white linen gives the chair a cool summer feel. **L.S.**



Fortuny-inspired chair, top, by Perucho Valls and Paul Siskin. Center: Estate chair by Gianfranco Ferrè. Above: Mariette Gomez's bench. Left: Cotton slipcover by Monte Coleman for Bergdorf Goodman, New York.

Styleless

1 Chintz everything
2 Pattern on pattern
3 Marbleizing
4 Total Biedermeier
5 Postmodernism
6 Arranged coffee-table books
7 Scented rooms
8 Message pillows
9 Red libraries
10 Clutter


JOHN HALL

Saks Fifth Avenue



© 1987 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL®, N°5®, The Classic Bottle®, ™ ®

HG STYLE

Tassles and fringes call up images of dusty old Victoriana, but a fresh approach brings them out of the gloom and into the limelight





Louis XV–style chairs and light fixtures, top left, by Dan Friedman, in the WilliWear Paris store. Above: Curzon by Payne Fabrics for Century Furniture. Right: Dressing table by Friedman. Below: Vincent Fourcade's Long Island house.





An oversize print of ropes and tassles, tassle-fringed pillows on a Conran's sofa, a raffia-fringe skirt on a dressing table. No longer just decorative trimmings, tassles and fringes are giving classic furniture a new twist.

Dan Friedman, a New York artist who makes furniture, uses raffia fringe in his work for its symbolism as well as for aesthetics. "I am interested in cultures where day-to-day things were done with a great deal of creative conviction," says Friedman. "I am trying to return to the notion of making objects for the home which are imbued with artfulness and usefulness."

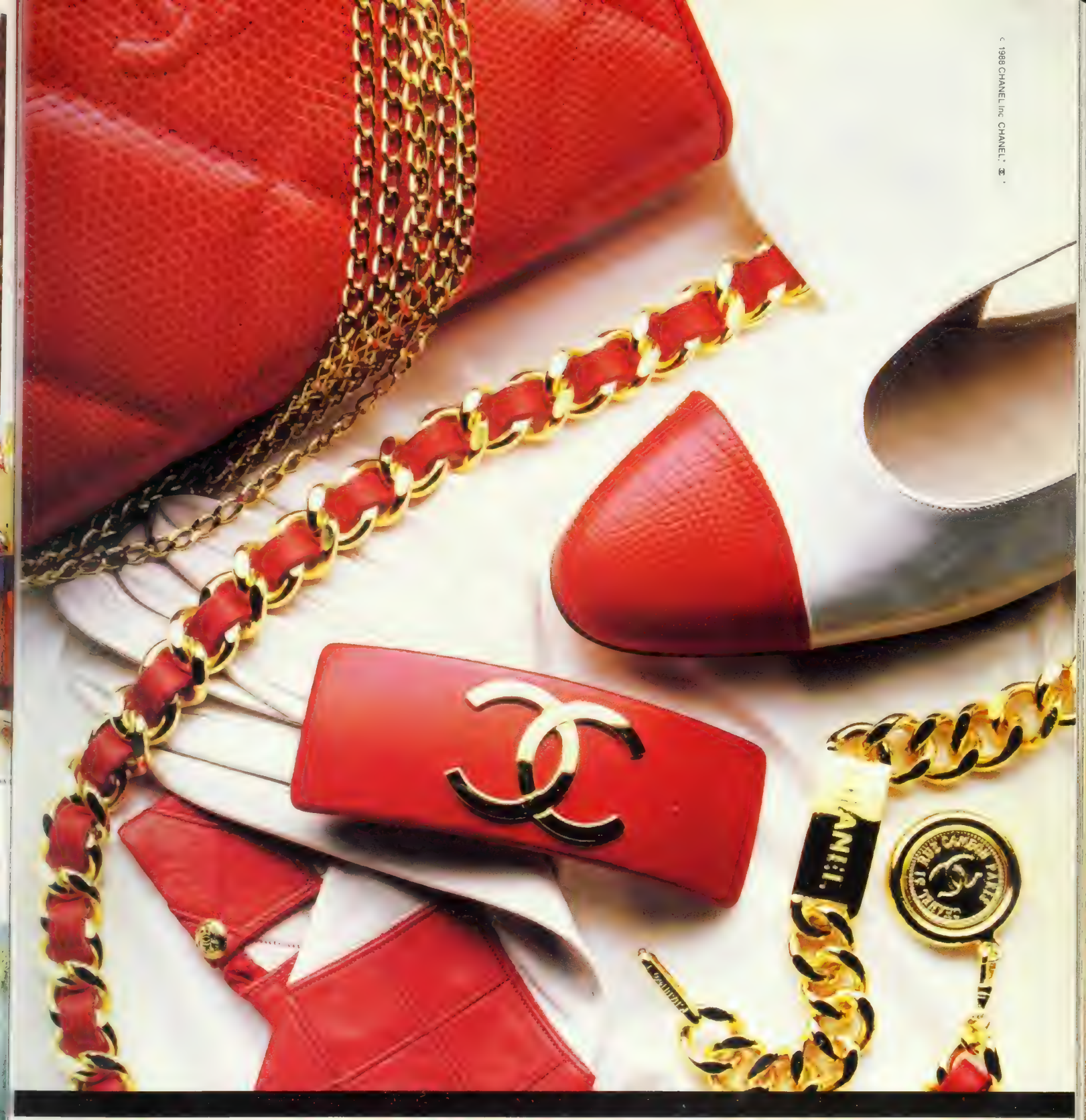
A big Victorian sofa was nowhere to be found, so Judyth Van Amringe, an accessories designer, settled for a contemporary piece from Conran's. The sofa is now incognito under a seventeenth-century Turkish bedcover, and pillows in Chinese fabrics, unfinished needlepoint, rhinestones, ribbons, and Scalamandré tassle fringe. Judyth describes her role as being like a "cake decorator—I take a form and really change it." **L.S.**



Three Mile Island lamp, by Dan Friedman.



Judyth Van Amringe's sofa



CHANEL

CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO, DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU

It Keeps On Getting Better™

At Miami's most successful new residential resort community, one success leads to another. And another. And...

The Tower Residences. Our first 31-story tower is almost sold out. The second tower is even more dramatic.

The Mediterranean Village Residences. Phase I sold out in 90 days. Phase II now available for sale. Act Fast!

The Island Club. The exciting social center of Williams Island/World-class dining/Lavish pool-patio area.

The Tennis Club. 12 all weather courts/ Resident pro Roy Emerson/Indoor-Outdoor terrace restaurant.

The Spa & Fitness Center. Unique indoor-outdoor facility/Up-to-the-minute equipment/Spa treatments and cuisine.

The Yacht Club & Marina. Secluded, full service dockage for yachts up to 100 ft./Guest docking available.



The Golf & Country Club. 18-hole championship golf course/Par 72/ Clubhouse/Restaurant & Lounge/Pro Shop & Locker Room.

Tower Residences from $195,000. Mediterranean Village Residences from $270,000.

Williams Island, 80 acres of exclusive elegance on the Intracoastal Waterway between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale. Sales Office open 9:30 to 5:30. Call 305/935-5555. Toll-free 1-800-628-7777. Or write, Williams Island, 7000 Island Blvd., Williams Island, FL 33160.

WILLIAMS ISLAND

The Florida Riviera

ORAL REPRESENTATIONS CANNOT BE RELIED UPON AS CORRECTLY STATING REPRESENTATIONS OF THE DEVELOPER. FOR CORRECT REPRESENTATIONS, MAKE REFERENCE TO THE BROCHURE AND TO THE DOCUMENTS REQUIRED BY SECTION 718.503, FLORIDA STATUTES, TO BE FURNISHED BY A DEVELOPER TO A BUYER OR LESSEE. THE COMPLETE OFFERING TERMS ARE IN AN OFFERING PLAN AVAILABLE FROM SPONSOR.

WILLIAMS ISLAND 1988 FAME WINNER OF 11 AWARDS



Paradise for home decorators

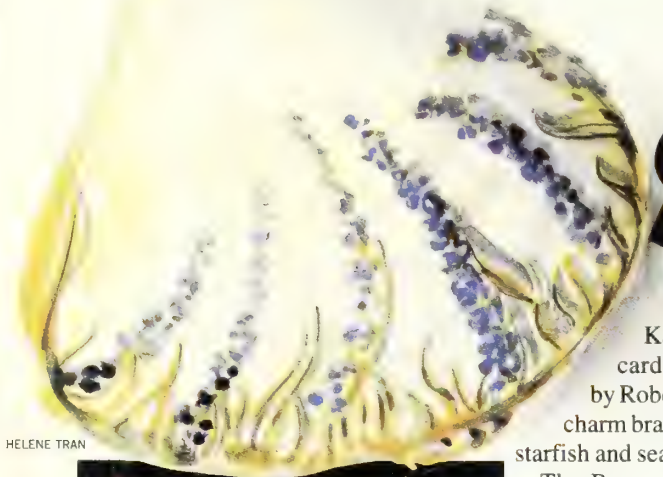
Explore the Pastels with Shyam Ahuja. Hues that inspire delicious dreams.
All homespun, by Shyam's talented weavers. Exquisite silks, quilts and bedroom fantasies.

SHYAM AHUJA

201, East 56th Street, Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel: 212 644 5910. Tlx: 4933009 SAPLNYC
HUGH COCHRAN Miami 305 576 1456/ Atlanta 404 262 7600
SHEARS & WINDOWS San Francisco 415 621 0911/ Denver 303 744 1676/ Laguna Niguel 714 643 3025
REFINEMENT Los Angeles 213 855 8095
Bombay (Head Office): 33/34, Dr. A.B. Road, Worli, Bombay 400 018. Tel: 4938030/31/32. Tlx: 011-73690 WHDH IN
Delhi 3, Local Shopping Complex, Block E, Masjid Moth, Near Savitri Cinema, G.K. II, New Delhi 110 048. Tel: 6434531/6440646. Tlx: 65979 SAPL IN
Bangalore: 6, Setlur St., Off Langford Rd., Langford Town, Bangalore 560 025. Tlx: 08-452931 SAPL IN

Talley SHEET

Ornate surfaces in fashion and interiors . . . the romantic Baroque . . . go broke for Verdura . . . oceanic motifs from head to toe



HELENE TRAN

Seashells have washed up for spring in the designs of Gianfranco Ferrè and Donna Karan. Karan's evening suits and cardigan sweaters were highlighted by Robert Lee Morris's shell earclips and charm bracelets. Ferrè embroidered beaded starfish and seashells on his dinner dressing.

The Baroque touch-of-sea flora is unsurpassed in the jewelry of the late Fulco di Verdura. At Chanel he created enamel cuffs with Maltese crosses; Kenneth Jay Lane interprets them today. A clamshell with brillantes and sapphires and a scallop with brillantes and peridots can be ordered from Verdura, New York. Shell carvings encrusted the eighteenth-century furniture of William Kent; in the manner of Kent is a circa-1735 sofa, from Christopher Gibbs Limited, London.

Glenn Bernbaum likes masses of sunflowers for his Fête de Famille to benefit AIDS research. For Slim Keith's birthday he filled topiary baskets with begonias. The women at New York charity evenings—Blaine Trump in Lacroix couture, Diandra Douglas in YSL's Rive Gauche bolero—are no clams on the half shell. Their dressing is as Baroque as a modern designer-clad lady can go. **A.L.T.**



JACQUES DIRAND





MARY HILLARD

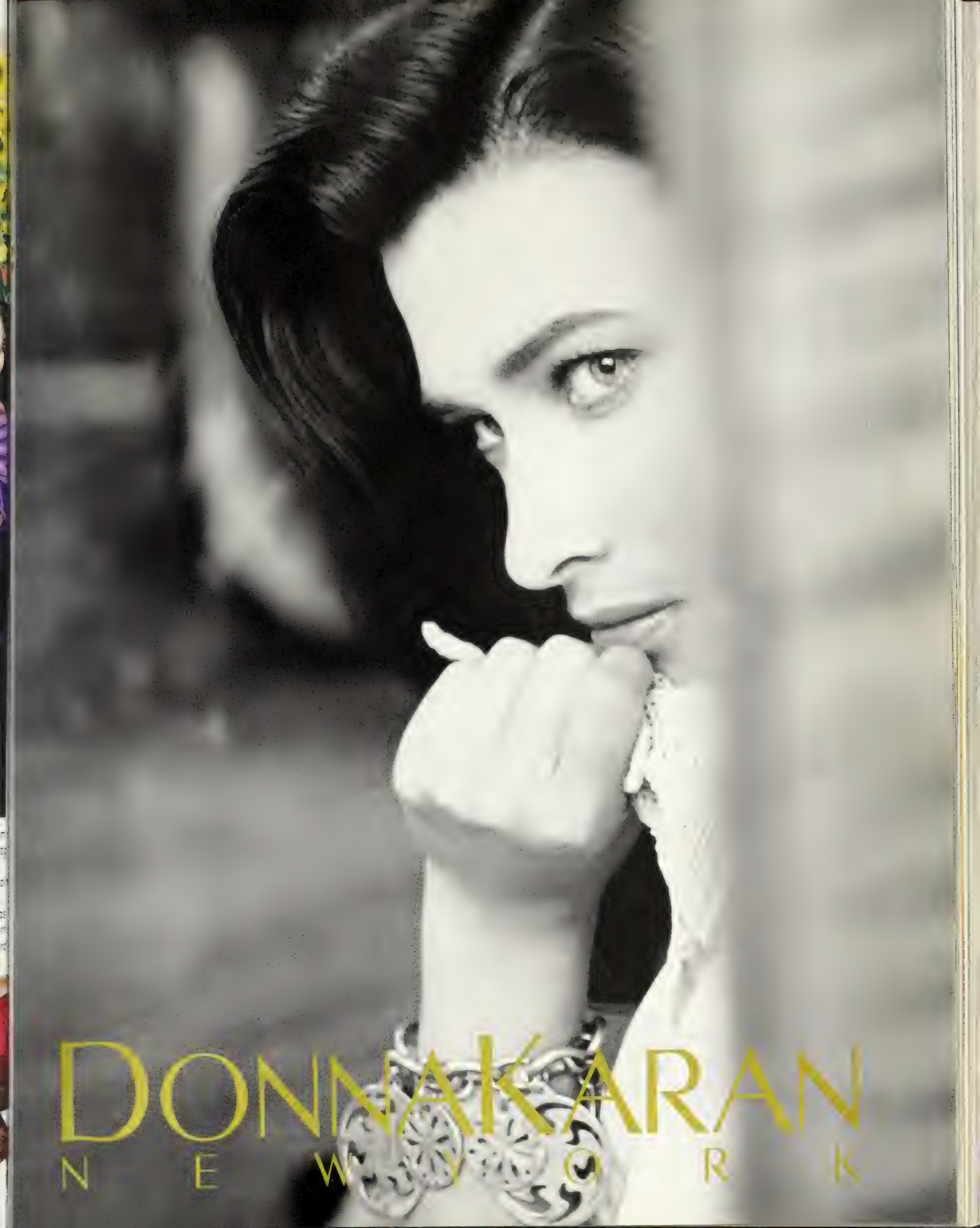
Glenn Bernbaum party flowers, top and center left. Center right: Blai Trump. Above: Diandra Douglas Left: Robert Morr scallop-shell earc

MICHEL ARNAUD



Sofa, c. 1735, from Christoph Gibbs. Left and top left: Set gems, in rend ings, fr a, New Yor eft cent rfish and shell dressi

P. J. GATES LTD.


DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK

Talley SHEET

Surreal style in fashion and decoration . . . whimsical designer fashion plates . . . New York by night. dining out for worthy causes





Upside-down shoes, mirror jackets, vase handbags, and all the magic of fashion, art, and Surrealism are captured in Richard Martin's book *Fashion and Surrealism* (Rizzoli, 1987) and the show he curated with Harold Koda and Laura Sinderbrand for New York's Fashion Institute of Technology. Highlights of the exhibit: telephone handbag by Lesage, and Jean Rémy Dumas paper lampshade hat.

Found at antiques dealer David Gill's Fulham Road shop in London: drums that look like a ceremonial bass drum—a favorite low table of the Duke of Windsor (whose drum came from the Welsh Guards). Diana Vreeland: "He used to serve me tea from his drum. He was mad about it." Gill's drums are from the Scottish Cameroonians.

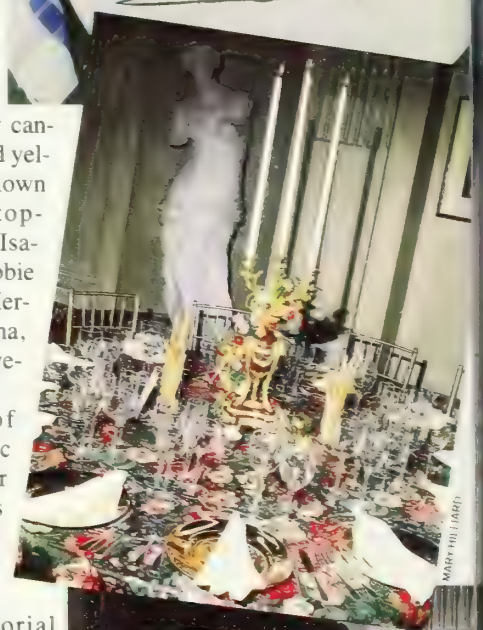
London designers stamp their ideas on white china from Artplate: Manolo Blahnik, Silvana Mangano's stiletto heel; Rifat Ozbek, Islamic star and half-moon; also Vivienne Westwood, Jasper Conran, Zandra Rhodes, and hat designer Stephen Jones.

For the National Academy of Design evening honoring the photographer Norman Parkinson's birthday retrospective, board member Lee Radziwill in red strapless Giorgio Armani couture asked Bruce Newman of the Newel, New York antiques dealers, to lend First and Second Empire and eighteenth-century candelabra. Pale peach and yellow ranunculus were flown in from France by top-events florist Robert Isabell. In attendance: Debbie Hughes and Carolina Herrera's daughter, Carolina, both in short Herrera evening turnouts.

The other side of Trumpville: energetic charity fund-raiser Blaine Trump wears Bill Blass's chestnut suit as she charts her chores for raising money for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. At a fashion show Blaine wears Scaasi sequins and velvet. **A.L.T.**













Mirror jackets, top, by Schiaparelli (framed) and YSL. Above: Shoe chair, telephone handbag, lampshade hat. Below: Gill's drum.

From top: Ozbek, Blahnik plates; table at National Academy of Design; Lee Radziwill and Robert Isabell; Blaine Trump, solo; and with her husband, Robert. Above: Debbie Hughes and Carolina Herrera.



Introducing YSL PARIS Fleur de Parfum.

YVES SAINT LAURENT

BLOOMINGDALE'S • BULLOCK'S • BURDINE'S


RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION



ARTHUR ELGORT





One of Lagerfeld's Louis XV chairs. Top: In the Paris studio of Lacroix.

romance as an influence on decoration leads off this issue—the first of a completely redesigned House & Garden. In this format you'll find many new ideas in decoration, design, and architecture—ideas that often follow developments in fashion and the arts. We see romantic influences taking many forms: in our opening feature we show how eighteenth-century art, particularly the paintings of Fragonard, has inspired the designs of *Karl Lagerfeld* and *Christian Lacroix*, who in turn are echoing a move in the decorative arts toward freshness, wit, color, and individuality. Part of this new mood is a general move away from the slavish re-creation of a single style to a **less predictable mixture** of simplicity and high decoration. See, for instance, the *Lacroix studio* with its antique-brass chandelier and unfinished painted blue walls, the *Lapham apartment* with its highly ornamented mirrors and tables set in a background of simple white rooms, and *Arthur Andersson's house* in Texas with its combination of classic architectural elements and homespun materials. You'll find greater attention to **innovative personal styles** in the new HG—ranging, in this issue, from the *Rothschilds'* exuberant take on tradition at Château Lafite to *Bette Midler's* merging of the Charleston style with the palette of Southern California, from the individuality and verve of *Brian Murphy's* recently built "factory" for *Dennis Hopper* to *David Hockney's* brilliantly colored house in the Hollywood Hills. In these and in subjects planned for future issues we find an original approach to design and decoration—one we intend to make the hallmark of this magazine. —*Anna Wintour*

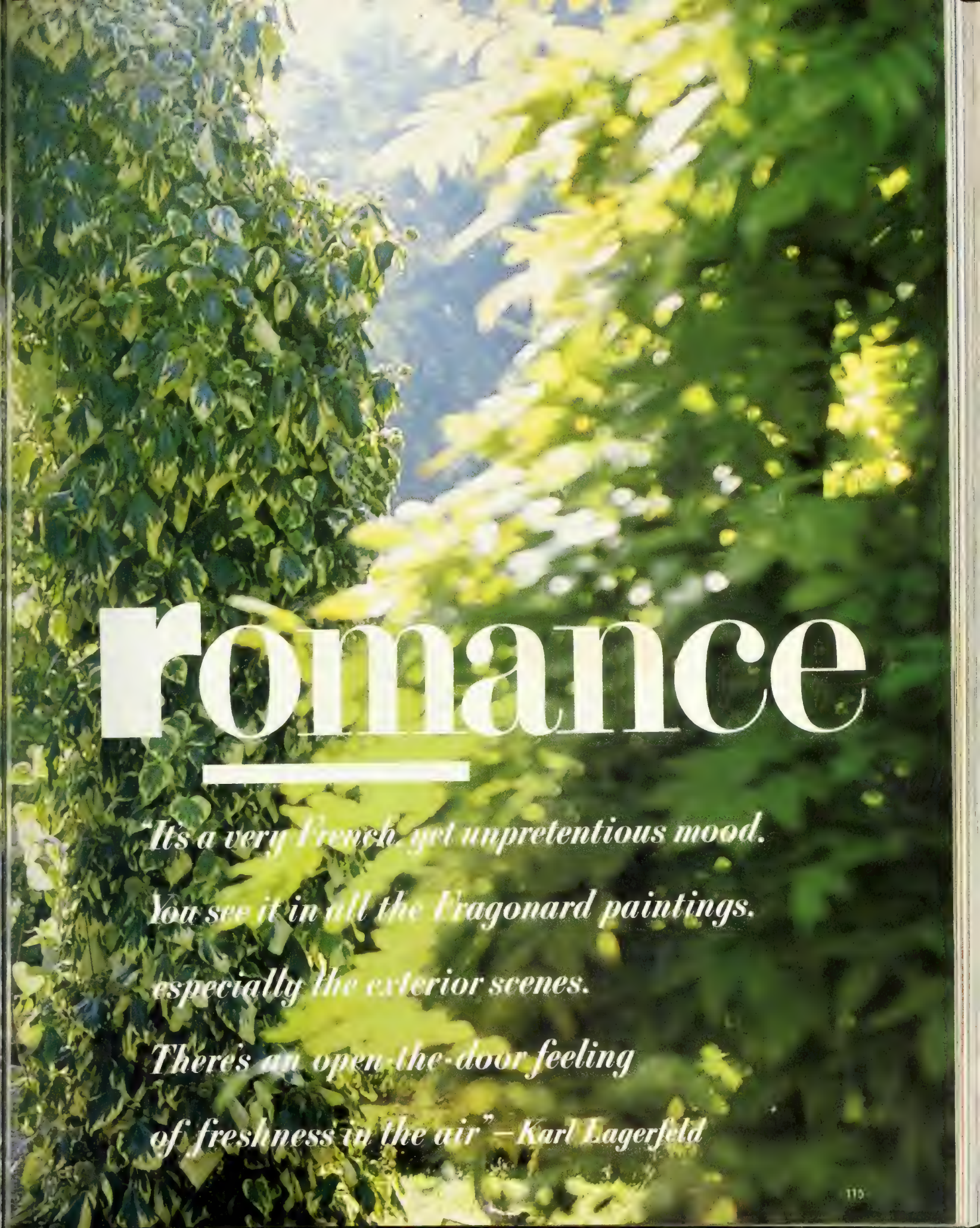


Skateboarding in the Lapham apartment. Top: Hat from Lacroix's spring collection.

OBERTO GILI



Karl Lagerfeld's rose cotton dress, photographed under the pergola of the Bagatelle Gardens in Paris. The two Louis XV ottomans are from the designer's own collection. Hair and makeup: Stephen Rose, Faces/Paris.



romance

"It's a very French yet unpretentious mood.

You see it in all the Fragonard paintings,

especially the exterior scenes.

There's an open-the-door feeling

of freshness in the air" – Karl Lagerfeld

Fragonard was as romantic as a man can be. But he was romantic in his own way and in his own time. Romance for him had nothing to do with pining and daydreaming, timidity and hesitation. He believed in instincts that were firm and peremptory, and he liked them to come as a happy surprise that demanded to be acted upon. In his art, that is. In life he would seem to have been secretive, unsure of himself, indecisive, and much given to whim and caprice.

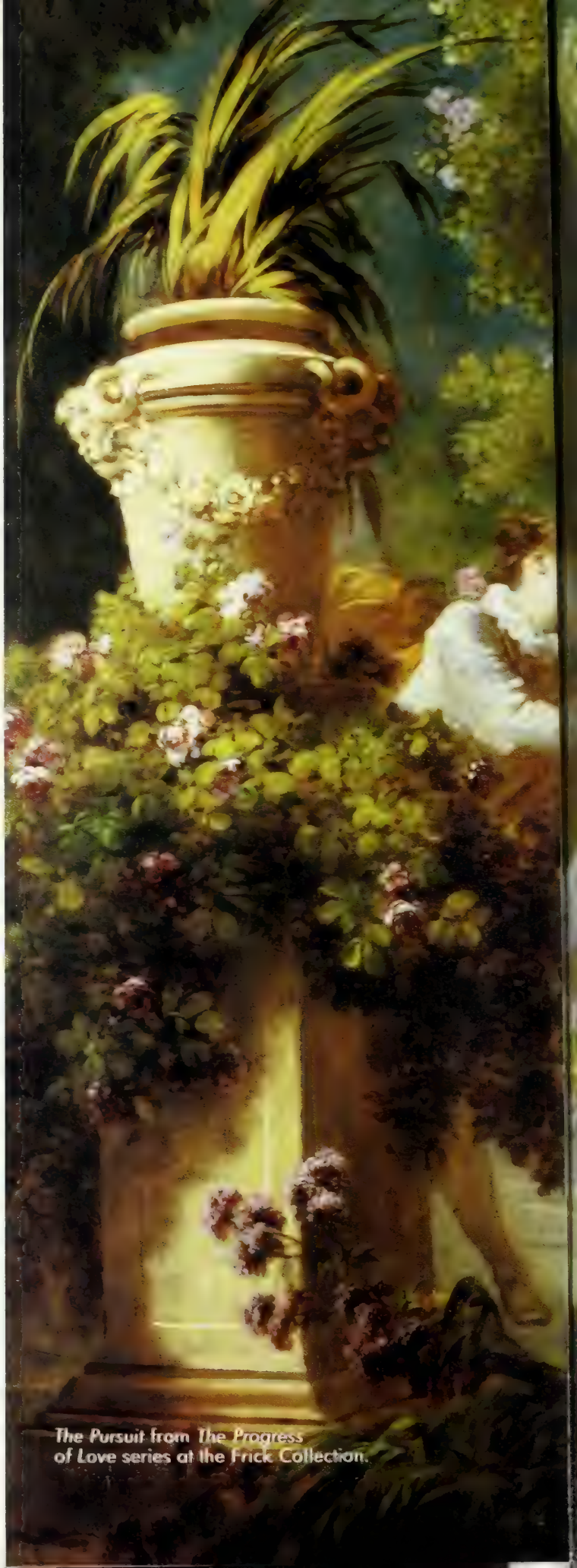
Romance in his paintings is all thrust, all forward movement, all headlong energy. No sooner seen than coveted, the loved one was to be pursued until a bolt could be shot against all intruders and a big white soft bed thrown open and put to vigorous use.

In Fragonard's great *scènes galantes,* glance leads to glance, each one more inflammatory than the last. Wooing is not wooing if it does not involve the revelation of a fine leg, a promising bosom already a-heave with feeling, and parted lips, perfect teeth, and a darting teasing tongue. No one in Fragonard's romances is ever old, sick, stiff, shabby, or too fat. No one has second thoughts or indigestion or money troubles. All complexions are flawless, all flowers are fresh, all confidants are endlessly resourceful. And why not? Fragonard the romantic dealt in absolutes, and his young men and young women are love's acrobats, deserving only the best.

The great series of paintings called *The Progress of Love,* which is in the Frick Collection in New York, is the apotheosis and epitome of Fragonard's feelings in these matters, and it speaks for the dream of a first youth that will truly be, if not eternal, at any rate lifelong. If a young man sees a young girl that he fancies, he doesn't think twice. He writes a letter, gathers a bunch of flowers, borrows a ladder, and presto! there he is at the top of the wall. We are closer to the athletic soaring of the pole vault in the Olympic Games than to the traditional long haul leading to matrimony. All is joie de vivre, God-given energy, and plain speaking. Of introspection and self-doubt, never a trace.

Romance for Fragonard had a light, exuberant, unemphatic touch, and he spoke for an eighteenth-century aristocratic world in which happiness had not yet gone out of style. Or had it? It is one of the ironies of history that Madame Du Barry turned down *The Progress of Love,* which she had commissioned from Fragonard, on the grounds—so it would seem—that it was not modern enough. Yet to us his lovers, so tender and yet so pragmatic, so romantic and yet so resourceful, could not be closer to our own day. **Rosamond Bernier**

Now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, through May 8, the first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Jean Honoré Fragonard includes over two hundred of the eighteenth-century master's paintings and drawings.



The Pursuit from *The Progress of Love* series at the Frick Collection.



Romance

The Spirit of Fragonard

He had a light, exuberant, unemphatic touch, and he spoke for a world in which happiness had not yet gone out of style



The handbag, shaped like a freshly clipped bouquet, and dress from Lagerfeld's spring collection are in the same fabric. "I went to Vilmorin, the do-it-yourself garden supplier in Paris, bought sachets of rose seeds, and cut out the catalogue-like photographs on the packets. Then I made a montage and painted over that with oils. I took it to Rainbow Fabrics, and they made the print."

Romance

The Fun of Fashion

"It's a fake classic rose print. We don't live in the past, so it would be absurd to make a literal expression of it."

Romance

The Richness of Tapestry

The most modern thing

France is Louis XV



The gilded Louis XV armchair, by Bara, is just one of many authentic museum quality pieces from Karl Lagerfeld's Paris apartment. "My obsession didn't begin yesterday," he says.



The Splendor of Ornament

Decorative detailing gives an unexpected dimension to a courtly tradition

Cast-iron garden pavilion at Schloss Sanssouci, Potsdam, East Germany, by Georg Wenceslaus von Knobelsdorff for Frederick the Great, 1748. Opposite: Phantom of the Opera glazed cotton, printed with trompe l'oeil swags and passementerie, by Clarence House.




Romance
The Surprise
"I wanted to create
something that
illustrates a garden
look—naive, whimsical
with a sense of color
that is at once acid
refined"



On a gilt metal gueridon designed by Garouste-Bonetti, a special bouquet executed by the Paris florist Moulié Savart. The fuchsia cloque dress with 18th-century-style side bustles is from Luxe by Christian Lacroix. The hat from Lacroix, Paris.



In the *salon vert* the gilt-framed bench and pair of tapestry-covered footrests are in the Second Empire style favored by the Rothschild family. Opposite: A painted metal sconce is in the grape and vine-leaf motif that appears in the château.





Modern Rothschild

Eric and Beatrice de Rothschild bring a new exuberance to a rich tradition. ***Roger Toll*** *describes the style of Château Lafite, and* ***André Leon Talley*** *defines the style of the family*



Just west of the muddy Gironde estuary an

not far from the windswept dunes of the Atlantic coast, a sin
ple road winds north from Bordeaux through a region know
as the Médoc. Marine mists slide across it in winter; in sum
mer it basks in warm silver light. The earth is poor here—a
pebbles and gray dirt that looks like ash. There's nothing re
markable about the landscape either, just some softly slopin
hillocks that roll down to the river. Nothing remarkable, tha
is, except for the châteaus bearing names known throughou
the world for the lustrous red wines they produce.

The queen among them all, the "first of firsts," is Châtea
Lafite. As early as the American Revolution, it fetched th
highest prices at London auctions. Not only was its win
served at the court of Louis XV but Napoleon Bonaparte spe
cially requested a number of bottles to take with him into ex
ile. Thomas Jefferson kept it in stock, and indeed an initialed
bottle of his was recently sold for £100,000 at auction. It
fact, 250 acres of Château Lafite have been producing grea
wine ever since Monsieur Damoiseau de Lafite began culti
vating vines on the property in the fourteenth century.

Today the man in charge is Baron Eric de Rothschild, who
runs the château and vineyard for the French branch of the
family. It was the first of the French Rothschilds, Eric's great-
great-grandfather Baron James, who bought Lafite in 1868
for what was then the enormous sum of 4,140,000 francs.

At Château Lafite time flows back and forth through gener-
ations with hallucinogenic ease. A marble bust of the venera
ble Baron James greets guests in the *salon rouge* from its
place on the mantel, and another presides over meals. The
family talks of ancestors whose portraits hang on the walls as
we today might speak of a recently departed houseguest.
When a visitor demurs over what to say when invited to sign
the guest book, Eric eases him out of his predicament with a
family memory: "As my great-grandmother once said, 'Just
your name, Monsieur Proust, please no thoughts.'"

Little has changed since James's wife, the Baroness Betty,
decorated the château's living areas downstairs and the eight
bedrooms above in the opulent, if somewhat heavy, Second
Empire style. When recently, for instance, Eric and his Ital-
ian wife, Beatrice, decided to replace the green damask that
covers the *salon vert*'s walls and furniture, a search produced
a weaver in Lyons who could still duplicate the fabric.

Several acres of lawn, ponds, and trees stretch from the
main road up to the house. In the middle of the park a large

"The property belongs to all of us equally," says Baron Eric. "I'm really just the caretaker, but one of the advantages of being caretaker is that you spend more time here"

garden provides flowers for huge bouquets that brighten most of the rooms; subtle aromas of magnolia blossoms, lavender, and yellow roses waft through the house. On visits from Paris the family sits in the *salon d'été* with its Louis XVI furniture and painted boiserie or on the terrace just outside. The château, more like a large country manor than one of the splendid monuments of the Loire, is a surprisingly harmonious blend of styles that date back to the fourteenth century.

Creepers of wisteria frame the French windows that lead from the terrace into the *salon rouge*. In this large living room, distinctive for the red brocatelle that covers its walls and furniture, hang paintings of four of the five sons of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the self-made financier from the Frankfurt ghetto who, during Napoleon's time, sent his sons to settle in the great capitals of Europe to spread the family's name, wealth, and power.

Most of the furniture in the *salon rouge* came from Ferrières, a former family estate near Paris. In such a setting Eric's touch is often evident. "Let's not take any of this too seriously," it seems to say. In the *salon vert*, next to the framed list of Château Lafite wines taken by Napoleon to Saint Helena, two plastic dime-store King Kongs bestride the family's antique bronze replicas of Trajan's Column.

In his mid forties, lanky and fashionable in an understated offhand way, Baron Eric was one of Europe's most sought-after bachelors until his marriage four years ago. Although he was born in 1940 in New York—where the family lived during the war—Eric received his formative education at a British school. He speaks quickly, his words falling one over the other in an entirely international accent.

Baron Eric took over as managing partner of the château in





Baron Eric de Rothschild and his wife, Beatrice, opposite, on the front lawn of the château—Eric in a Huntsman suit, Beatrice in her uniform of a sweater, pearl earrings, and jeans. Top: In the *salon d'été*, breakfast is arranged by a member of the household staff. Above left: The chief gardener and his son, with a wheelbarrow of freshly cut flowers. Above right: Beatrice in dinner clothes. She wears a Scott Crolla skirt, velvet Manolo Blahnik boots, a silk crepe de chine YSL Rive Gauche shirt, an amethyst locket on a velvet ribbon.





At Château Lafite
time flows back and forth
through generations

A feast of richly detailed furniture and opulent textures, the *salon vert* includes tufted silk-upholstered furniture, heavily fringed chairs, a leopard-print pouf, ormolu, and family portraits—all essential elements of *le style Rothschild*.





1975 from his uncle Baron Elie de Rothschild, whose wife, Liliane, was a major force in its restoration and decoration after the ravages of World War II. The dining room, a "rather sad affair before Liliane fixed it up," says Eric, is today light and attractive. It is here that the great wines of the château are tasted in their best setting of all—around a table among friends. "Drinking a fine wine should be like a wonderful conversation with an elderly aunt," says Eric. "You talk, you drink tea, you listen to fascinating stories from her past. But if you drink even a very good wine with boring people, then you'll be bored with the wine."

Meals at the château are prepared simply—an appetizer, a main course of sliced duck or beef, lightly boiled vegetables, a salad, cheeses, and a dessert of fresh berries or homemade ice cream—accompanied by two or three wines, or four when there are special guests. No flowers are put in the dining room to intrude on the bouquet of the wine. Just before the cheese comes the preeminent wine of the meal, perhaps a Château Lafite 1949, 1953, or 1961.

The oldest wines come from the *caveau*, a small vaulted cellar below the entrance hall. Among the cobwebs in the cool musty air sits one of the best and largest collections of priceless wines that exist today. Not only is the collection of Lafite complete back to 1797—when the first vintage wine was bottled at the château—but there are also most of the great vintages of the other grand crus of the Médoc.

Approximately 2,000 casks of second-year wine are stored in a round cellar, which is Baron Eric's latest innovation. To preserve valuable land, he decided to put it underground and plant the earth above with vines. For the design he called on Ricardo Bofill, the renowned Catalan architect.

Eric is enthusiastic about all his activities, whether he is shooting, taking care of his children, shopping with his wife at the local market, or seeing to his two main professional activities, investment banking and managing Château Lafite. But it is Lafite, with all that it means to the family, that seems to give him the greatest pleasure. "I was always interested in running the place because it's one of the only properties we have that has remained exactly as it was when the family started out. The property belongs to all of us equally," he says. "The others come when they want, which delights me. I'm really just the caretaker, but one of the advantages of being caretaker is that you spend more time here." **Roger Toll**



The hall leading toward the *salon vert*, top, has faux-marbre pedestals with Neoclassical alabaster urns. Above: Eric de Rothschild, in his evening coat of black velvet and embroidered fireside slippers, in the *salon vert*. Right: The vineyards at Lafite, covering 250 acres of the estate, photographed one week after the annual harvest.



In the *salon rouge* Mme. Gilbert Rockvam, wife of the estate manager, arranges a bouquet. Below: The wine cellar was designed by Eric's good friend, Catalan architect Ricardo Bofill.



Approximately 2.000 casks of second-year wine are stored in the Ricardo Bofill cellar. Baron Eric's latest innovation



The *salon rouge* is the most formal of the reception rooms. The walls and furniture are covered in red silk brocatelle, after the original decor Baroness Betty installed when her husband bought Lafite in 1868. Opposite: The fringed confidante, or S-shaped sofa, is a quintessential Napoleon III piece.



When a visitor demurs over signing the guest book, Eric eases him out of his predicament: "As my great-grandmother once said, 'Just your name, Monsieur Proust, no thoughts.'"

...dern Rothschild







A spare second-floor bedroom–cum–laundry room, top, is in cozy late-19th-century splendor. Above left: The cellar, below the main staircase in the entrance hall, houses over 1,500 bottles of vintage Lafite. Here, nestled between bottles from 1805 and 1807, is a single remaining one from 1806. Above right: The ceramic grape and vine-leaf ashtray sits on a leather-topped desk.

They met at a Rolling Stones concert in May 1976. Donna Maria Beatrice Caracciolo di Forino, born into a princely family from Naples, took six tickets. Eric came with her cousin. The next weekend Beatrice was invited to Lafite. "We got on quickly and became great friends," says Eric. "One day it seemed evident we would be together."

When she married Eric in December 1983, Beatrice chose a long skirt and shirt from her closet of well-preserved vintage Dior, Balenciaga couture, and custom-made clothes from a local dressmaker in Naples. For the wedding party they invited about twenty people down for a weekend at Lafite.

Today Beatrice and Eric arrive at Lafite in the same informal style. They come in from the Bordeaux airport, unload Globetrotter valises and bolts of restored silks for cushions in the main hall, have predinner champagne in the *salon rouge*, and shuffle through the *salon vert* to dine in their traveling clothes.

Even in Paris, Rothschild family life has its informalities. Cocktail hour has been abandoned for the children's hour. In the living room with its four Balthus canvases, including a portrait of Eric's mother, Eric rolls around on the carpet with their two-year-old son, James, while Beatrice pours tea from a silver service laid out on a stack of books. It is here they meet with friends Thadée and Loulou Klossowski and their daughter, Anna, Beatrice's goddaughter. It is here too that Maria Brandolini joins them in jeans, bringing her daughter, Xenia, to play with battalions of battery-charged animals and papier-mâché puppets. As Thadée and Loulou supervise Anna's cookie intake, Eric considers a possible birthday gift for his son, a portrait of King George III's white stallion, *Adonis*, up for auction at Sotheby's.

In Paris, when they entertain, guests wander freely through the rooms arranged in enfilade. The grand salon leads to the dining room which leads to the bedroom where Eric and Beatrice both have to almost leap to get into the tapestry-covered *lit* of Madame de Maintenon—Eric is proud to reveal that the bed was owned by the dowdy mistress of King Louis XIV and hand-embroidered by the demoiselles of Saint-Cyr.

Beatrice slips in and out of Levi's seven days a week, except for formal dinners, when she wears short black skirts and romantic white silk shirts. She talks with all the shades and complexities of one who glides from English to Italian to French, speaking in a trio of languages to her son, James, who can respond in all three. She spends one day a week in life-drawing class but loves nothing more than clicking her rock-star heels across the kitchen tiles to check the boiling pasta or amusing herself by watching James and her infant daughter, Saskia, play.

The Rothschilds are a couple that believe in doing nearly everything together. A treat in Paris, Beatrice says, is "going to the cinema and Eric's favorite restaurant, Le Duc." When her friend Bernardo Bertolucci hit town, they accompanied him to a Goldoni play and a screening of his film *The Last Emperor*.

Behind the ease of her turtleneck-and-jeans daily routine is a woman who adheres to Rothschild tradition. A Catholic, she converted to Judaism when she married Eric. "Our children will be brought up knowing the fundamentals of tradition, knowing very deeply that they are Jewish," says Eric. Beatrice curls up in a Second Empire chair, glances toward Eric with a glowing smile, and reinforces his sense of form and tradition by saying: "Life couldn't be better. I couldn't be a happier mother and wife."

André Leon Talley

ARTHUR ELGORT





Facing the main driveway at Lafite is a giant elm topiary. Left: In Eric de Rothschild's Paris garage a Bentley has a Lafite bottle replacing the winged emblem and a wall is covered with Andy Warhol *Marilyn* silk screens. Below left: In the largest guest suite, the *chambre jaune*, linens on the bed are embroidered with the family monogram —great back-to-back arabesques of Rs.

LE STYLE ROTHSCHILD

SWATCH watches
English Marmite for breakfast
Sunday dinner in the kitchen
Snuff, after meals
Balthus family portraits
Tiaras with hair untouched by hairdressers
Yves Saint Laurent couture for black strapless dressing
Walking and shooting capes, from Casa Maritima, Lisbon
Shirts and suits from H. Huntsman & Sons, Savile Row
OshKosh for the children
Levi's pinwale cotton-cord jeans
American-made stonewashed denim shirts
L. L. Bean duffles





Decorative Bette

Rhoda Koenig presents an inside view of Bette Midler's colorful family and a house where Bloomsbury meets Southern California

Bette Midler in her bedroom, opposite. Her passion for color reveals itself in the boldly painted fireplace and the chair, above, influenced by the Arts and Crafts paintings at Charleston.

Decorative Bette

Bette Midler was not in very good shape. A 6.1-scale earthquake had rocked her Los Angeles neighborhood the day before, the temperature outside was 103, and so was hers. The temperature inside was fierce, too. Her Mediterranean-style stucco and red-tiled-roof house has walls so thick that Midler and her husband, commodities trader Martin von Haselberg, had thought they wouldn't need air-conditioning. Now, wearing only sunglasses and an ice-bag, she reclines under a sheet on her Charles Rennie Mackintosh–inspired bed while he asks their decorator to phone around for estimates.

I knew there was more to Bette Midler than her one-syllable jokes, her sandpaper voice, and the "pachangas" she has been known to flash at screaming audiences. After all, on her comedy album *Mud Will Be Flung Tonight!* she had dropped a reference to T. S. Eliot. "Not part of the usual stand-up comedian's repertoire," said the decorator, Jarrett Hedborg, with an approving nod. In her Broadway revue *Clams on the Half Shell,* she had adapted a remark from Boswell's life of Johnson to Gerald Ford: "He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great."

Midler's wide-ranging tastes are evident throughout the house. What she and her husband have created, together with Hedborg and painter Nancy Kintisch, is a lighthearted, fantastical series of playrooms where grown-ups have been allowed to paint on the walls. There is also a feeling of having stepped into a weightless version of the English country house or a 1920s children's book.

Having been told that Midler was inspired by Charleston, the Sussex farmhouse indentified with the Bloomsbury group, I paid it a visit a few weeks before and saw the walls and furniture covered with Arts and Crafts–style paintings by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell. Looking around Midler's bedroom now at the boldly painted fireplace surround and frieze, I could indeed see Charleston's influence.

Although she has never been to Charleston, Midler is familiar with Virginia Woolf and others of the Bloomsbury group. Her taste was formed by her reading and her visits to Europe: "My first idea for the house was the work of Carl Larsson, who painted his own house and changed the idea of decoration in Sweden. Then a few years ago I was introduced to the Arts and Crafts school. I think Ruskin and William Morris and that lot were right:



The classic elements of a front hall are given a naive California accent by Nancy Kintisch's painted friezes decorating the ceiling beam and staircase as well as the window surround.



What Midler and her husband have created is a lighthearted, fantastical series of playrooms where grown-ups have been allowed to paint on the walls

TIM STREET PORTER













The Mediterranean-style house is a blend of exuberant flourishes and understated details. Top row, left to right: Midler's husband, Harry Kipper, and their daughter, Sophie, on a porch seat by Richard Mulligan; a painted door transformed into a gallery of still lifes; dining-room chairs based on a Midler design. Bottom row: Pieces from Midler's art-glass collection; a chaise longue in stark contrast to the functional bathroom; an Aubusson tapestry on a living-room table.

what's important is not the expensive nature of the materials but the hand behind them."

"Bette says she likes the feeling of all those little nuns just sewing away," says the decorator.

"I love Kandinsky, Otto Dix, George Grosz, Burne-Jones," adds Bette. "I'm a real sucker for the Pre-Raphaelites. Oh, I *have* plumbed the surface of certain things."

My look has gotten lighter over the years," Bette says. "In New York I had a kind of womb—dark blue, green, maroon. People in New York are accustomed to using electricity to light their world. Here the sun is liberating. I could live in any style anywhere as long as it was light."

Bette's decorating was also inspired by a childhood vision: "I always thought that if you had a home that looked as if it was decorated with love, you would have love in the home—all that Norman Rockwell stuff. I have to cook, I have to nourish someone. This house has allowed me to express that. It's much more my creation than any picture or show I've ever done."

As Bette's enthusiasm increases, she leans forward, not noticing the sheet is sliding down to her waist. "Oh, sorry."

At this point I excuse myself to tour the rest of the house, a 1927 four-bedroom villa that was built for Ted Cook, former "Talk of the Town" editor of *The New Yorker*. Bette bought the house from his now-elderly daughter, a picture of whom, standing on the front steps as a child, hangs in the kitchen.

In its new incarnation the house California-izes and gently parodies the various turn-of-the-century artists who inspired it. There are no curtains on the ground floor, but a painted drapery borders one window, and in the family sitting room the windows are etched with trailing leafy branches. In the living room a sofa and two chairs covered in three Rose Cumming chintzes face a fireplace decorated with imitation tiles—irregular squares and triangles of gold and silver leaf and bits of emerald Murano glass embedded in the plaster. Ornaments reflect an eclectic taste in art—there are cheerful rag rugs, Liberty silver boxes, and a Loie Fuller bronze. An Aubusson tapestry is filled with the tropical flowers of Bette's Hawaiian background—lilies, orchids, and passionflowers. Instead of a formal family portrait, the room has an admonitory spirit—a 1932 study of Mary Pickford, past her glory days, looking petulant and bewildered, bruised by fortune. Across the room a grinning, no-problems Bette faces her, a jolly maharani sporting grape-cluster jewelry and a turban.

TIM STREET PORTER

Light, bright colors dot the kitchen and dining room as well. On a door in the hallway three painted panels represent another borrowing from Charleston. Each panel shows the same bit of the house—a vase and a flight of steps—from a different angle. Turn the door, and there are three more panels, one showing a nude insouciantly floating down the steps.

The mood changes slightly in the bedroom belonging to Harry, as Midler's husband is called (a part-time performance artist, he plays a character called Harry Kipper; he and his partner wear jockstraps and smear each other with chocolate). His room has a witchy and more surrealistic air. The drawer handles and the support for the bedside table are bunches of twigs, and the lamps are unnerving. An upright, upside-down broom has been converted into a torchère, and a decapitated lizard has been electrified, with a light bulb where the head should be. Above the doors and windows there are stenciled green beetles—"We call them space bugs," says Hedborg. Harry is not without some decorations of his own. His left bicep is adorned with a flower-and-scroll tattoo bearing the name of his first wife. That has been crossed out and an identical tattoo repeated under it, but the scroll is blank. "Bette said that if I had it filled in, it might jinx the relationship."

Colorful motifs—especially coral and turquoise—and a note of gentle whimsy twine around the outside of the house as well. Tiles have been painted here and there on the patio floor, and paint drippings underneath a lantern have been left to dry. A flower box holds pansies and strawberries, and at the door a Mexican primitive painting Bette was given at her baby shower depicts a woman on a delivery table seeing a manifestation of the Holy Spirit.

For someone who couldn't get arrested a few years ago Bette is up to her eyeballs in work. In *Big Business*, the picture she was filming at the time of my visit, she and Lily Tomlin play two sets of identical twins who get mixed up at the Plaza. "They gave me a wig. I look just like Marie Hélène de Rothschild." She is waiting for a script for her film biography of forties bandleader Ina Ray Hutton and has plans for *Beaches*, a tale of friendship between two women, and the Lotte Lenya story. She will also be producing two pictures for children. "Altogether, I'm swamped."

Even so, Bette wants to emphasize that movies aren't the most important thing in her life: "I'll go to the ends of the earth for beauty. Beauty is all there is to live for."

The next day at brunch I say, "I saw Bette Midler yesterday. All she was wearing was sunglasses." The waiter then puts my order in front of me. It is eggs Benedict, each one centered with a slice of dark truffle. "Ah," says Gore Vidal, "that must bring it all back to you." ♠

Decorating Editor: Joyce MacRae



The rural simplicity of the master bedroom is reminiscent of Carl Larsson, the Swedish painter. The chair is by Rose Tarlow and covered in Brunschwig fabric. The quilt on the bed is from Midler's extensive collection, and the rug is Rumanian.


"This house is much
more my creation than
any picture or show
I've ever done"

Architect Arthur Andersson talks with ***Martin Filler*** *about his variation on the Western farmhouse*

a new light in Texas

Many young architects seize on their first built work as a way of demonstrating everything they've learned. Arthur Andersson thinks that's a mistake and believes the smartest approach is for the neophyte to take it easy. "The most important thing a young designer can have is patience, rather than trying to do it all at once," the thirty-year-old architect observes. "We shouldn't try to be heroes. Maybe one or two architects in a generation can be, but it's much more realistic for most of us to just calm down and do it." He has achieved that, beautifully, in a small but impressive house for himself in Austin, Texas, part of a compound that includes a separate residence for superstar architect Charles Moore as well as the office and studio Moore and Andersson share.

An assistant of Moore's during the building of the Wonderwall at the 1984 New Orleans World's Fair, Andersson was asked by the elder architect after the exposition was completed to move to Austin and manage Moore's new office there. Using the wooden board-and-batten farmhouses of the nearby Texas Hill Country as their basic source of imagery, the architects created a cluster of shed-roofed structures on the sloping 1.2-acre tree-shaded site. The three buildings, linked by covered pergolas, surround a lap pool that bisects a central courtyard. Moore's house, to the north, is dominated by a sweeping curved corridor marking an arc of the Baroque elliptical ground plan. Putty-colored on the exterior, on the inside it is all saturated polychromy, ornamental intricacy, and



Although Arthur Andersson's house is minuscule, the great room conveys considerable grandeur with its 18-foot ceiling and heroically scaled objects, including an 18th-century Irish Georgian pedimented door, a reproduction of Giambattista Nolli's 1748 map of Rome, black-glazed Oaxaca pots, and Le Corbusier's LC/4 chaise.

Beyond the Georgian portal, the designer-owner's bedroom. Wooden venetian blinds behind the bed by Nanik, cotton dhurrie rug bought in New Delhi.



The strong use of fragments implies a space far grander

illusionistic effect. Andersson's much smaller 770-square-foot house is evidence of his indebtedness to Moore but, even more, shows his determination to remain his own man even while living and working in close proximity to his mentor. The junior partner's dwelling is just as simple-looking on the outside, though far less complicated than Moore's on the inside. Nonetheless, it is rich and surprising too, albeit in a much more low-key manner.

Andersson was determined not to overload his space—which he describes as a "24-by-36-foot gable-ended box"—with so much architecture that living within it would become cramped. He makes it sound so easy. "I had a box, I built some shelves, and I put this thing in the middle of it." The "thing" is a diagonal freestanding wall that slices the 12-by-36-foot great room into two separate but unequal areas, for sitting at one end and dining at the other. Surmounted by a beefy arched pediment with a bull's-eye porthole, that partition wall is actually more of a frame, open from about the waist up. It breaks the space without screening it, a clever idea that perceptually enlarges the room. So does the exaggerated scale of the freestanding wall: Andersson borrowed the idea from the Italian Renaissance architect Bramante, who would place a large canopy in a small chapel to achieve an impression of magnificence.

Andersson's monochromatic white-on-white color scheme, not at all like the varied palette favored by Moore, further enhances this simultaneously exciting and relaxing interior. "I wanted the room and its details to seem like they were vacuum-formed," explains Andersson, referring to the white plastic relief models made by many architects. "The wall brackets near the ceiling were thought of as part of a Classical order buried in the wall, like the city of Petra in a way. The 'columns'—which I imagined but don't really exist—aren't visible, but these bits of entablature above them stick out." Atop those brackets are black-and-white photographic cutouts of great men in Texas history. Those two-dimensional busts are crowned with deer antlers, an irreverent touch that brings a bit of Rococo gaiety to the conceit, to say nothing of a marginally off-color reference.

Another historical allusion comes in the form of a handsome but unpretentious architectural found object: a weathered eighteenth-century Irish Georgian door, with a pedimented surround, leading into the owner's bedroom. The portal is only 6 feet 3 inches high—another strategy Andersson employed to make the 18-foot ceiling of the great room seem even higher—but the elegant proportions and noble demeanor of this antique fragment make one unaware of diminished scale. Although there is little furniture to clutter up the modest amount of floor space, shelves and ledges throughout are crammed with small objects. There are ranks of lead toy soldiers, carved-wood Mexican folk-art figures, as well as a number of superb English Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces Andersson collected during his student days in London. The juxtapositions are delightful, making the funky stuff seem more substantial and the fine things less precious.

The same might be said of the Andersson house as a whole. Even though the architect has used humble materials—such

"I had a box. I built some shelves, and put this thing in the middle"



Andersson at home, above. Opposite: The great room is divided by a diagonal wall topped by a Styrofoam pediment. On brackets close to the ceiling, photographic cutouts of Texas luminaries adorned with deer antlers.

a new light





Bathroom walls are paneled with standing-seam tin



Bedroom overdoor is lined with Mexican wooden folk animals: "Every Texan has to have a ranch."

This house embodies Andersson's belief that a young architect should "calm down and do it"

as galvanized tin walls for the tiny bathroom leading off from the single 12-by-12-foot bedroom—they have been installed with exceptional care. In fact, some components were detailed with a bit too much skill for Andersson's liking. For example, the 8-foot-long pine-plank flooring was painstakingly cut by the contractor to eliminate knotholes the architect would just as soon have retained, especially since that handwork added substantially to the construction costs. (These wound up at about $100 per square foot, high for a young architect building his own home in that part of the country.) "Living and working in the same place has always appealed to me," notes Andersson, "and I guess what I had in mind here was a kind of mini-Taliesin." If not quite as grandiose as the domestic visions of many other architects, at the very least this clear, accomplished design marks a most promising debut. ⌂ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*



Ceiling of breezeway is painted with pattern and colors of antique Amish quilt.

HOCKNEY AT HOME

Henry Geldzahler

celebrates the powerful interplay between the artist's work and his surroundings in the Hollywood Hills

The Hockney house in Bradford, in which the five Hockney children tumbled about, was extremely modest—not unlike the sort one frequently sees on English sitcoms. But it was always warm and full of love and good solid English fare. When David left in 1959 on a scholarship to the Royal College of Art in London, the best he could do for himself the first year was a hut in back of a house, with no heat, kitchen, or plumbing.

David has ascribed his precocity with the etching medium to the fact that the printing studio at the college was always open and well heated in the chill English winter and supplies were on hand. It was with his remarkable portfolio of student etchings under his arm that Hockney in 1961 presented himself at the Museum of Modern Art during his first trip to America. To his great credit, William Lieberman immediately bought the lot for a few hundred dollars, enabling David to stay on in America another few weeks.

Hockney's attraction to America proved lasting, and in 1964 he decided to move to California. Santa Monica was his ideal locale with the blue Pacific washing its shores, the dazzling Mediterranean light, and palm trees everywhere. There was even an English expatriate community in place, centered around the home of Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy. Missing the taste of home, David found a small food shop where he was able to buy a few imported English staples—Weetabix and Marmite (a vegetable spread). Another old favorite—bloater paste—was not imported, he was told,





Hockney's vivid hues: in his art, in his house, and on his person, a penchant for brilliant color.

since it was considered "unfit for human consumption."

Shortly after arriving in Santa Monica, David moved out of his motel room into a one-and-a-half-room apartment. There he painted many of his now-famous swimming pools, palm trees, shower scenes, and architecture. But as was the case in London, David made no attempt at domestication: this was not home—it was a painting studio where he also slept.

It was not until the late sixties, when David returned to London from Los Angeles with Peter Schlesinger, that his lodgings—a gloomy suite of rooms at 17 Powis Terrace near the Portobello Road—took on any semblance of a household. I was in Europe several times a year learning about twentieth-century decorative arts, then part of my responsibility at the Metropolitan Museum. Together Peter and I visited galleries and dealers where he purchased a handsomely heavy Art Deco table and armchairs, a 1910 Russian painting of an ephebe à la Hiawatha, and several exquisite Lalique vases, soon to dominate the living room. Nevertheless, David's studio continued to spill over into the flat, and his pictures and those of his friends—R. B. Kitaj, Richard Hamilton, and Stephen Buckley—looked strange among Peter's purchases.

David later moved into the penthouse apartment at Powis Terrace and built a spacious studio on the roof, but by 1971 he was on his own again, and there followed several years of wandering during which he lived largely out of hotel rooms, like Matisse had before him. Back to Los Angeles in 1979, this time prepared to stay, he rented a house at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. Six months later he relocated further up in the Hills to Nichols Canyon to what would ultimately become his Giverny.

> David loves two things best in the world—to work alone and to be surrounded by old friends

The biggest changes in Hockney's lifestyle came with this move, and they were the result of a few conscious decisions about where he wanted to work and live. His accessibility was at the root of his discomfort: there are two things David loves best in the world, and they are almost always in conflict—he loves to work alone in his studio, and he loves being surrounded by old friends and newly met enthusiasts of his art.

At the top of Nichols Canyon he built a wonderful studio full of light and space on the site of a paddle tennis court. David, assisted by Grinstein/Daniels, Architects, ended up designing the studio himself, after first approaching the architect Frank Gehry. Hockney explained what he wanted in great detail, and Gehry generously informed him that all he needed was a contractor—



Homemade prints, done with a color Xerox machine: right, *Ian and Heinz, June 1986* and, opposite above, *The Red Pot, April 1986.*

not an architect. The idea was to have the studio right beside where he lived, enabling him to work with the least distraction and at odd hours between midnight and sunrise when the telephone and assorted drop-ins would not disturb him.

David had always been content to rent his shelter; it was only when the Nichols Canyon house was about to be sold from under him that he decided to buy it. And once he did, he took to decorating it in much the same way he paints a picture. Walls, floors, and ceilings were painted in different brilliant primary colors. The deck above the pool and the brick wall below were done in throbbing blues and reds. The pool was drained and painted by David with the now-familiar large undulating brushstrokes (using a broom).

Recently Hockney's designs for the theater have influenced the way he lives. His house depends quite thoroughly on the two triple bills he designed for the Metropolitan Opera: the French—Satie, Ravel, Poulenc—and the Stravinsky—*Le Sacre du printemps, Le Rossignol,* and *Oedipus Rex*. In the wake of these operas came the bold coloring, the theatrical lighting, and the dramatic angled spaces that Hockney re-created in his house. Even Hockney's wardrobe was not immune to this sudden infusion of color. During a rehearsal of Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges,* several children from the production were talking about the scenery. "A red tree!" one of the children was overheard to exclaim. "That's nothing," said another. "You should see the designer."



A sensuous delight in surfaces is always in evidence in Hockney's house—as in his art. Brick, stone, plaster, wood, and glass are depicted in the 1980 oil painting *Hollywood Hills House,* which can be read from left to right as a guided tour of his house. At the extreme left the visitor descends the steps through the garden and enters by the kitchen table above which hangs a portrait of Laurel and Hardy painted by Kenneth Hockney, David's father. A cozy fire burns in the hearth. Above the hearth are the many clippings Hockney keeps on his visual bulletin board as well as an actual postcard of a Renaissance portrait that Hockney has glued onto the canvas. In the foreground two working models for the opera stage—on the left Ravel's *L'Enfant,* on the right Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*—remind us of the prominence the stage has played in the artist's creative life. The living room opens onto a patio with red floorboards. Finally in the far right panel we glimpse the pool, the brick wall, the exterior of the rest of the house, and the balcony to David's bedroom. Your eye is forced to keep moving, scanning the surface of the picture as if your body were moving in space.

In the 1980s, Hockney's conception of space changed radically as he sought to dispel the "lie" of one-point perspective, which he sees as cutting the viewer off from the world. By turning perspective inside out, as he does in *Terrace Without Shadows* (1984), the artist is seeking to reconnect the viewer with the space of the picture. "In this image, *you* are the vanishing point," Hockney has said. "Instead of pushing you back, it draws you in. You become part of the picture." After David had achieved such a complete breakthrough in his art, it seems sensible that he carry this new discovery through to his home and studio, occupying the space within his paintings. ♠

A major international retrospective of David Hockney's work celebrating the artist's fiftieth year has been organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, where it is showing now through April 24. In June the show travels to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.



h e took to decorating his house in much
the same way he paints a picture



Off the living room, Hockney's mock aquarium holds painted fish that hang from trees and sway in the wind. At night, lights cause them to shimmer. Opposite: Behind the bright blue exterior, marked by a red-trimmed balcony, is the master bedroom.



...ve: ...
July



Your eye is forced to [illegible]
scanning the surface of the picture



NEW FROM MILAN: BASIC BLACK IN LEGGY SILHOUETTES FOR BODY AND HOME

Chairs, left to right, by William Sawaya for Sawaya & Moroni; Luigi Serafini for Sawaya & Moroni; Negrello and Scagnellato for BBB/Over Meda-Italia; Kazuo Shinohara for Sawaya & Moroni; Arcanda from B&B Italia; David Palterer for Zanotta. Dresses, left to right, by Gianni Versace, Gianfranco Ferrè, Ferrè, Fendi, Krizia, Genny. All shoes from Maud Frizon. Jewelry, Diegodallapalmargenti. Hair, Edoardo for Coppola. Makeup, Fulvia and Maurizio for Diego Dalla Palma.

Little BLACK Chairs



Little BLACK Dresses

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

BUSTED OUT!

William Hamilton remarks on the mania for marble heads

Like museum guards, portrait busts generally stand around amid the art without getting noticed. Against the treasure colors of old masters, the gay woolly tones of the Impressionists, and even our modern garish acrylic abstractions, a white marble bust seems to come across something like an invisible man. However, busts are moving out of the shade of disregard. In West Virginia three of them notified me forcefully of their presence when I stepped into the high, spare, elegant entrance hall of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Adams' Hazelfield. With nothing but buff plaster and classically proportioned walls around them, the busts reigned.

From a wall perch a plaster copy of Houdon's Thomas Jefferson regarded a majestic plane of moral abstraction about eight feet over my head. From its pedestal Chantrey's Sir Walter Scott looked over my shoulder with a much more benevolent and avuncular expression than I remembered from the deck of Authors cards where we first met in my boyhood. On the stair landing, backlit by a window, a plaster of Volterra's bust of Michelangelo Buonarroti seemed to be watching creation itself.

Portrait busts are at once civilization's most ancient and freshest artifacts. Akhenaton, Nefertiti, Buddha, Homer, Socrates, Voltaire, and Beethoven are quickly, easily, and maybe mainly remembered as busts. By comparison pictures seem as transient and perishable as finger painting on a steamed window.

Reawakened to the presence of busts, I was delighted to find Alexandre Dumas fils in terra-cotta by Jean Baptiste Carpeaux coming up in an auction at Christie's. The estimate of $3,000–$5,000 was too rich for me at the financial moment, but it was a fraction of the prices estimated for the paintings in the same sale—most of which were truly nerve-jangling examples of Belle Époque kitsch.

Maybe, I reasoned, it would go for less than the estimate because who, except for recent visitors to Hazelfield, looks for busts? No one at the exhibition much looked at it. They studied instead the simpering maidens, kittens in the yarn, and stultifying land, city, sea, and fruit scapes banging away like gongs from every wall.

I underestimated present bust consciousness, as did Christie's. It went for $7,000. It turns out that busts are moving as briskly as old spaniel portraits did a few years ago. "They add so much class," a decorator friend explained to me. "You get a sense of ancestors and education with a bust in the room."

Peripherally busts were probably creeping up on me even before my visit to West Virginia. They've simply reappeared in our national decorative imagination. Soon I expect I'll see the very bust of Dumas I missed at auction in one of those carefully staged old-family backgrounds in current garment advertising—maybe with a carefully flung tie showing its stripes around the old genius's neck. ♠

I underestimated bust consciousness. It turns out that busts are moving as briskly as old spaniel portraits did a few years ago



BUSTED OUT!

They add so much class," a decorator friend explained. "You get a sense of ancestors and education with a bust in the room"













ARNOUD ANDERSON





SPRING



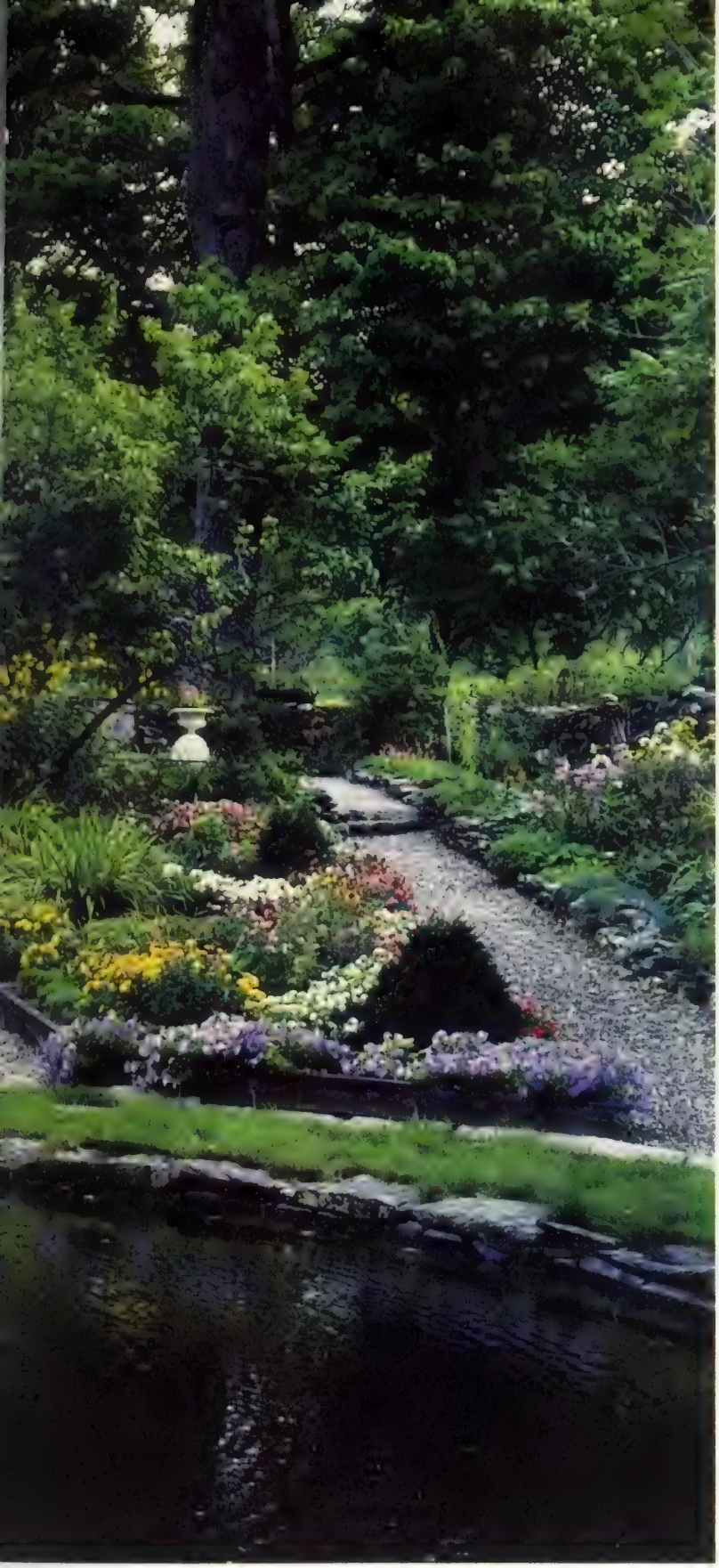
Duane Michals' Four Seasons

The photographer loves his garden. Here in pictures and words he records its seasonal changes

My garden is next to an early-19th-century farmhouse found abandoned in the foothills of the Green Mountains where upstate New York touches the border of Vermont. Spring is always a surprise in the garden. All at once it is an Easter basket of blue forget-me-nots, purple grape hyacinths, white jonquils, pink wild columbine, red tulips, and grass greener than Ireland. We turn the soil, fertilize, start the pool fountain again, and plant the petunias, impatiens, and geraniums. In the morning twenty birds sing all at once, a babel of songs. The cherry tree grove in the garden is so thick with flowers that it looks like pink snow as viewed from the house.



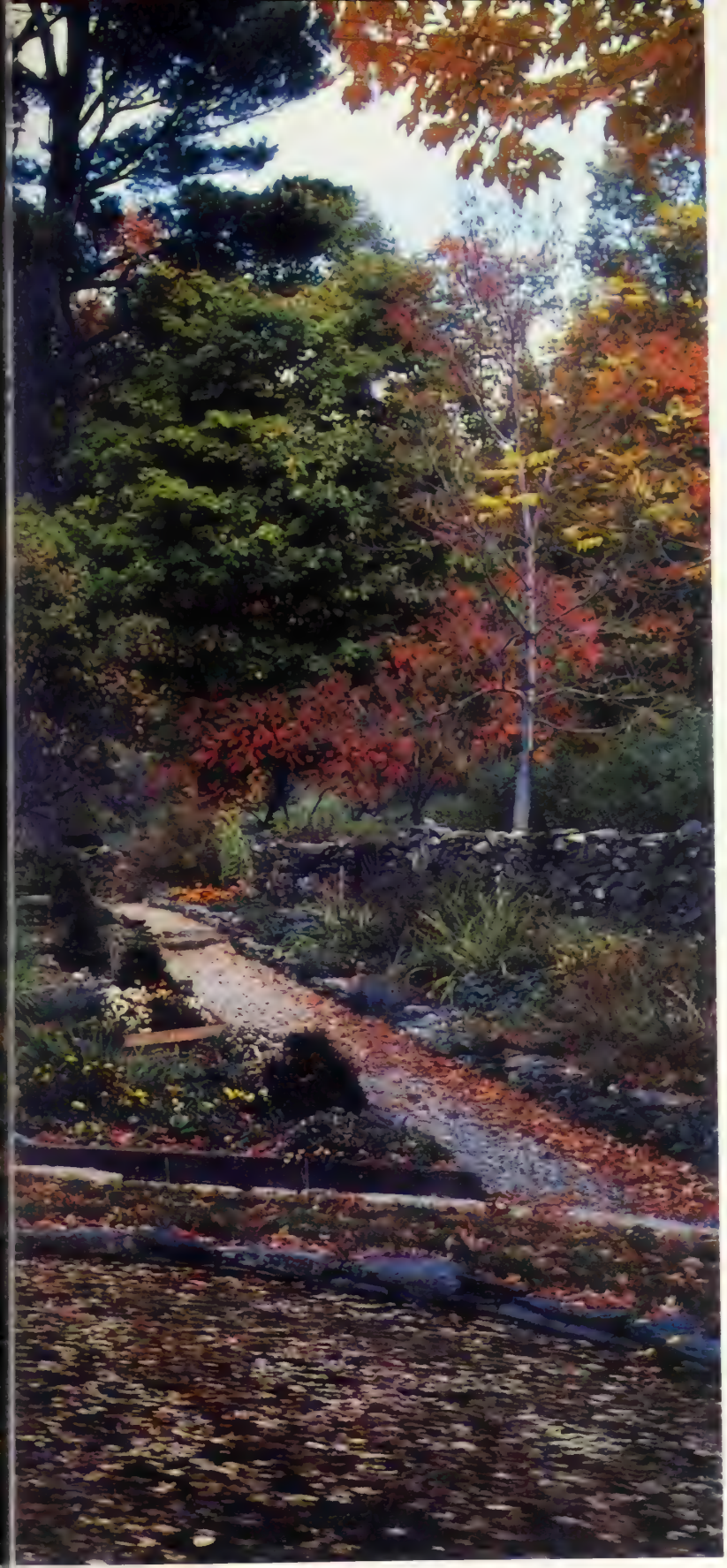
SUMMER



Each week something new appears—blue delphiniums, bachelor's-buttons, snapdragons, lavender, lobelia

The summer garden is full, ripe, and bountiful, an alphabet of flowers with everything from asters to zinnias. We stop cutting asparagus to eat and let them grow into green fountains. The urns are garnished with annuals and the yews pruned into their shape. Clematis climbs up and over the stone walls, its flowers looking like white and purple polka dots at a distance. Every inch of the garden is alive with erupting seeds, insects, birds, and bees.





In the fall the garden
is a fireworks of color,
a grand finale.
The maples turn from
gold to rust to red, and
the firebushes blaze

The chrysanthemums do their thing, all purple, yellow, and rust, and the barn swallows have been gone for a month now. It seems suddenly quiet. A flotilla of leaves sails across the pool as we disconnect the pipe that feeds the fountain. Everything is cut back, the iris trimmed, the planting beds mulched with leaves. The snow fences are retrieved from storage and placed around the yews. Each week upon returning to the country, we wonder if we've had the killer frost.





We erect turrets of snow fencing to protect the yews from the sharp winds and the deers' appetites

The garden endures the January cold with a stoic silence, dreaming green dreams beneath the frost. The skeleton sticks of last summer's plants punctuate the white, like Chinese calligraphy. Rabbit and squirrel tracks crisscross the garden everywhere. I miss the sound of the fountain's splash as the pool has frozen gray to powder-sugar white. A blue jay sings a cappella. The garden looks like a black-and-white negative of its summer self, but it has a much more subtle beauty now. We can see the architecture of the cherry trees, which lean like flying buttresses. The garden hibernates and rests, unaware of my presence, while inside the house there is a blazing fire.

OUR House

Is it a museum or a home?
In this election year
Christopher Hitchens
investigates the changing face
of the White House

The occupants of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, who have about as many bedrooms as the average American suburbanite, are compelled to do many things with their home besides live in it. They have to maintain a national and international drawing room. They have to keep up a national collection of American art and furniture. They have to make some impression on the public taste while always being conscious that the public taste runs against scruffiness (Carter) or unworthy ostentation (Nancy Reagan). Until the Kennedys arrived, First Families could exercise their own taste on the public rooms—often with deplorable results. A president is entitled to ask the Congress for up to $50,000 for what Walter Annenberg would have called "elements of refurbishment," but that doesn't go very far anymore. The soliciting of private money and advice is the only alternative, but that too has its pitfalls (Nancy again).

An anonymous commentator defined the problem in 1834. Speaking of the White House, he wrote:

> This is the only PALACE in the United States. The chief magistrate of the United States has justly a spacious house, while in office, at the charge of the nation, and for the honor of the nation; and yet we cannot but hope,



Ike & Mamie's comfy chintz in the West Sitting Hall

Down on the fa





JFK & JBK: hair power

Jackie, the hands-on decorator

Camelot casual





Jackie's controversial Blue Room
by Stéphane Boudin of Jansen, Paris



LBJ: a TV—or three—in every room

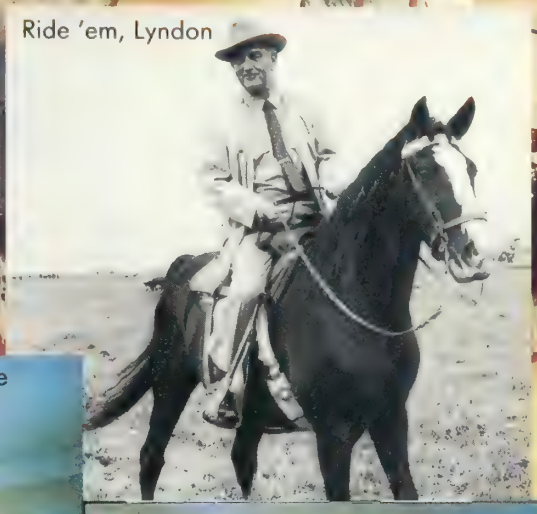
Pensive Pat



White French Provincial for the Nixons



Hotel LBJ



Ride 'em, Lyndon



Dick, Pat, and poodle at San Clemente



Yellow Oval Room for Jackie
by Sister Parish



Pat's California patio look for White House solarium





Betty & Boehm bird



dy Bird Lounge
est Sitting Hall)



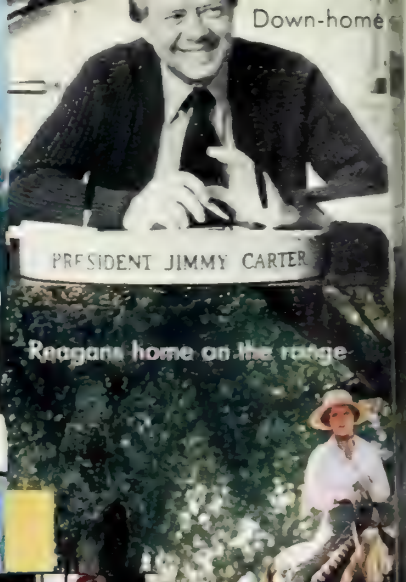
The White House is not a home



Carter slept here



Fanfare for the Common Man



Down-home

Reagans home on the range



Doling it out



Mass. appeal?



Nancy's West Sitting Hall
by Ted Graber

Nancy & Di



Waiting their turn



Ronnie & Mommy

Simon simplicity



Jesse's amazing grace



WASP nest in Maine



Populist posture



that as little of European parade and display, and especially of luxury or extravagance, will be found there in future, as in years past since our republic was founded.

This is virtuous and republican stuff, but for generations it meant that the place was frankly dingy. The coming of television and visibility of the presidency put the tenants of the executive mansion on notice. How have they measured up to the task?

It is fair to start with the Eisenhowers, since the luckless Trumans had to vacate the place when it was noticed that chandeliers were rocking too freely whenever anybody traversed the floor upstairs. The Army Corps of Engineers made the building sound again, and the modern period of the White House began.

The Eisenhower image of America was as traditional and stolid as could have been wished, and the Eisenhowers themselves projected all the complacency and assurance of the tame 1950s. Apparently true to form, Mamie Eisenhower brought a demure wifely touch to the national palace with a stress on homely decor and frills and a fondness for floral design in covers and draperies. Mamie Pink became the affectionate designation for her style. But she was a shrewder housewife than later innovations have allowed us to realize. I spoke recently with Clement Conger, the curator of the White House between 1970 and 1986. Conger has also been curator of the diplomatic reception rooms at the State Department since 1961 and was twice deputy chief of protocol. He knows whereof he speaks. He told me that it was under the Eisenhowers, not the Kennedys, that the first permanent collection of American antiques in the White House was inaugurated. Although the collection was limited, it was the foundation of Jacqueline Kennedy's more ambitious project.

According to Conger, Mrs. Kennedy had at first a tendency toward Francophilia. This would not have been out of place in the nineteenth century, when James Monroe went to Paris for his furnishings as a deliberate slight to the English for their vandalistic burning of the White House in 1814. But by the early sixties the need was for designs and artifacts that were proudly American, and once Mrs. Kennedy had overcome her Parisian genes she was swift to see this point for herself. Her most enduring monument is probably the Scenic America wallpaper in the Diplomatic Reception Room on the ground floor. This wallpaper is antique and part of an original set from 1834. It was rescued from a house in Maryland, just before a freeway claimed it, and several artists worked long hours retouching the thousands of tiny tears. It still needs periodic repainting after the summer heat from the South Lawn meets the air-conditioning plant and results in condensation.

Mrs. Kennedy's Blue Room, with blue-and-white fabrics set off against cream walls, replaced Mamie's deep blue and gold. Jackie had Mrs. Parish redo the Oval Room in yellows. Informal mixes and evenings for performing artists replaced the Eisenhower's long, formal receiving lines at state occasions. The Kennedy style—East Coast, youthful, exuberant—soon captivated the land. Women especially admired Jackie's ball gowns, her pillbox hats, Oleg Cassini suits, JFK's elegance in black tie. There was a sense that these Kennedys knew how to do things right. "The whole nation," says Conger, "owes Mrs. Kennedy a debt of gratitude for insisting that we cease to treat the White House as a stepchild."

What of the future? It is remarkably difficult to guess what the style of a candidate will turn out to be

With the unexpected arrival in the White House of the LBJs there was for a time a natural reluctance to change anything that their predecessors had done. The Johnsons felt awkward culturally and socially in comparison with the Kennedys (and were made to feel it even more by surviving members of the clan). They left the public spaces pretty much alone, and when Lady Bird chose, as First Ladies must, her own signature project, she chose the Beautify America program. An echo of this could be detected in her approach to the private apartments where green and yellow and other natural colors were employed.

The Johnsons never felt at home in the White House, and the president at least was aware that many Eastern types didn't think he belonged there. His behavior in the building—brash and vulgar, as if seeking to make the place his own—was unconvincing. The chief legacy of the LBJs to the place was actually quite conservative. They gave an impetus to the founding of the Committee for the Preservation of the White House and established a permanent curator.

With the advent of the Nixons the gap between the predictable and the actual grew even wider. Nixon was famous for his lack of taste, his lack of small talk, his liking for flavorless food, and his reliance on a crowd of mediocre businessmen for friendship. His public style was low-rent, and his entertaining episodic. But according to Clement Conger, he and his wife, Pat, felt a real need to transform the White House and to insist on the need for "authenticity." (Conger does not say so, but the need to be genuine in at least one respect may have had deep-seated roots.) They conscripted Conger from the State Department, invited him to look over the White House, and gave him a free hand to "make this the most beautiful house in the United States," in Pat Nixon's words.

Conger brought in Edward Vason Jones of Albany, Georgia. Jones was one of the few restoration architects and interior designers who is likely to be remembered by future generations. Going floor by floor, he remolded many of the 35 principal rooms of the White House. *(Text continued on page 223)*

Fish Without Fire

Through trial and error **Jeffrey Steingarten** discovers how to make the most out of microwave technology

For the past two months I have eaten nothing but microwaved fish.

My adventures in bistro cooking are on the back burner—the plump, crisply roasted chickens, the garlic sausage and potatoes browned in goose fat, sauerkraut braised for hours with pork, apples, onions, and juniper berries. Gone is the week I spent with twenty pounds of Idaho russets and five quarts of heavy cream seeking to recapture the gratiné potatoes we had last summer in Avignon. The perfect potato will have to wait.

It all began some months ago when the most stylish woman I know informed me that my cooking habits were hopelessly out-of-date. "We," she announced, speaking as always for a fashionable world that the rest of us strive to imitate but can never enter, "*we* have been doing oceans and oceans of microwaved fish. It's lite, it's qwik, it's E-Z, and it's . . ." She reached for the perfect word. "It's fish."

I do not as a rule seek advice about food from thin people, but my friend's words had chastened me. I felt like a vestige of some gladly forgotten age. Worse, I felt like an outsider. It was then that I resolved to eat nothing but microwaved fish until I had learned to love it. But where to start?

Step one: the hardware. Judging from the last five years of *Consumer Reports*, a jungle of features and options awaits the first-time buyer of a microwave oven: cooking power and power consumption, digital readouts, temperature probes, moisture sensors, programmed defrost cycles, programmed roast cycles, programmed combination cycles, and devices like reflective blades, waveguides, and carousels to smoothe the irregular energy pattern. All for two or three hundred dollars.

The microwave salesman in the department store sat forlornly amid fifty ovens arrayed on carpeted shelves. He telephoned other salesmen to negotiate his lunch hour. He was unable to explain the range of features, sizes, and power levels or even to remember their names. Doesn't he know he is part of a nationwide revolution in taste, texture, and time management? I resorted to consulting *Consumer Reports* and ordered two top-rated microwave ovens, the compact from G.E. and the giant size from Amana.

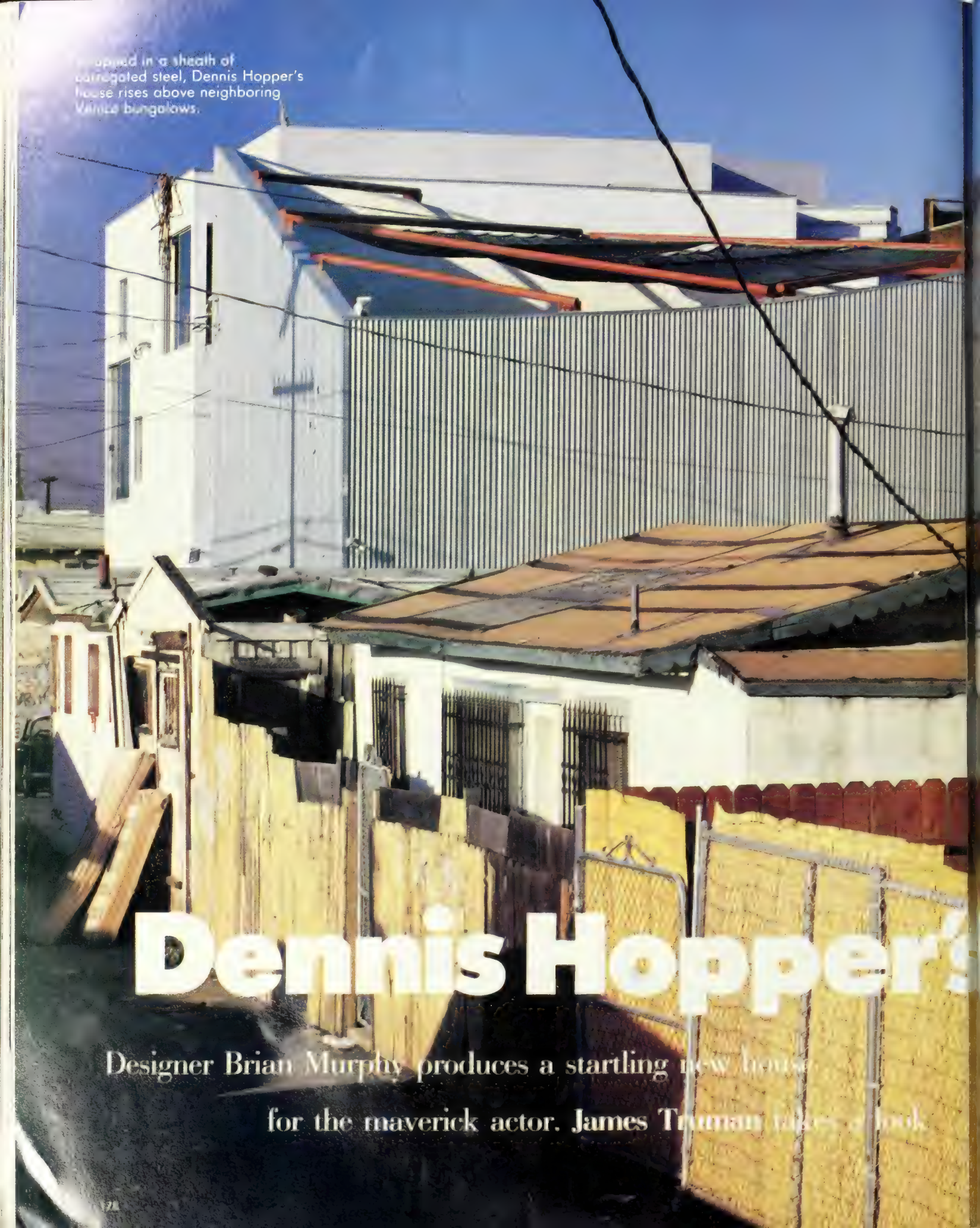
Solid facts are hard to come by in this brave new world. The Toynbee of the microwave has yet to set pen to paper, but it is generally agreed that in 1945 or 1946 a radar scientist at Raytheon labs in Massachusetts noticed that a Hershey bar had unaccountably melted in his pocket. If he had remembered that cocoa butter is liquid at 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, we might all still be living in caves and cooking over peat fires. But our scientist guessed that radar waves had caused the mess in his pocket. He proceeded to pop some corn in a galvanized garbage can and then applied for a patent. There is no record of how the stain was removed.

Since then the garbage can has been reshaped into a metal box, and the FCC has assigned a frequency of 2,450 megahertz (million cycles a second) to microwave cooking, somewhere between marine radar and Channel 69 on your UHF television dial. Dividing the speed of light by 2,450 million cycles per second yields a wavelength of about four and three-quarters inches, which is supposed to explain why microwaves penetrate your food by about an inch and a quarter, unlike infrared radiation in conventional cooking with a wavelength only one fourth as long, which is pretty much absorbed at the surface where it causes the delicious browning reaction.

> "It's lite, it's E-Z, and it's . . . fish," said the most stylish woman I know. It was then that I resolved to eat nothing but microwaved fish until I had learned to love it

Step two: the software. While my ovens were in transit, I assembled a representative pile of twenty current microwave cookbooks, all I could find with substantial sections on fish. For the most part these are not books to curl up with on a wintry evening. There are no liter- *(Text continued on page 219)*


1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 0
START



...apped in a sheath of corrugated steel, Dennis Hopper's house rises above neighboring Venice bungalows.

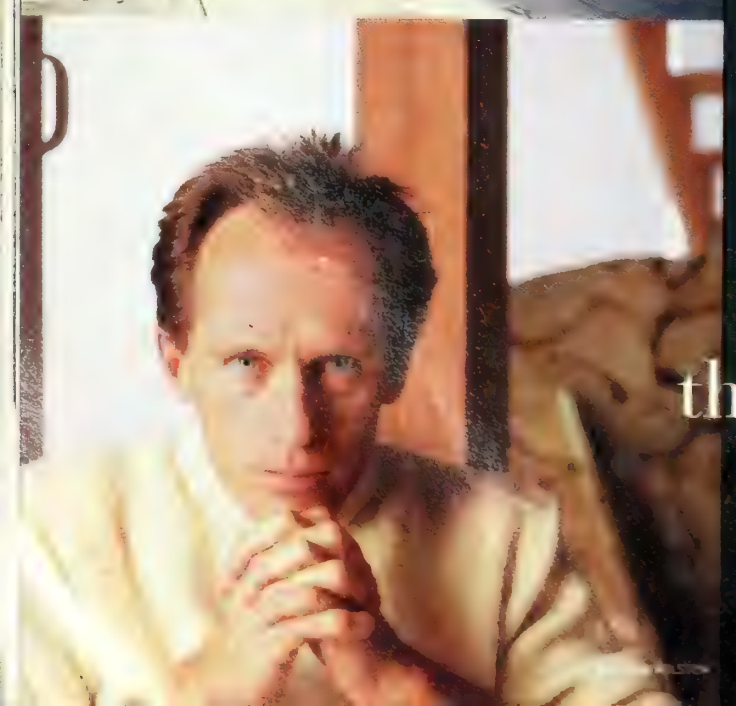
Dennis Hopper's

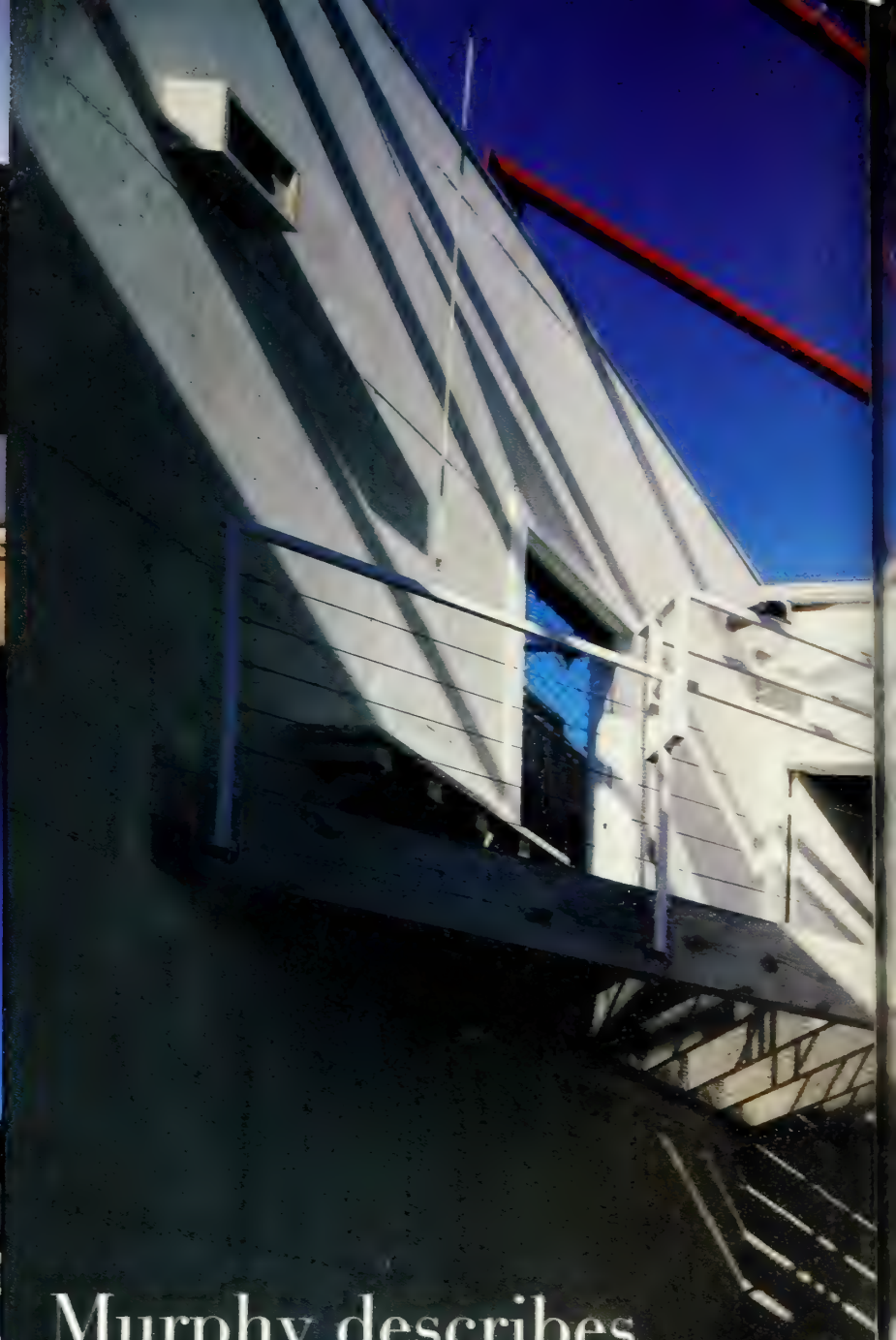
Designer Brian Murphy produces a startling new house for the maverick actor. James Truman takes a look


lew Wave
TIM STREET









Murphy describes
the house as
a "landlocked oasis":
once you're inside,
the neighborhood recedes

Hopper's New Wave

There is no mistaking Dennis Hopper's white picket fence. Planted on a crumbling street front in a run-down backwater of Venice, California, it sits like a row of newly polished teeth flashing a villainous grin. Its wholesomeness is willfully, perversely misplaced. The surrounding neighborhood is dominated by shabby timber-frame bungalows, garbage-strewn sidewalks, and lurid graffiti. The house that stands behind it encased in corrugated steel looks at first glance like an oversize, heavily fortified toolshed.

The house was built for Dennis Hopper by the young California designer Brian Murphy; the fence came with the site. When Murphy suggested retaining the fence Hopper enthusiastically agreed, savoring the irony. Of course, there had been an identical white picket fence in *Blue Velvet,* the movie that revived Hopper's acting career after nearly twenty years spent continuously on the skids. The revival came in the form of Frank Booth, a drug-inhaling degenerate whose depravities were matched only by his desire to be a part of what he despised. What he despised was the normalcy represented by white picket fences. Hopper has never denied that his role was largely autobiographical. According to popular legend, he won it by calling the director, David Lynch, and announcing, "I *am* Frank."

"Frank would have found this very . . . er . . . suave," Hopper chuckles, surveying the newly finished interior, which has been divided into a performance and movie theater, exhibition gallery, living space, and open-air courtyard. In counterpoint to the boxiness of the building's façade, the interior is softened by a roof that dips and swells like a rolling ocean wave. The effect is beguiling and unexpectedly sensual—it eradicates parallel lines and mutes the angular geometry of

Fluid space, multiple uses: a balcony juts out over Hopper's open-air painting studio in the courtyard, which also serves as a car park. Through the doorway is the gallery. Opposite, top to bottom: The house behind the white picket fence, which came with the site; Hopper's studio; Brian Murphy.

Hopper's New Wave

the exposed central staircase and movable exhibition panels. It was, explains Murphy, an idea that had long been in search of a willing client; Hopper's shared enthusiasm finally got it built.

Other ideas were Hopper's own and stemmed from the late fifties when he was a rising young actor living in Venice's nascent bohemia. "My house overlooked the backyard of the old Charles Eames factory," he recalls. "I became attracted to his idea of making things from common objects, readymades of a kind. He'd built a house around that time from things you could buy in a hardware store, just regulation doors and fittings. It gave me the idea to build a factory for myself from industrial materials."

But before he could do so he had moved to Bel-Air with his first wife, Brooke Hayward, and when he left he was a disgraced Hollywood exile, and again single. Through most of the seventies he lived in Taos, New Mexico, submerged in the drink and drugs that would finally land him in a mental hospital. "Dennis was living under siege conditions," says Dean Stockwell, his friend and fellow actor. "There were a lot of people in New Mexico who didn't appreciate having a radical in their midst." Hopper remembers it more as farce: "I was living on the Mabel Dodge estate. The house had thirteen bedrooms, and each had a separate entrance. I would come down to breakfast and find twenty or thirty people in the kitchen, most of whom I'd never seen before. Being your basic paranoiac, I didn't want to go through that again. This time I wanted only one door."

Studded with steel bolts and equipped with a surveillance system that flashes visitors' faces onto every TV screen in the house, the entrance was a prime requirement that Hopper presented to Brian Murphy. The two had first worked together several years earlier when, returning to Los Angeles, Hopper had moved into one of three studios built by Frank Gehry on a site adjacent to the





Hopper's living quarters are upstairs; below are the gallery and a performance and movie theater. Opposite: Hopper and his daughter, Marin, behind the white picket fence.

"That home boy who lives there, he's sick in the head, man. *sick*"

Hopper's New Wave

new house. The space quickly proved inadequate for Hopper's growing art collection, so he returned to Murphy to help realize his factory idea. The studio, connected by a walkway, is now a guesthouse. And the other two studios now have a corrugated steel wall as their principal view (the plans were drawn up accidentally back to front, and Gehry decided to go ahead with them that way).

"Dennis requested a major studio for a minor artist with basic functional requirements, and we took it from there," says Murphy. "He wanted space to hang large canvases, rear access for delivery of large pieces of art, an open area where he himself could paint, and so on. I deliberately chose the cheapest materials available, in anticipation of the abuse they would probably take at the hands of the neighborhood and the occupant."

The house is more austere than many of Murphy's recent projects, but it contains several of his trademarks: the windows of shattered tempered glass; the glass fragments placed atop the dining-room chandelier and arranged in an orderly landscape bed around the matte black metal fireplace; the exposed pipes and conduits that in turn expose the inner workings of the house. Also the tree stumps topped with glass now functioning as coffee tables and a spectacular all-glass bathtub designed by Simon Maltby, a frequent collaborator.

Hopper's own contributions—an old candy-store counter he discovered on location and a dining table from the Mabel Dodge collection—appear equally inclined to be upstaged by the exhibited art. The notable collection of Pop and Op art that he built up in the sixties was relinquished in his divorce settlement. An instant Duchamp readymade—a hotel sign that Hopper impulsively snatched from the wall and asked the artist to autograph—survives and now hangs alongside larger pieces by Julian Schnabel, Richard Serra, Chuck *(Text continued on page 224)*





See how her date with the lifesaver went. Call Australia.

Emma's loved the beach for as long as you can remember. And she's had a crush on Mike even longer. So now that they've finally gotten together, you want to be the first to hear the details. Why not give her a call? With AT&T International Long Distance Service, it costs less than you'd think to stay close. So go ahead. **Reach out and touch someone.®**

AUSTRALIA

Economy	Discount	Standard
3am–2pm	8pm–3am	2pm–8pm
$ .95	$1.20	$1.58

AVERAGE COST PER MINUTE FOR A 10-MINUTE CALL*

*Average cost per minute varies depending on the length of the call. First minute costs more; additional minutes cost less. All prices are for calls dialed direct from anywhere in the continental U.S. during the hours listed. Add 3% federal excise tax and applicable state surcharges. Call for information or if you'd like to receive an AT&T international rates brochure **1 800 874-4000.** © 1987 AT&T

AT&T

The right choice.

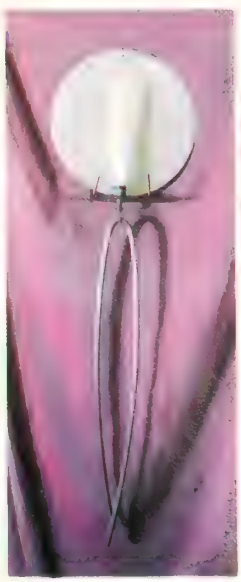
Lighting the Way

New and unusual candle holders offer dramatic possibilities for the dinner-party table



Blue-and-gold candlestick by Boris Bally, 9″ high, $150 at Archetype, New York. Helix table by Iris DeMauro, from GEO International, IDCNY, Long Island City.

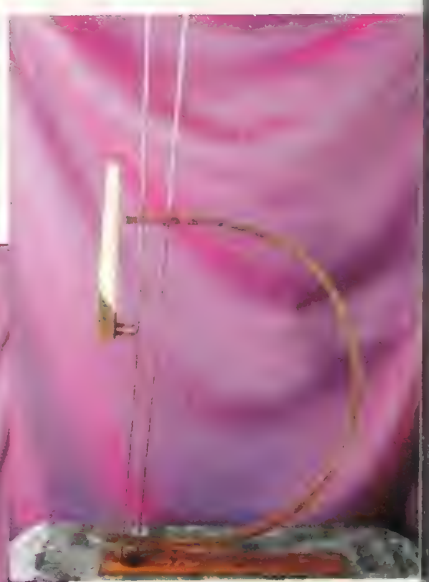
Most homes have the traditional pair of silver or glass candlesticks that are brought out to decorate the dinner-party table but little else in the way of candleholders. However, there are many options. Contemporary designers, aware of the dramatic and subtle effects that candlelight can create, are producing exciting new designs. Here is a small selection from the wide range available. Don't be afraid to use these innovative shapes—most would look elegant in an antiques-filled apartment as well as in a Minimalist interior. **Amicia de Moubray**





Hanging wall sconce, above left, by Dennis Higgins, 36½″ high, $175 at Urban Bob-Kat, New York; Elements, Chicago. Above right: Bird by Jerry Kott, 10″ high, 25″ wide, $180 at Clodagh, Ross & Williams, New York. Right: Iron candlestand, by Torsten Neeland, 55″ high, 49″ wide, from Nolte, New York, $540 at Repertoire, Boston, and Topeka - Kansas in Chicago.





Iron candlestand, left, by Jeff Goodman, 63″ high, $450 at Rogers-Tropea, New York. Above: Rusted-steel candlestick by David Zelman, 28″ high, 14″ wide, $225 at Giles & Lewis, New York; Elements, Chicago; Design Express, Los Angeles; Limn, San Francisco.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

RECIPE #1: Dinner At Dusk



"Salmon with Dijon Sauce"

2 salmon steaks, 1 inch thick
¼ cup sour cream
2 pearl earrings
3 Tbsp. GREY POUPON® Dijon Mustard
2 tsp. fresh lemon juice
1 Vivaldi concerto
2 Tbsp. melted butter or margarine
1 clove minced garlic
2 symphony tickets
¼ tsp. dry dill weed
2 orchids



Put on pearl earrings. Combine sour cream, Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard, dill weed, lemon juice and garlic. Mix well. *Place orchids: one at entryway, one on nightstand.* Brush salmon with melted butter or margarine. *Place symphony tickets beneath his napkin. Put on Vivaldi concerto.* Grill or broil salmon steaks as desired. *Maintain high heat with dining partner.* Generously add Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce to give salmon steak new meaning. *Illuminate orchids for when you return from the symphony.* Bon appétit.



Grey Poupon®

One of life's finer pleasures.™

Earrings courtesy of Harry Winston, Inc.

© Nabisco Brands, Inc. 1987



Doing Melrose

Finding the best of design, antiques and objects for the home on Los Angeles's famous strip



TOM BRINNER '87



From top: *Melrose Avenue* by Saul Steinberg, 1987. At Umbrello: southwestern and Central American painted furniture, textiles, animals. At Gregory Evans: 1950s chair, quilts, cushions. At Richard Mulligan: early-20th-century chest filled with spongeware.

I bought my first Hawaiian shirt at a thrift shop on Melrose Avenue in 1972, when thrift shops were about as trendy as Melrose got. Tooling along the same stretch of the avenue today, I can hardly keep my eyes on the road—what with all the sleek concrete and glass-brick storefronts, the clever names and neon, the packs of pedestrians that range from postpunkers to well-heeled ladies from Hancock Park. Nowadays Melrose is a major barometer of L.A. style.

For visitors as well as residents who may not have kept up, here is an inside look at Melrose's best spots for unusual things for the home—plus tips on where to go for lunch or a tea break. The listing is divided into three major shopping districts and includes shops on and just off the avenue.

Melrose shops

DOHENY TO LA CIENEGA

Indigo Seas (616 North Doheny Dr.; 213/278-0609) is the new boutique of decorator-restaurateur Lynn von Kersting, the many-talented creator of the Ivy bistro in Los Angeles and the Ivy at the Shore in Santa Monica—both of which she manages with her partner, Richard Irving. At Indigo Seas Lynn von Kersting and decorator Michael Smith have assembled a unique collection of her favorite things—Venetian glasses from Harry's Bar, nineteenth-century paisley shawls that can be used as throws, handmade lampshades covered in Indian cottons, and 1920s furniture upholstered in rose-patterned chintzes. Indigo Seas has also opened another outlet at 123 North Robertson next to the Ivy.

Maxfield (8825 Melrose; 213/274-8800), with its great cement walls and no windows, is a landmark of Melrose Minimalism and a posh men's and women's clothing store. Carefully positioned among the racks of Azzedine Alaïa ready-to-wear and heaps of Comme des Garçons sweaters are unusual pieces of furniture: a settee made from two battered black-leather bucket seats of a Land Rover; a glass coffee table on wheels by Gae Aulenti; a stackable table and bench in cracked granite by Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons; an extraordinary concrete stereo—turntable, tuner, speakers ($5,200)—from English designer R. Arad.

Rabbitworks Flora (8808 Melrose; 213/276-4407) is the secret garden world of Rosemary Warren. Amid whitewashed fences and peeling-paint lattice, she sells one-of-a-kind straw hats with faded silk flowers and ribbons, romantic wreaths of dried flowers and found objects, sachets made of old damask and lace. There are rabbits, lots of them, in whatever materials and sizes she fancies. Open by appointment only.

Gregory Evans (509 North Robertson; 213/275-9040) specializes, as his card says, in teapots and textiles. Among the latter, Evans is the exclusive U.S. representative for Celia Birtwell's fanciful cotton and silk prints from London—pagodas, fantasy creatures, and patterns that look like the skins of wild animals. Evans also has an impressive collection of Depression-era quilts from Kansas ($175 to $1,200).

Formations (8746 Melrose; 213/659-3062) showcases three young L.A. designers—Richard Hallberg, Barbara Wiseley, and Daniel Cuevas. Their unique California-size furniture incorporates classic European shapes, styles, and finishes. Among current successes are neo-Empire pedestals, floor lamps with Corinthian-column bases, saber-leg ottomans, faux-marble sconces, and cast-concrete mantelpieces with a limestone look. To the trade only.

Pacific Design Center (8687 Melrose; 213/657-0800). César Pelli's famed Blue Whale clusters two hundred showrooms in one gigantic glass-walled building. An indication

Jewelry enlarged for detail. Prices represent retail quotations for specific diamonds shown. Prices are subject to change.



A. $4,400 • 212-575-9520
Advanced Ring-
Christian Bauer
B. $3,600 • 213-620-8672
Eduard's Jewelry
C. $3,450 • 312-944-6893
Les Magnifiques
D. $13,000 • 212-944-9700
Keen Jewelry
E. $6,750 • 212-674-5800
J. Solomon & Son
F. $3,500 • 212-869-9400
Claar Designer Collection

THE CHECKMATE COLLECTION.

Diamond jewelry with a winning strategy. Timeless style and dazzling simplicity.

A diamond is forever.



Before you buy, check for the Checkmate tag

of the vitality of L.A.'s decorating world: a companion design center also by Pelli and this time in green glass is due to open this month.

Nomad (554 Huntley Dr.; 213/659-9334), where designer Helen MacGregor turns "ethnic" into an exciting late-eighties style, has fabrics from Africa and Central America; a new line of sectional furniture made of white adobe blocks; four-poster beds, chaises, and ottomans in green oxidized iron; one-of-a-kind iron floor lamps; hand-painted suede pillows, and more.

Umbrello (8607 Melrose; 213/655-6447) is four years old—old enough to have been on the cutting edge of the Southwest craze. DeWayne Youts carries some old furniture and accessories—Mexican, New Mexican, and Spanish Colonial—but half is new, including colorful carved Mexican animals, log lamps with perforated hide or bronzed metal shades, jewelry from Santa Fe.

LA CIENEGA TO FAIRFAX

Richard Mulligan (8471 Melrose; 213/653-0204) is where New Hollywood indulges its recently acquired taste for Early American Country. Richard and Molly Mulligan scour the East Coast, picking up quilting tables, country cupboards, hand-hooked rugs, hearth chairs, stenciled mirrors, tin sconces, and antique clocks. Then—and here's the trick—the Mulligans reproduce many of the painted and stenciled items so accurately that nobody—except maybe Barbra Streisand—can tell the difference. Open to decorators and their clients by appointment only.

Côté Jardin (8435 Melrose Pl.; 213/653-0204), a new division of Pierre Yves Boldue's venerable La Maison Française Antiques, concentrates on European outdoor furnishings, antique mantels, floors. Besides an exclusive line of hand-blown solid-crystal hurricane lamps and dark green wrought-iron Directoire-style patio furniture, Côté Jardin's vast high-ceilinged showroom also displays such outrageous (and outrageously expensive) antiques as a suite of Italian wooden garden furniture carved with vines, leaves, and leaping lizards at $48,000.

Thanks for the Memories (8319 Melrose; 213/852-9407). Deco, Deco everywhere—mostly the high-gloss, lacquered, and chrome-y stuff one sees in 1930s films. Some of the stand-out pieces here—the chrome sconces used in the original *Topper*, for instance—come direct from Old Hollywood.

Early Deco, investment teddy bears, Navajo rugs, buffalo hides. How about a cement telephone by Alex Locadia?

Phantom Gallery (8251 Melrose; 213/653-0976) concentrates on the best of early Deco and comes up with many signed 1920s pieces from the fathers of the movement: Jacques Émile Ruhlmann, Suë et Mare, Jean Michel Frank. Also at Phantom: a new line of Deco-compatible furniture by L.A. designer Anthony Machado.

Patton/Duval (8215 Melrose; 213/852-1053). Designer John Patton returns to the solid cubistic forms of fifties Moderne furniture and then takes off in a fashionable southwesterly direction by upholstering them with Navajo rugs, buffalo hides, and black-and-white calfskin. Aluminum wallhangings, free-form tables, and showroom dogs named Spike and Zia complete the picture.

Wilder Place (7975½ Melrose; 213/655-9072) may well be L.A.'s ultimate gift shop, although browsers who wander in are likely to find something unusual and wonderful for themselves among Jo Wilder's eclectic collection of "beautiful necessities and distinctive luxuries." How about a cement telephone by Alex Locadia? Or one of Annie Kelly's painted screens? Or a platter made of wire-reinforced safety glass by Paul Fischer? Or a colonial mansion in the shape of a birdhouse? It's all here—and lots more.

FAIRFAX TO HIGHLAND

Industrial Revolution (7560 Melrose; 213/651-2893) introduced high tech to the West Coast back in 1979. Today the place is still big on inexpensive and mostly black desks, chairs, lamps, and file cabinets. Among Industrial Revolution's own line of tables and credenzas the current hottest items are a little black TV cart and an oval-shaped "surfboard" coffee table with a gray marble laminate top; both are $135 apiece.

Campo dei Fiori (646–648 North Martel; 213/655-9966). Behind the dramatic concrete exterior that Los Angeles architect Stephen Slan created for this state-of-the-art florist are not just the standard tropical blooms—wahiwas, proteas, halyconias, birds-of-paradise—but also some of L.A.'s most unusual vases. Best of the batch: David Hertz's concrete cones and cylinders that come in a range of colors (natural, black, gray, chamois, terra-cotta, mocha) and cost from $95 to $550.

Wild Blue (7220 Melrose; 213/939-8434), which has been at the same address for close to seven years, is an old-timer by Melrose standards. Everything at this functional art gallery/shop is one of a kind: Teddy Sandoval's whimsical vases with three-dimensional horses and reindeer jumping out of the sides ($60 to $225); paper-pulp compositions—neither collage nor painting—from TDM Studio ($330 to about $1,200); Denise Ford's North African-esque plates, bowls, and mugs ($22 to $110); Beckie Dudas's ceramic trays ($60), which have pretty patterns on both sides.

Buddy's (7208 Melrose; 213/939-2419) zeros in on three categories of American collectibles: art pottery—from companies such as Weller, Rookwood, and Fulper—which flourished between the 1870s and the 1920s; vibrant 1930s dinnerware, which originated in California seven years before it was "reinvented" on the East Coast and mass-marketed as Fiestaware; and austere furniture that grew out of the early-twentieth-century Arts and Crafts movement.

Off the Wall (7325 Melrose; 213/930-1185) advertises "weird stuff" and lives up to its promise. In a California bungalow Dennis and Lisa Boses house twentieth-century



TOM BONNER

China from the 1920s and '30s at Gregory Evans

Winterthur
MUSEUM COLLECTIONS



Furniture by Kindel Furniture Company

STROHEIM & ROMANN, INC.

SHOWROOMS: 155 East 56th Street, NYC/Atlanta/Boston/Chicago
Dallas/Dania/Denver/Houston/Laguna Niguel/Los Angeles/Philadelphia
San Francisco/Seattle/Troy/Washington, D.C./Athens/Auckland
Melbourne/Nicosia/Singapore/Tokyo

eccentricities, including Coke machines, jukebox selectors, a self-serve toasted-nut machine ($375), Art Deco brass-and-glass chandeliers from L.A.'s Wiltern Theatre ($3,500 each), Mickey Mouse clocks, rugs from the *Queen Mary*.

Harvey's & Tropical Sun Rattan (7365–67 Melrose; 213/857-1991) dates back to the street's pre-chic late 1970s era when owner Harvey Schwartz helped make vintage—mostly 1940s and '50s—clothing, furniture, and kitsch fashionable. Today rattan chairs and sofas—both 1940s originals as well as 1980s knockoffs—are what Harvey and his movie-star customers like best.

Territory (6907½ Melrose; 213/937-4006). Betty Gold, a former manager of the Atlantic Richfield Company's (ARCO) multimillion-dollar art collection, specializes in a little-known furniture category: made-in-L.A. Spanish Colonial–style pieces from the 1920s and '30s, much of it marketed under the name Monterey by the city's Barker Brothers department stores. Gold also handles antique Pendleton blankets, plein air paintings of the Old West, Mexican baskets and pottery, hand-forged iron flatware, and hammered copper plates and bowls.

Cozmopole (654 North Larchmont; 213/463-0377). Just a few blocks west of Paramount Pictures, designer Larry Totah and his partner, Leyla Ayoubpour, and a small group of artisans are currently experimenting with exciting new ways of finishing woods and metals. Visitors to the to-the-trade-only atelier can see Totah's dining table made of a steel specially patinized with copper, his neomedieval wall sconces of oxidized copper and fiberglass "parchment," and his whimsical hardware—including tadpole- and snail-shaped door handles, and salamander levers, all in brass or bronze.

Melrose restaurants

THE BEST OF THE LUNCH BUNCH

Trumps (8764 Melrose; 213/855-1480). A landmark of Melrose chic: California cuisine, changing art, and a molded-concrete, basic-beige interior by L.A. design star Waldo Fernandez. Also a prime place for afternoon tea served between 3:30 and 5:30.

Le Chardonnay (8284 Melrose; 213/655-8880). The menu offers both classic French and nouvelle L.A. dishes; the Art Nouveau setting is a high-dazzle Hollywood version of Paris's Vagenende bistro on the boulevard Saint-Germain.

Border Grill (7407½ Melrose; 213/658-7495). The last word in *auténtico mexicano:* crab tacos, tongue-stuffed lettuce, green corn tamales, sautéed squid, and more.

Mel & Rose's (7313 Melrose; 213/930-0256). For breakfast on Melrose, this 1980s takeoff on a 1950s coffee shop can't be beat, especially if you order waffles with pecan syrup or pancakes with blueberries or bananas. Round-the-clock service.

Angeli (7274–76 Melrose; 213/936-9086). Morphosis—the Santa Monica–based design team of Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi—created this trattoria's glass-brick and rusty-steel façade and its no-nonsense interior. Besides architecture, Angeli's main attractions are pizza, calzone, pastas, and salads.

Cucina (7383 Melrose; 213/653-8333). A traditional trattoria with a menu of antipasti and charcoal-grilled meat and fish which changes daily.

Citrus (6703 Melrose; 213/857-0034). Glamorous food—crab coleslaw, mahi-mahi with ginger, marinated baby salmon—and a big white glamorous patio to match. **Richard Alleman**

INCONTRI VENEZIA

fabrics
for furnishing
master's carpets

8th exhibition
Giardini della
Biennale di Venezia
14 · 15 · 16 · 17 · 18 april 1988

EDITORI CREATORI SRL - VILLA BELINZAGHI - 22012 CERNOBBIO ITALIA
TEL. 031 512145 TELEX [illegible] NOVENTA VENEZIA

SieMatic®



Kitchen Interior Design

Expect a certain elegance in the kitchen interior designs and you will experience SieMatic.

It's where design joins function in a total kitchen concept.

See a beautiful example in SieMatic's 1001 KL, a traditional style in high gloss, snow white lacquer with rails and knobs of gleaming brass.

SieMatic Kitchen Interior Design for traditional, contemporary and thoroughly modern living. Available through your interior designer or architect.

The SieMatic Kitchen Book of Ideas

☐ Yes. Send me the SieMatic Kitchen Book, 132 pages of kitchen interior designs, ideas and floorplans. I enclose $9.00 for the full color catalog.
The Kitchen Book, Dept. 03HG
Box F286, Feasterville, PA 19047-0934

Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

City State _____

Telephone _____

The Divisible Screen

With the new technology you can watch and manipulate several images at once

Consider the seriousness of this video dilemma: *Il Trovatore* is being broadcast live from the Metropolitan Opera House at the same time as the Wimbledon finals are being shown; *Sixty Minutes* is unveiling extraordinary corruption while a baseball game is tied in the tenth inning. The television screen becomes a battlefield of sitcom and scandal, sport and song—what to watch? Salvation was long in coming and first arrived in the form of Sony's Betamax, making time-shifting a reality. The VCR is now a common household peacemaker—tape one show, watch another. But the latest step goes further, and with a more eccentric swagger. Now you can watch two programs at exactly the same time by dividing the television screen and viewing the second program in an inserted picture. The Met proceeds along with the match, and the main portion of the screen can be swapped instantly from one picture to the other should a singer's phrasing lag or serves go awry. The unwanted image is simply relegated to a corner of the screen until it redeems itself.

More expensive machines promise twelve pictures on the screen at a time

The acronym was born with the technology. It was called PIP—Picture In Picture—and it first began appearing over a year ago in expensive monitors. The Sony KV-2786R ($1,600), a console television on a pedestal base that has become a standard of design for the industry, is one of the more extraordinary examples of its kind, its 27-inch screen offering a refined 450 lines of resolution (perfect for laser discs). But touch a button on the remote control and a small picture from any other channel (or video source) can then be projected on any corner of the screen, offering less resolution than the main image but more possibility. *Sixty Minutes* and the ballgame can be sampled at the same time, the opera can even proceed unhindered as the smaller picture scans through the channels to find lighter fare. The PIP can also be used to keep an eye on a second show as it is taped so that commercials can be effortlessly zapped from the VCR while the main program continues intact.



The Sony remote actually contains more controls than the TV set and allows all manner of other play with PIP: it is possible to freeze the action on the PIP as if a photo had been taken of a live broadcast so that, for example, those 800 numbers of late-night ads can be held in place until written down. Sony even allows more exotic adventures for those who wish to contemplate a particularly brilliant tennis swing: the PIP can divide and multiply and display three still pictures in stroboscopic sequence, either arrayed in a vertical line or distributed to the corners of the tube as the program proceeds in the center; and PIP can even be connected to a camcorder and trained on the kids playing in the other room. *Thirtysomething*'s TV adventures with newborns can proceed in peace while the PIP shows what's going on in the real world.

But not everybody is ready to buy a special monitor simply for submersion in simultaneous video images. So VCRs and video processors are now being made that create PIP on ordinary televisions. Multivision's MV 2.1 video tuner ($299), like Rabbit Systems' "Double Play" ($249), will add PIP to any television set. The MV 3.1 model ($499) will add stereo sound as well, along with other PIP options. And many products go further still. Using the digital technology that makes PIP possible, they can allow stills to be frozen on the main screen or create "mosaic" television pictures and "solarized" color transformations.

The latest VCR from Sharp (VC-D800U, $599), for example, offers at a low price a moving PIP image of any live TV broadcast while a VCR tape is viewed (or vice versa). But more dramatically it can divide the television screen into a nine-part grid: still images then appear from different channels as snapshots of the broadcast universe are spread over an ordinary TV screen. More expensive machines, such as the forthcoming Hitachi VT-2700A ($1,200), promise twelve pictures on the screen at a time with one of them in live motion.

And because accoutrements proliferate in quest of the ultimate PIP, Multivision has introduced the MV 1.1 ($329), an "audio/video routing system"—a unit smaller than a VCR that treats the television as part of a linked system. It must be hooked up to a VCR but will then access PIP on any television and allow PIP or the main picture to come from any of four other audio/video sources; even the source of the sound can be selected. The remote can thus switch effortlessly between VCR, TV, FM radio, and laser disc. Using one remote, the audio from a stereo FM simulcast can, at a single touch, be combined with the picture from its television counterpart while the PIP shows yet another show being taped on a VCR.

There are other applications, but the primary thrill of the MV 1.1 is to allow instant electronic choice of image and sound, turning the once-cool medium of television into a hot one. The PIP turns into TOY. Viewers no longer just absorb, they play. The point is no longer television's *content*, but the screen's malleability. The medium becomes a massage. No wonder the networks are getting worried.

Edward Rothstein

JEAN TUTTLE

Indulge your taste for fine art



Hand-painted porcelains from the foremost authority on culinary arts.

The great country houses of 17th-century Europe displayed a lovely new art form–hand-painted porcelain moulds.

This collecting tradition takes beautiful *new* form in six sculptured moulds of the finest porcelain. Lavished with hand-painted colors and French country charm from Le Cordon Bleu de Paris.

Even connoisseurs of the art have never seen porcelains of this quality–the first ever authorized by the world-leading culinary institute. Each is glazed to a lustrous finish, complete with its own specially created recipe from Le Cordon Bleu.

Culinary art to enhance every decor. Classics to complement your style...and good taste.



SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by March 31, 1988.

Le Cordon Bleu de Paris
C/o The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Cordon Bleu Porcelain Mould Collection, consisting of six imported moulds of lustrous, hand-painted porcelain.

I need send no payment now. My moulds will be sent to me at the rate of one every other month, and I will be billed for each one in two monthly installments of $18.75* each, with the first payment due before the mould is sent to me.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $1 for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR. MRS. MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

11008 - 101

THE CORDON BLEU PORCELAIN MOULD COLLECTION

After the Crash

How golden do the nation's top residential markets look today?



One week after October 19, 1987, the day the stock market lost 508 points, Barbara Corcoran of Manhattan's Corcoran Group rallied her real-estate brokers for a pep talk. Business, she knew, was terrible. Clients who'd been on the brink of making offers had suddenly disappeared; responses to Sunday advertising had fallen sixty percent; new listings were down fifteen percent. Corcoran intended to deliver an upbeat message, but she made the mistake of first asking the brokers what *they* thought. Prophecies of doom came from every corner. "I crawled out of the room," she says. "I blew the whole meeting."

Emotions may have run highest in New York, but the crash shook up real-estate brokers everywhere. "When you're talking about houses between $400,000 and $5 million, you're talking less than one tenth of one percent of the economy, and *all* those people own stock," says Wade Staniar, executive vice president at LandVest, a real-estate concern with a national network. Virtually every upper-echelon broker, from Atlanta to Lake Forest to Santa Fe, had heard of some local deal that had been slowed or halted by stock-market problems.

Brokers around the country fervently hoped that any long-term effects of downturns in the securities industry would be relegated to New York and the overheated Northeast and that there would be no serious nationwide recession. Still, the extent to which the crash had affected their industry wasn't easy to measure—closings take thirty to ninety days, and many regions were heading into their slow seasons, meaning that the true state of buyer confidence might not be evident until late spring.

Many brokers are optimistic, but not all. Corcoran, who has seen ad responses pick up and buyers return to the market, said she "would bet money on the fact that we have high appreciation through 1988." She has pushed ahead with plans to hire forty new salespeople. June Scott, a Beverly Hills broker, has taken a moderate course and has not expanded her advertising budget. LandVest has vowed to cut back on its visits to broker conferences and concentrate on income-producing opportunities. Merrilee Harnik of Sotheby's Greenwich office probably speaks for many brokers when she jokes that she's made her 1988 forecast with "three crystal balls and two Ouija boards."

NEW YORK

When the oil business collapsed in the Southwest, the real-estate market fell with it. New York is about to learn whether Wall Street, which has generated one of four new private-sector jobs in the city over the past ten years, plays a similarly critical role in determining the city's real-estate fortunes. The early signs were not good. Few buyers defaulted on signed contracts, but the uncommitted backed off—at least temporarily—in droves. Individuals returned their co-op contracts unsigned; tenants' committees halted negotiations on co-op conversion deals. Condominiums, a favorite purchase for investors and yuppies with high cash flow and few assets, began to look like risky business. Adele Dusenbury, a Long Island real-estate broker, was about to invest $320,000 in a Manhattan condominium. After the crash she lowered her estimates of rental income from $2,500 to $1,800 a month—not enough, so she canceled the deal. "I feel lucky," she said.

Prices dropped, but by how much? Barbara Corcoran reported that in November the average sales price for a two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan was $447,000, down only one and a half percent. LandVest, which markets properties starting at about $1.5 million, declared in December that its sale prices in the New York–New Jersey area (excluding Manhattan) and New England had slipped twelve percent. Informed by the press that real-estate prices were dropping, New York buyers began to demand discounts of as much as 25 percent. Sellers who, after initial panic, recovered much of their equilibrium refused. "There is almost a Mexican standoff," said Mary Rutherfurd of Brown, Harris, Stevens in December. The size of year-end bonuses from Wall Street firms, she said, would tell buyers and sellers "what they have to do."

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

After Greenwich real-estate values escalated by 42 percent in 1986 to an average of $660,000 per house sold, the fashionable explanation was the influx of investment bankers "with money to burn." In 1987 the average sales price went to $700,000, but now brokers prefer to emphasize the diversity of Greenwich's clientele. Says Empire Realty's Stanley Klein of the crash: "It will just turn out that there will be other people, that's all." There's some justification for his confidence: Greenwich has seen only six scattered years of "negative appreciation," as Klein artfully phrases it, since 1945. "The reason," he explains, "is that during bad times sellers at the high end have more willpower. They're willing and able to wait."

Greenwich saw its share of price slashing, even on million-dollar properties, but Klein, who publishes town real-estate statistics, says such reductions made no significant impact on his data. For houses priced below $400,000, however, there was a ten-percent decrease in the prices that sellers were willing to accept. That slight weakness may soon

RICHARD CLINE



The best of times.

You'll never forget the day he asked you about the grandfather clock . . . "Doesn't grandfather want his clock?" You smiled to yourself. He was so young. But he had already begun to care.

You told him how the clock had come to be a part of the family. You bought it when he was born. And since then, its grand stature and deep tone of its chimes had marked the best of your times together.

Sligh has understood the importance of the family grandfather clock for over a century. That's why clocks presented by Sligh are carefully crafted of the finest matched hardwoods and appointed with intricately etched brass dials and resplendent beveled glass.

Remember the best of your times together, today, with a Sligh clock.

Sligh

For people who know the difference.

Sligh makes a wide variety of grandfather, wall and mantel clocks for the home and office. To receive a copy of our clock catalog send five dollars to: Dept. AD-4, Sligh Furniture and Clocks, 1201 Industrial Avenue, Holland, Michigan 49423.

Sligh decorator showrooms are in: Chicago, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and San Francisco.



Welcome to my Four Seasons® greenhouse dining room.™

Where you don't have to be rich and famous to dine in the garden.–*Robin Leach*

Now, turn your ordinary dining room into a sensational place to feast. Look up at the trees and into the flowers. Savor culinary triumphs under the sky.

The Four Seasons solar greenhouse is available in nine exciting custom designs at prices comparable to what an ordinary room addition would cost. Choose from carefree bronze or white aluminum, or curved laminated wood frames.

The Four Seasons Solar Advantage℠

Just when you need it most, your Four Seasons greenhouse is there, beckoning you to indulge yourself in its beautiful, sunny climate. Enjoy nature at its best with exclusive features that keep you warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

Our patented built-in shading system, special Heat Mirror™ Glass and patented Pow-R-Vent® cooling and venting systems give you the maximum benefits of your new exciting solar lifestyle.

So visit a Four Seasons Design & Remodeling Center near you and get some great ideas to brighten up your home.

*At participating centers only. See centers for details.

©1988 Four Seasons Solar Products Corp

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-FOUR SEASONS for:

- Free "Guide to Beautiful Living Space" plus the location of the nearest Four Seasons design center.
- "The Complete 80 Page Book" with prices. (Priced at $5.00. Visa or MasterCard accepted).

Or write:

FOUR SEASONS SOLAR PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. F3
5005 Veterans Memorial Highway
Holbrook, NY 11741

FOUR SEASONS GREENHOUSES®
Design & Remodeling Centers

Outdoor Living For A Lifetime™

Over 230 franchised locations nationwide.

be offset either by lower postcrash interest rates or by a new breed of investor. A handful of people looking for alternatives to the stock market have approached Klein recently, asking if he can find them moderately priced single-family homes to invest in.

LONG ISLAND

The crowds of buyers on the east end of Long Island have definitely thinned, but that's not all bad. "Things have been pretty wild, and they've been accelerating at a stupendous rate, so I think it's not unhealthy to have it go a little slower," says broker Tina Fredericks, who operates from East Hampton. David Kapell, who works the North Fork, has actually been heard to describe the crash as a "blessed event" because it shook sellers out of their stubborn demands for unrealistic prices. Kapell managed about eight deals in the month following October 19, even more than he did in the previous month.

Fredericks usually has twenty to thirty listings in the million-dollar range. "We have a couple of big ones that are not going to close until spring," she says. "I have a feeling everybody's in a sort of holding pattern right now." However, she has heard that rentals are moving more briskly than usual. "Possibly people might do more renting than buying at this time, just so they don't have as big a commitment," she says.

BOSTON

Until last spring the Boston area was the hottest real-estate market in the country with the top properties appreciating at up to thirty percent a year. "We were living in a little Shangri-la in the Northeast," says Wade Staniar of LandVest's Boston office. By December his elation had given way to frustration because "very few trades were taking place." The crash inspired five to ten percent price cuts by many sellers—the beginning of what Staniar predicts will be a ten to fifteen percent "correction" overall—but, even so, buyers are coming in with bids twenty percent or more below the asking price. The result? LandVest has well over $20 million worth of properties on which the buyer and seller are less than five percent apart and yet can't make a deal. Usually such gaps can be bridged with changes in financing—or by throwing in an expensive piece of furniture—but no longer. "The desire is not there, that's the main point," says Staniar.

MINNEAPOLIS

Midwestern brokers will tell you with just a hint of pride that heartland cities don't go in for rampant price inflation. There are excep-

Train At Home For A Career as An Interior Decorator.

You can get started in this challenging field at home in your spare time

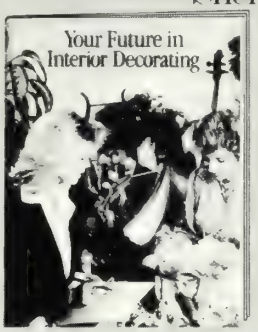
If you would enjoy working with colors and fabrics... choosing beautiful furniture and accessories... planning dramatic window treatments... and putting it all together in rooms that win applause - then you may have a good future as a professional interior decorator.

You'll earn money, of course - spare-time or full time. But you'll also be rewarded in other ways - working in fashionable places, meeting fascinating people - and, best of all, finding a profitable outlet for your creativity.

Let the Sheffield School of Interior Design help you get started. Unique 'listen-and-learn' program guides you - step by step - with the voice of your instructor on cassette.

You will be surprised at the low cost. Mail the coupon now for the school's illustrated catalog. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Sheffield School of Interior Design



FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG, CALL (800) 526-5000 OR MAIL COUPON,

Sheffield School of Interior Design
Dep't. HG38, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me your CAREER GUIDE & CATALOG without charge and obligation. No salesman will call.
☐ Under 18, check here for special information.

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____



Detail: Four of eight excellent Spanish Colonial doors, mesquite wood, from the southern Puebla region, c. 1780 (21" w, 83" h); detail: mesquite table, Puebla region, c. 1800 (51" l, 19" w, 31½" h); two chevron-patterned Talavera urns with lids, from a set of four.

RICHARD WORTHEN GALLERIES

1331 TIJERAS STREET NW ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87102 505 764-9595

510 GALISTEO SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO 87501 505 988-2460

tions, however, like the area around Lake Minnetonka, about forty minutes from downtown Minneapolis. According to broker Barry Berg of Merrill Lynch Realty, the neighborhood first broke the million-dollar barrier only a few years ago. Last summer several properties around the lake went for more than that. A number of these sites contained large old houses that were soon to be replaced with contemporary monuments to the new owners. "In terms of typical Midwestern values the prices being paid were ludicrous," says Berg. He thinks the deals were fueled by East Coast money. "I never took that market seriously in the first place."

LOS ANGELES

For three days the telephones in June Scott's 25-person office did not ring, and when she went for a stroll on Rodeo Drive, the stores were empty. "Then the consuming urge took hold once again," says Scott, who reports that she is now engaged in bidding wars as fierce as they ever were. Among the eager bidders for pleasure palaces worth $10 to $15 million are Germans and Japanese, whose buying power has been greatly increased by the postcrash declines in the dollar.

Another Westside broker, Mike Deasy, insists that the only jittery calls he got were from buyers who came from New York. They assumed that if New York was sluggish, so was Los Angeles—"which it was not." California, however, did have its casualties: "A few more properties, maybe five to fifteen percent, have come on the market, and we think that is attributable to the crash." It's too early to tell if these forced sales will result in any significant expansion of supply. If so, "it may affect prices. It may help stabilize the market," Deasy says.

COLORADO

"The second-home market is dead," says Manhattan real-estate attorney Richard Fischbein—but apparently not in Aspen. Of the 34 buyers that Aspen's Coates, Reid & Waldron had under contract, one defaulted and three delayed their purchase. Then after a ten-day lull, the market went back to full seasonal speed. Broker Brent Waldron is now anticipating a surge of buyers seeking shelter from the vagaries of Wall Street. "We're one of the few to benefit from this thing," he proclaims. In Boulder, Joel Ripmaster of Colorado Landmark has detected a sudden increase in the number of all-cash purchases, and he too suspects that the buyers are refugees from the stock market.

SOUTHWEST

Southwestern economies have been languishing for years, thanks to successive debacles in oil, banking, and commercial real estate. "I don't think stock prices have made a huge difference down here, but we were in such a depressed time we wouldn't really have noticed," says New Orleans broker Martha Ann Samuel. Ditto for Dallas and Houston, where residential real-estate values have dropped by as much as 25 percent since mid 1986. Even if it doesn't cause more pain, the stock market's troubles certainly won't help the recovery any. Says Wade Staniar of LandVest, "They were just starting to pull themselves up from the doldrums, then all of a sudden this hits them." **Karen Cook**

Postcrash deals

NEW YORK CITY

An apartment on Fifth Avenue in the 80s had a handshake deal at **$4 million** last October. After crash, contract was renegotiated at **$3.65 million**.

Before crash, buyer bid **$2.1 million** on a three-bedroom apartment on Park Avenue in the 70s but withdrew it. Postcrash bid was **$1.75 million** and was turned down by seller. Seller held firm, and the two parties were expected to settle at around **$2 million**.

BOSTON AREA

Last November 27, house in Dover, Massachusetts, went on market at **$850,000**. Saturday, November 28, buyer offered **$825,000**. Sunday, seller offered to split the difference, and they settled on **$835,000**. Monday, November 30, stock market dropped 77 points. Buyer backed off original bid of **$825,000**.

LOS ANGELES

An estate on the Westside had originally been put on market at **$6.5 million**. Several months before crash a bid of **$6.1 million** was rejected. Postcrash, seller accepted a **$5.1 million** offer.

CHICAGO AREA

Two deals for houses in Lake Forest, Illinois—one for **$800,000** and one for over **$1 million**—fell through right after the crash because of lack of capital. As of December both were still on the market.

For Your Passions

Bold, beautiful condominiums with unequaled views and personalized Concierge services, on The Vintage Club famous Mountain Course from $695,000.* For an appointment or information, call 619/346-5566.





Terraces

"Attached Home of the Year"
A Lowe Enterprise Development
*Prices effective date of publication. Use of private club facilities not included in sales price.



Assured.

Outdoor furniture may be restful, but buying it isn't. Unless of course, you choose Tropitone. Then you can allow yourself to be carried away by compelling styles, delicious colors, comfort and luxury–and never give a moment's worry to construction. When we build our furniture, we build in an assurance that every detail's been taken care of.

This ratchet design is just one example, but a good one (fig. 1). Depending on the furniture style, we use either a locking nylon ratchet, which snaps into place, or a light, tough aluminum ratchet. Each one is engineered to support the chaise back without leaving its mark on the finish.



Fig. 1

On some of our designs, we use mitred corners and joints like these (fig. 2). You've probably seen them before, on heirloom furniture. We make our mitres the same way that cabinetmakers do, with skillful cutting and hand-finishing.

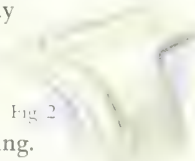


Fig. 2

At Tropitone, we create all our furniture with care and offer it with confidence–the proof's our "No Fine Print" 15-year warranty. So lean back. Relax. When you buy Tropitone, all you have to worry about is your tan and taxes.

Write Dept. 3004 for our color catalog. Only $1. P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 34230. 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92718.

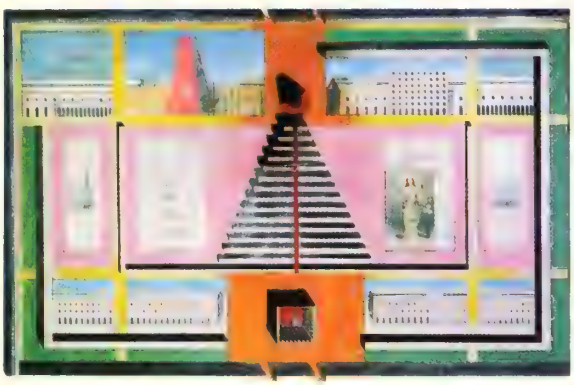
tropitone

probably the finest

Building Records

A strong market develops for architectural plans and renderings







Late-19th-century polychrome study, top, of Classical entablature and capital by an unknown American architecture student, from Stubbs Books & Prints. Center: Aldo Rossi's *Modena Cemetery*, 1977, and, above, Bernard Tschumi's *Parc de la Villette*, 1984, both from Max Protetch Gallery.

Architectural drawings and prints combine the aesthetic appeal of fine art with the historical significance of a document or manuscript. They harmonize with an assortment of decoration aesthetics and speak to a variety of collectors. Often, too, works by master builders, both old and new, can be had at reasonable prices. "The market for architectural drawings is picking up," says Charles Hind, Sotheby's London specialist in this area, "partly because they've become more fashionable with decorators and partly because more people seem to realize their scholarly value."

"There are two markets," says Jeremy Howard of Clarendon Gallery in London, "the Park Avenue decorator market for highly finished drawings and the museum/private collector market, which is more interested in the historical side. The greatest discoveries are to be made in more academic prints where so many things are still undervalued."

Prices for better drawings and prints range widely from a few hundred dollars for plans by contemporary architects to more than $40,000 for prints or drawings by twentieth-century masters. Keith Struve of Struve Gallery in Chicago says, "The most reasonable buys are in works by contemporary architects. Presentation drawings (renderings presented to a client) are a good bet."

Several auction houses and galleries specialize in architectural renderings, and below is a list of sources here and in London and Paris.

David Lisi

Auction houses

Swann Galleries
Specialist Krista Rosenberg, 104 East 25 St. New York, NY 10010; (212) 254-4710
Sale of art and architecture books, March 10

Sotheby's
Specialist Charles Hind, 34–35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA, England; 493-8080
Sale of architectural drawings and watercolors, April 28

Christie's
Specialist Nancy McClelland, 502 Park Ave. New York, NY 10022; (212) 546-1000
Sale of architectural drawings, May or June

Butterfield & Butterfield
Specialists Lynne Baer and John King, 220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94103 (415) 861-7500
Occasional sales of contemporary architectural drawings and prints

Art galleries

Barry Friedman, Ltd.
1117 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028 (212) 794-8950

Clarendon Gallery
8 Vigo St., London W1X 1LG, England 439-4557

Galerie Daniel Greiner
14 Galerie Vero-Dodat, 75001 Paris, France 42-33-43-30

Hokin/Kaufman
210 West Superior St., Chicago, IL 60610 (312) 266-1211

Kirsten Kiser, Gallery for Architecture
964 North LaBrea Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038; (213) 876-7012

Raymond O'Shea Gallery
89 Lower Sloane St., London SW1 W8DA England; 730-0081

Max Protetch Gallery
560 Broadway, New York, NY 10012 (212) 966-5454

Schuster Gallery
14 Maddox St., London W1R 9TL, England 491-2208

Shepherd Gallery
21 East 84 St., New York, NY 10028 (212) 861-4050

Henry Sotheran, Ltd.
2–5 Sackville St., London W1X 2DP England; 434-2019
80 Pimlico Rd., London SW1 W8PL 730-8322

Stubbs Books & Prints
28 East 18 St., New York, NY 10003 (212) 982-8368
835 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021 (212) 772-3120

Struve Gallery
309 West Superior St., Chicago, IL 60610 (312) 787-0563

"THE PLANS CALLED FOR A STANDARD SIZE WINDOW.

SO WE LOOKED FOR SOMETHING THAT MET OUR STANDARDS."



They've been called the most beautiful wood windows in America by some of this country's leading architects. Why? Because every Marvin window is painstakingly crafted by hand, in any size and in any shape, to fit exactly where you want it to fit. And that includes over 5,000 standard sizes. For our free idea book, write Marvin Windows, Warroad, MN 56763; or call 1-800-346-5128. (In Minnesota, call 1-800-552-1167; in Canada, call 1-800-263-6161.) Or see your local Marvin Windows dealer.

MARVIN WINDOWS ARE MADE TO ORDER.

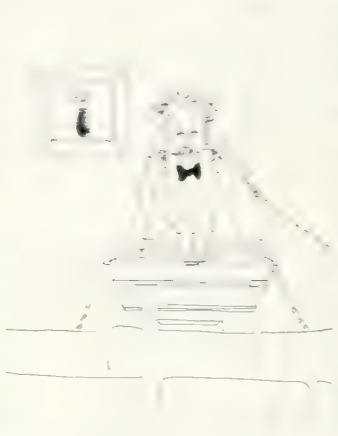
Telephone Bidding

Almost as good as being there—and better, if you want anonymity

"What shall we say, fifteen million to start?" asked John Marion, Sotheby's North American chairman, as he began the bidding on Van Gogh's *Irises* in New York last November. Despite some initial bids from the room, the battle quickly became one of opposing telephones. The first was manned by David Nash, Sotheby's implacable specialist in fine arts, the other by Geraldine Nager, who regularly fields bids by phone from major clients. When the hammer came down at $49 million—a world record for any object at auction—David Nash congratulated his victorious bidder (rumored to be bidding on behalf of Australian magnate Alan Bond). Only then did Geraldine Nager fully realize that the painting had set a new record, surpassing the price of Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* by over thirteen million.

"Frankly I was so caught up in the moment—I had to pay such close attention to the bidding—the record hadn't quite sunk in," said Nager, a member of Sotheby's elite bid department, which provides total customer service for select clients. Like her counterparts at Christie's, Nager speaks several languages and is used to dealing with the unexpected. Nevertheless, even after six years with Sotheby's, Nager admits she is still nervous when bidding on a client's behalf. Barbara Strongin, assistant vice president of customer services at Christie's, agrees. "It can be scary. People bid from planes or cars, and suddenly the signal can be lost at a crucial moment."

Even though telephone bidding has become fairly commonplace today, it was not always so. Telephone bids were often resented by bidders present in the room who doubted the authenticity of bidders they could not see. In the late sixties an extraordinary telephone bid involved a record price for an emerald at Sotheby's. The stone was expected to bring around $100,000 and was sought by Carlo Ponti for his wife, Sophia Loren. He had sent his jeweler from Italy to purchase the emerald. Unbeknownst to them, a well-known woman who wished to bid on the stone but had a lunch in Washington that day had made arrangements to call in her bids. "She was afraid to leave a fixed limit," recalls Ward Landrigan, formerly of Sotheby's. The resulting contest bid the stone up to $265,000, exceeding all expectations. "Neither party believed the other existed," said Landrigan. "Each thought we were bidding them up. Ponti's representative kept shouting to the rest of the room, 'Do you believe there is someone on that phone?' Meanwhile, I was getting an earful from the lady who was sweltering in a phone booth on Pennsylvania Avenue. Finally the jeweler gave in, made a gesture, and left the room and the lady to her emerald."



"A service reserved for our most important clients, our most important lots"

Today, while telephone bidding allows parties from as many as six continents to bid simultaneously, it is not officially encouraged by the auction houses. Says Barbara Strongin, "It's a service we reserve for our most important clients and our most important lots—generally those estimated at over five thousand, depending on the sale." The head of the bid department at Sotheby's, Roberta Louckx, concurs. "We try to keep telephone bids away from the small-money lots." (Not all auction houses are as restrictive as the two giants: William Doyle Galleries in New York specifies a fifteen hundred minimum for telephone bids.)

The elite nature of the telephone bid is borne out by Christie's and Sotheby's major auctions. At the seasonal sales of Impressionist and Modern paintings, estimates for works by masters such as Degas, Cézanne, and Van Gogh range from six to seven figures, and invariably every lot engages activity from the smartly dressed young women who field calls at a battery of telephones to the right of the auctioneer's podium. At Sotheby's historic sale of the Windsor jewels in Geneva last April, a telephone battle developed between Elizabeth Taylor, calling from poolside at her Beverly Hills estate, and an undisclosed English bidder over the diamond-encrusted pin of the crown and plumes of the prince of Wales. The actress won, getting the pin for $623,327. It was only afterward that the identity of the competitor was revealed to be someone from Buckingham Palace—it was said Princess Diana herself—seeking to procure the crown and plumes for Prince Charles.

Even regular clients who wish to bid by telephone must register with the auction house from 24 hours to several days before the sale is scheduled. Bidders must have specific lots in mind, and the client representative will probably suggest the bidder leave a figure to be bid, rather than bid by phone. The credit references of a prospective client committed to bidding by phone will be checked. Then on the day of the sale, about five to ten lots before the specified item is placed on the block, the client will be telephoned at a prearranged location and briefed on the status of the auction.

"We ask for the person by name and confirm it is he or she," says Barbara Strongin of Christie's. "Then we advise them that the transaction is being recorded for both parties' protection. When we get to the lot, the telephone representative will repeat the auctioneer. The bidding priority is the book [preentered bids], the room, then the phone."

Prospective clients who are interested in

K O R B E L

Magic



For more than 100 years, the magic of champagne has been nurtured to perfection at the Korbel Champagne Cellars, where the light, dry, delicate style of premium California champagne was first conceived.

Korbel Natural´ is a splendid example of this tradition. It is a light, dry champagne produced from Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes. This delicate cuvée produces a complex champagne with flawless balance and a satin finish.

Korbel **Natural´** is one of three Korbel Champagnes produced in limited quantities.

Uncork the magic!® Enjoy the rare pleasure of Korbel **Natural´**, **Blanc de Noirs**, and **Blanc de Blancs**. Each produced in the classic méthode champenoise. Each created in the style that is distinctively Korbel.



Korbel, the premium California champagne.

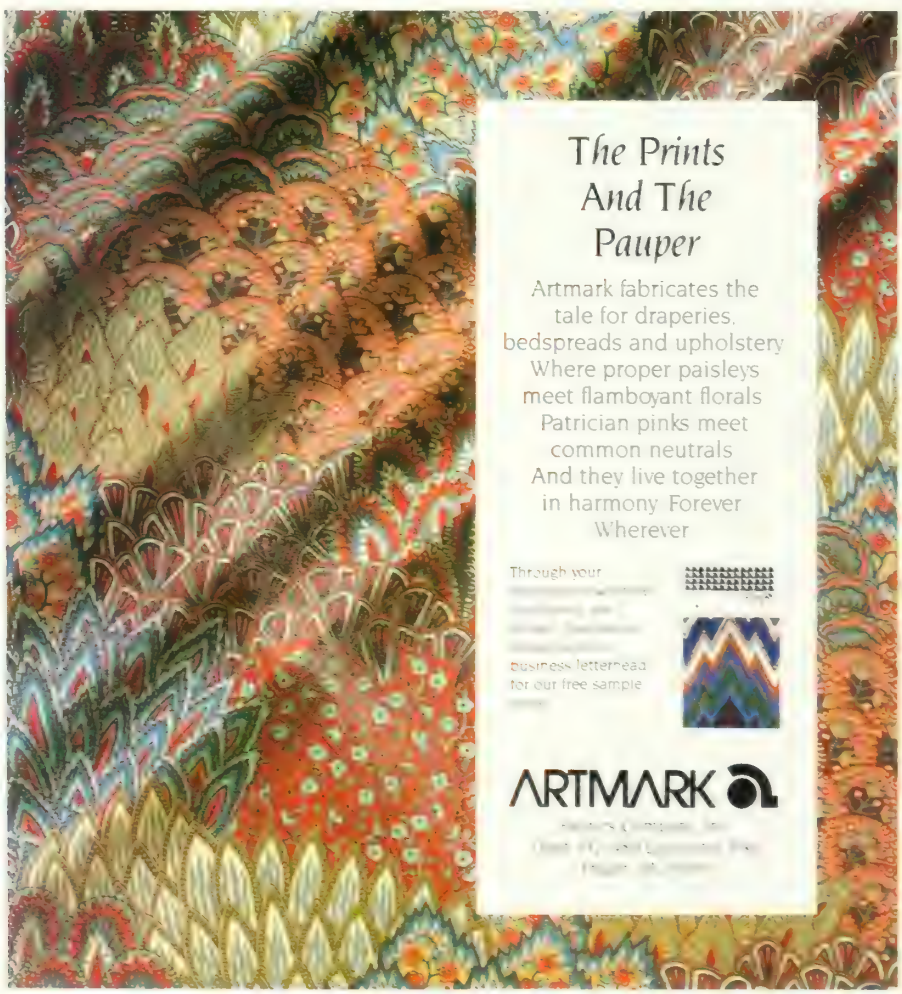
F. Korbel and Bros., Guerneville, Sonoma County, CA Producers of fine California méthode champenoise champagnes for more than 100 years.

WE MAKE CHOOSING
AN INTERIOR DESIGNER
311 TIMES EASIER.

Why 311? Because that's how many interior designers and architects we represent. In little more than an hour, you can view their work, discuss price ranges and make a truly informed selection from the best designers in the country.

DECORATOR
PREVIEWS
RESIDENTIAL
OFFICES•SHOPS

New York: 212-777-2966;
Chicago, California, Washington D.C.; Connecticut:
1-800-367-4816



SALESROOM

placing telephone bids can contact Barbara Strongin at Christie's New York offices (212) 546-1127, Roberta Louckx at Sotheby's in New York (212) 606-7414, or Brian Smith at William Doyle in New York (212) 427-2730, or the client services departments of other auction houses. **D.L.**

March sales

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco
CA 94103; (415) 861-7500
March 15: Furniture and decorative arts
Christie's
8 King St., St. James's, London
SW1 Y6QT, England; 839-9060
March 15: Botanical drawings: 18th- and 19th-century watercolors
March 24: Scandinavian pictures: 19th-century paintings by Larsson, Jensen, Rorbye, et al.
March 28–29: Impressionist and Modern art
March 30: Contemporary art
Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
March 1: Fine jewels
March 2–3: Stamps
March 11: American paintings and drawings
March 23: Old-master paintings
March 26: 19th- and 20th-century decorative arts, including Arts and Crafts, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco
William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10028
(212) 427-2730
March 2: Fine English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings
March 23: Belle Epoque furniture, decorations, and paintings, including Art Nouveau and Art Deco
Grogan & Company
890 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
MA 02215 (617) 266-4200
March 19: Furniture, paintings, and decorative works of art
Rosebery's
3–4 Hardwick St., London EC1R 4RB
England; 837-3418
March 8: Paintings, watercolors, and prints
March 29: Furniture, clocks, and works of art
Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
March 16: Indian, Himalayan, Southeast Asian art, and Indian miniatures. Included are fine examples of Indian, Tibetan, Nepalese, and Indonesian sculpture, metalwork, jewelry, and artifacts
March 19: 20th-century decorative arts. Among the lots are a Tiffany Oriental poppy floor lamp, a rare Tiffany Lava vase, and a G. Argy-Rousseau *pâte de verre* mask lamp
March 30: Old-master paintings

Fish without fire

(Continued from page 176) ary excursions to that perfect little microwave shop near the market in Lyons. The recipes are short and telegraphic with apologies preceding those that require much explanation. The books are unanimous: "Once you have tried microwave-cooking fish, you may never cook it any other way. . . . The fish stays moist and cooks through absolutely evenly." "Fresh fish is so tasty when cooked simply that a sauce may seem unnecessary." And on and on.

Many of these books are tall and thin, like skinny people with no time to read about food. Most were written by home economists with a minor in microwave, appearances on a local television show, or

The minute the microwave was delivered I had a powerful urge to toss everything into its cavity

a consulting contract from a microwave manufacturer. Nowhere could I find a book called something like *Cuisine Électromagnétique* by Michel Guérard or Fredy Girardet. Next best is Barbara Kafka's admirable *Microwave Gourmet*, which tackles tricky classics like risotto, *confit de canard*, and country pâté, and includes an exhaustive dictionary of ingredients, techniques, times, and yields which alone is worth the price of the book. On a more quotidian level but no less comprehensive is *Mastering Microwave Cookery* by Cone and Snyder, with 75 introductory pages of guides, charts, and other sometimes useful information. The lower-end books teach you to create in your own kitchen sombrero party dip, casseroles of tuna and potato chips, fiesta burgers, and shrimp trees, "an attractive Christmas holiday centerpiece" in which peeled microwaved shrimp are affixed to a large green plastic cone. I could hardly wait for my ovens to arrive.

Step three: the shakedown cruise. The minute the G.E. compact model was delivered I had a powerful urge to toss everything into its cavity. The bratwurst split after 37 seconds and burst after 58; a Dove

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



Rue de France

FRENCH COUNTRY LACE

Garlands of flowers gracefully gathered with bows achieve a truly feminine feeling.

Beautiful quality lace curtains, tablecloths, runners, pillows and more.

Visit our shop in Newport or send $2 for our full color SPRING CATALOG

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Send to: Rue de France, Dept. HG0388 78 Thames Street Newport RI 02840 Telephone: 401 846-2084

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



La door gourmet is Pella's Traditional French Door. A spectacular accompaniment to any meal. Frame your skyline with French doors accented by Pella Archtop Windows. See a grand menu of ideas for new homes, remodeling and replacement only at your Pella Window Store. Find us in the Yellow Pages under "Windows."

The Pella Window Store®

Windows, Doors, Sunrooms & Skylights

Free Pella Idea Book Please send me a free booklet on Pella window and door ideas

I plan to ☐ build, ☐ remodel, ☐ replace.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Telephone

Mail to: Pella Windows and Doors, Dept. C03C8, 100 Main Street, Pella, Iowa 50219. Also available throughout Canada. © 1987 Rolscreen Co.

...without fire

...was successfully brought to eating ...mperature in its own little carton; cold ...ffee reheated less repulsively than usual. I had picked up some convenience foods, I think they're called, made just for the microwave. I tried two competing brands of popcorn, which come in individual popping bags. The Orville Redenbacher with Natural Flavor won hands down, tender and crisp if much too salty. A prewrapped stack of frozen buttermilk pancakes, which you immerse in your own choice of syrup and breakfast spread before microwaving, disintegrated on the fork, and the side of the box read like a chemistry set.

There were two pounds of leeks and some chicken broth in the refrigerator. What better way to conclude my shakedown cruise than to hold a bake-off between my two favorite microwave cookbooks. Their recipes for braised leeks are nearly identical but for cooking times. Barbara Kafka's forty-minute recipe produced a delicious platter of tender leeks swimming in too much liquid, which I drank as a soup after adding a little cream and reheating it in the microwave; the other leeks, ready in half the time, were tough and stringy. Compared with conventional cooking, Kafka has spared me only ten or fifteen minutes of unattended baking and one pot to clean. This led me to the dirty little secret of microwaving: many dishes take as long or longer in the microwave. The more food you put in, the longer it takes. The magnetron (the vacuum tube that produces microwaves) sends a fixed amount of energy into your oven's cavity where it bounces off the metal walls until absorbed by food. A little morsel thus absorbs almost as much energy as a baron of beef and will cook that much faster. One baked potato takes five minutes to microwave, two take twice as long, and a dozen almost an hour. In a conventional oven, which circulates hot dry air around each potato, one takes as long to bake as twelve—about 45 minutes. With microwaving a twelve-pound turkey needs four and a half hours of cooking time and twelve ears of corn 14 minutes, both considerably longer than with conventional cooking. That's why most microwave recipes serve only two or four people—perfect for today's subnuclear family—and warn you against simple-mindedly doubling or tripling the quantities for larger groups.



Step four: new-wave fish in earnest. Picture the most delicious fish you have ever eaten. I can still taste the spicy deep-fried fingers of speckled trout on a drive through Cajun country, the mountain of tiny grilled fish—without an English name—that we ate, head and all, on the Adriatic coast, the barbecued bluefish at the end of a Long Island summer, the little yellow perch we caught at sunset in Vermont and crisply panfried a few moments later. If this is your idea of goodness too, use your microwave for melted cheese sandwiches. It does not panfry or deep-fry acceptably or grill or barbecue at all. It hardly roasts or even toasts, and it only sort of bakes. For dishes you expect to be browned, some recipes make you brush the food with soy sauce and paprika or Kitchen Bouquet fluid or, in a stunning number of instances, dehydrated onion soup or dried spaghetti-sauce mix. The other recipes try to persuade you not to care.

The bratwurst split after 37 seconds and burst after 58; cold coffee reheated less repulsively than usual

The one kind of cooking a microwave oven does, and often does quite well, is boiling and its cousins—steaming, poaching, braising, and stewing—and most microwave fish recipes use one of these techniques. So I chose what looked like the best recipes from the best cookbooks in my microwave library and went to work.

The *truite au bleu* did not turn blue and was watery and dull. Bluefish with fresh fennel worked better, if you like steamed bluefish. Fillet of sole almandine was tasteless, decomposed, and swimming in broth, and the almonds had not browned. Whiting *en colère* (biting its own tail) was delicate and moist itself, although the cream sauce never thickened and the parsley was overdone. Swordfish, dry and mushy, lacked taste and, though cooked without liquid, was surrounded by a pool of pungent fish broth; apparently the flavor of the fish ended up in the dish. Whole trout with lemon butter was quite good but

unevenly cooked. Paupiettes of sole and salmon were gray, rubbery, dry, and almost tasteless, the very defects the recipe had railed against in oven-baked paupiettes; possibly I had the timing wrong, but I do not like paupiettes enough to give it a second try. Medallions of salmon were firm and tasty, but much of the taste came from the marinade of mustard, olive oil, and lemon, which was so good that, having grown weary of steamed fish, I broke the rules and grilled a salmon steak smeared with the marinade in my powerful salamander broiler. The results, I regret, were wonderful, better than most of what my microwave had produced.

Step five: the making of a microwave chef. *The Wall Street Journal* reports that forty percent of the efforts of this country's largest food and flavor concern will be devoted this year to making microwavable convenience foods taste like real food. You will spend much of your time adapting favorite recipes. Salt leaves brown spots on vegetables and leaches out water, withering them. Flour or cornstarch must be used to thicken sauces because shorter cooking times make for less evaporation and intensity of flavor never develops. Quantities of garlic, ginger, scallions, fresh herbs, alcohol and wine, and spices like coriander and cardamon should be increased because their essential flavors are volatile. Pepper, dry herbs, nutmeg, and cinnamon should be reduced because their flavor has less time to mellow. Pieces of food should be regular shape (ideally three-inch cubes) and cooked with pieces of the same density, or you can mix smaller high-density pieces with larger low-density ones. Pieces should be arranged in a ring and separated from one another with thicker parts to the outside. By the way, did I warn you not to put recycled paper plates and towels in the oven? They may contain metal particles and cause a nasty fire.

Cooking times are very tricky. A recipe will need more or less time in the oven if your baking dish differs in size, shape, or composition from the one the recipe writer used or if the dispersion pattern of the energy in your oven differs or if your line voltage varies (common in urban areas) or if you cook more than 3,500 feet above sea level or if your fishmonger has a two-pound sea bass today instead of the one and a half pounder the recipe calls for. A thirty-





...without fire

...second error can ruin your masterpiece.

...Cooking time can also be a problem with conventional methods, but then at least we are in closer contact with the food. We feel the heat, watch the surface of the food change in texture, color, and moisture, touch it, smell the changes. One or two microwave cookbooks suggest that you watch the food carefully, but the interior light is dim, the door is sealed, the window is small and shielded, and the food is covered with paper towels or waxed paper or steamy plastic wrap that seems to melt into the glass of the sizzling dish.

Undaunted, however, I chose three favorite fish dishes that should do quite nicely in the microwave, and went to work.

I usually steam flounder with sweet and spicy sauce for fifteen minutes in a sixteen-inch bamboo steamer set over a large wok filled with boiling water, heat the thick dark red sauce of hoi sin, bean paste, soy, garlic, and ginger on a burner, pour it over the fish, and decorate it with slivered scallions. This time I microwaved the fish for seven minutes on a tightly wrapped plate with no liquid other than the shao-hsing wine rubbed into the flounder before cooking and let it stand while microwaving the sauce. It took three flounders to get it right. The results were more than merely edible, but no matter how I varied the microwave time, the flesh of the flounder never achieved that firm but tender consistency it does in a real steamer. Almost every microwave cookbook writer marvels at the pool of delicious stock that miraculously forms around a piece of fish cooked without liquid. Some consider this yet another free bonus from the microwave, but any child can tell you that when flavor leaves the fish, the fish loses flavor. Recipes that have you microwave a fillet or whole fish loosely covered with paper towels or waxed paper produce a drier, firmer, but less evenly cooked result than when you seal the dish tightly with plastic wrap. Odd as it sounds, how you cover the fish may be the key to how it comes out.

I can still remember the *loup en papillote* at a restaurant near Antibes. Steam-baked instead of steamed, the whole fish—a type of sea bass—was stuffed with aromatic herbs and vegetables, wrapped in parchment paper, and baked until the paper had browned and puffed and the fish was infused with the perfumes of Provence. In my microwave version the paper remained a ghostly white but the fish was good. I unsuccessfully tried to concoct a browning liquid from soy and sugar just for the parchment, with the excuse that it would never touch the food. Moral purity disintegrates quickly at 2,450 megahertz.

Finally a scallop mousse microwaved in individual ramekins, unmolded, and surrounded by a *sauce Joinville* made with shrimp and tomatoes also microwaved. I had the naive idea that custards and timbales would cook to silky perfection in the microwave without scrambling or stiffening. Not true. The waves concentrate on the sides of the dish, leaving the center cool.

In my forthcoming monograph *Microwave: Cult or Culture?* I shall demonstrate that microwave fanatics share a culture—in the anthropological sense of a "trait complex exhibited by a tribe or separate unit of mankind"—that borders on a cult. Its members huddle around the values of progress, speed, health, and freedom from dishwashing. They are prophets of the 21st century, we are "unregenerate stove cooks" indulging in the "luxury" of conventional cooking with our archaic equipment. They ignore the fact that progress brought us ultrapasteurized cream and processed-cheese spread, and they ignore recent findings that conventional steaming keeps in as many vitamins as microwaving, which depletes phosphorus, iron, and riboflavin from meat. They are right, though, about dishwashing. Most microwave recipes are mixed, cooked, and served in one glass dish and some on paper plates or towels.

At its best my new microwave oven is a nifty tool to have at hand. Paraphrasing what the great eater A. J. Liebling was fond of saying about his writing, my microwave cooks better than anything that cooks faster and faster than anything that cooks better. In the pantheon of kitchen equipment it stands just below the food processor and just above the pressure cooker. To microwave fanatics, this may sound like faint praise. To my pressure cooker, it is praise enough indeed. ♠



Our house

(Continued from page 175) The Fords took the view that warmth and folksiness were their only chance in renovating the image of the presidency, countering the image of misery and mistrust which had clung, restoration and design apart, to the Nixon White House. Gerald Ford seemed determined to illustrate the maxim that anyone can become president and had himself photographed by the press as he made his own breakfast.

Taking a look on the bright side, Betty Ford replaced Kennedy scenic wallpaper in the Family Dining Room with a cheerful "sunny yellow" (a move repealed by her successors with all convenient speed). There is something in the White House that discourages mere uplift of the Ford kind, and it is hard to find anything else distinctive in their tenure—as it is hard to recall the tinkling little notes of optimism that were struck by the First Family in their desperate efforts at "wound healing" and low inflation.

There is a permanent war in the American soul between austerity and the need for monarchical glamour

The White House also has a short way with scruffiness. Informality is one thing, as the Kennedys succeeded in showing. But Jimmy Carter had a genius for the wrong note and the corny gesture. As well as adjudicating the playing schedules on the White House tennis courts and thereby making people worry that there was something obsessive in his attention to detail, he tried to make the White House appear just like any other down-home house. This, of course, is just what it isn't. It is also just what the public doesn't want to think about its national palace. Rosalynn Carter did, however, put in some work on the long project of making the White House picture collection permanent: 34 American paintings were added to it during her tenure as First Lady.

In reaction to four years of embarrassing populism the Reagans came to the White House with the equivalent of a blank



Presenting the world's finest stove... the legendary AGA.

For nearly half a century, discerning chefs in Europe and Great Britain have proclaimed the AGA remarkably simple, yet more rewarding than any stove in the world. The AGA makes multi-course cooking a breeze, and actually perfects the flavors and textures of everything you cook. And because it's custom assembled in your home in a choice of seven enameled colors, the AGA enhances any kitchen decor and turns your cooking chores into pure pleasure. Find out more about the incredible AGA, simply the world's finest way to cook.

Please send me your free 16-page color brochure. HG38

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Telephone _____

AGA Cookers, RFD 1, Box 477, Stowe, VT 05672 802-253-9727



Water-Lilies in your garden

Lilypons catalogue features everything needed for your garden pool, including the pool.

Lilypons Water Gardens

Please rush my colorful new Lilypons catalogue. $5.00 enclosed.
California (30¢), Maryland (25¢) and Texas (35¢) residents please add tax.

103 Hougar Road
P.O. Box 10
Lilypons, MD 21717
(301) 874-5133

103 Lilypons Road
P.O. Box188
Brookshire, TX 77423
(713) 934-8525

103 Lilypons Way
P.O. Box 1130
Thermal, CA 92274

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

check. A few words from them could have opened the floodgate for donations that would complete the work of period restoration and make the White House collection completely permanent. (Of the 422 paintings in the collection, 106 are now on loan to the White House.)

A good start was made, in keeping with the opulent interpretation of national well-being that the Reagans brought with them to Washington. Private donations amounted to over $800,000. But the medium- and long-term effect of this cash injection has not been considerable. With the help of Ted Graber, her California decorator, Mrs. Reagan managed to move a number of objects out of storage and into the public gaze. A certain amount of redecorating was done on the second and third floors, but the public rooms have been left almost untouched by the new regime.

Apparently Mrs. Reagan in recent years has lost interest in the White House and has allowed the preservation committee and fund-raising efforts to lapse. Conger will not discuss publicly his reasons for leaving the curatorial post, but informed opinion speaks confidently of a deep difference of opinion between him and the First Lady about the care and upkeep of the building to which he has devoted so much effort. Here again there may be a metaphorical relation between the style of the president and the attitude to the mansion: Ronald Reagan didn't care what was going on in the basement, and his wife ceased to mind what was happening in the public rooms. On most evenings the Reagans, who could have anybody they want to dinner and choose from all over the world, eat dinner alone together in front of the TV. At every opportunity they quit Pennsylvania Avenue for their beloved California. One of the few decorations added by Ronald Reagan himself is a silver fire chief's horn made into a lamp base.

What of the future? On the evidence of the past it is remarkably difficult to guess what the style of a presidential candidate, once safely ensconced, will turn out to be. Of the past half-dozen presidents or First Families, probably only the Kennedys behaved according to type. And even the Kennedys were not quite as chic as legend has made them.

Clearly the least overawed candidate would be George Bush. Not only would he have spent an almost record-breaking eight years as vice president with weekly lunches and countless briefings at the mansion itself, but he would also have the least reason to dread the rigors of official Washington. His stewardship of the veep's house at the Naval Observatory, hard by the British embassy on Massachusetts Avenue, has not been a distinguished one, yet it has not led to accusations of ostentation or eccentricity. Bush is also used to large houses in states (and estates) as far apart as Texas and Maine.

Robert Dole would have to avoid the temptation to play the plain man from the prairies—the unaffected heartlander who doesn't like fuss or splendor. But since one of his assets as a candidate is a ready-made First Lady who knows and relishes Washington life, he would be well advised to turn the whole thing over to her. There has never been such a political politician's wife, and there is for Dole no need to discard the advantage of not having to prove anything.

Paul Simon would also have to stop playing Mr. Average with such reckless abandon. There is a permanent war in the American soul between republican austerity and the need for a tinge of monarchical glamour. The voters like to think of themselves as ordinary Joes but don't like being treated as if they were. Occupancy of the White House finds you out. That's if you haven't been found out already. Gary Hart, who has lived in Washington homes as diverse as a wide-open town house on the Hill and Bob Woodward's pad for refugee bachelors, might find the White House rather confining. Michael Dukakis would discover, if he got there, that a reputation for efficiency is not enough. Jesse Jackson, with his happy and ambitious talk of "from the outhouse to the White House," could probably be counted on to enjoy himself in the place. On the evidence of the recent past that is what the White House seems to need. But the Reverend Jackson would have to be careful of whom he invited. At the inauguration of the last President Jackson, also a populist, the crowd gate-crashed the White House reception, inhaled all the drink on view, and smashed most of the glass and china. "It was," said one eyewitness, "like the inundation of the northern barbarians into Rome." Tempting though this vision may be, both the country and the White House have matured to the point where the White House influences the public rather than the other way around. ♠

Photo credits for Our House Pages 172–73—*Top row (left to right)*: Dwight D. Eisenhower Library (2), LBJ Library, Horst, Nixon Project; *second row*: Ed Clark/*Life* Magazine, JFK Library, LBJ Library, Fred Ward/Black Star, Woodfin Camp Assoc.; *third row*: JFK Library, Nixon Project, Dennis Brack/Black Star; *bottom row*: Paul Schutzer/*Life* Magazine, White House Historical Assoc., LBJ Library, Gerald R. Ford Library, Karsh/Woodfin Camp Assoc.
Page 174—*Top row*: Jimmy Carter Library, Owen Franklen/Sygma, Stanley Tretick/Sygma, *second row*: J. Neubauer/Uniphoto, Mikki Ansen, White House Historical Assoc., Tim Graham/Sygma, Harry Benson; *third row*: David Kennerly/Gamma-Liaison, White House Historical Assoc.; *bottom row*: Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison, Jim Kilpatrick, Michael O'Brien/Picture Archives (2)

Hopper's new wave

(Continued from page 184) Arnoldi, and his own expressionistic works.

Murphy describes the house as "a landlocked oasis"; once you're inside, the surrounding neighborhood magically recedes. The neighbors have yet to be polled for their reaction, though Hopper recently learned something of their opinion of him: "It was from these two women on the street. I guess one of them had just seen *Blue Velvet*, and she was screaming about it, about how sick I was—'That home boy who lives there, he's sick in the head, man, *sick!*' " (He still thrills to the memory of it.) The more puzzling question is why Hopper's house, a canvas custom-made for graffiti artists, located in an area of Venice noted for its ubiquitous and reputedly savage graffiti, has remained unscathed. Hopper, who became an expert on the subject while directing *Colors*, his film about L.A. gang wars, affects nonchalance. "The graffiti here is the same everywhere," he says. "It's just one gang boasting about rival gang members they've killed. They leave me pretty much alone. . . . They know I'm a heavy dude," he adds with a dry snigger that sounds less like his being frank than his being Frank. ♠

Architecture Editor:
Heather Smith MacIsaac



Manhattan Chair
Montague House print
Hayfield cord trimming

Headquarters:
800 Central Blvd., Carlstadt, NJ 07072
Telephone 201 438 8444

Showrooms:
Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Detroit, High Point, Honolulu, Houston, Laguna Niguel
Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C., Toronto, London.



Showplace

How Lucky Roosevelt worked, worked, worked to renovate Blair House. **John Duka** reports

Selwa Roosevelt, U.S. chief of protocol, known formally as Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt to anyone forging a benefit committee, known simply as Lucky to her friends, was in her suite at the UN Plaza Hotel and decorously out of breath. Who wouldn't be? She'd just given a lunch for 128 people at the Museum of Modern Art and now, Southern accent in place, the room blooming with her perfume, she was reading aloud from a list of those who contributed $100,000 or more to the renovation of Blair House, the president's 115-room official guest residence. For the last year Lucky has spent so much of her time raising money to complete the project it has seemed as if Lucky has two jobs, as she herself will tell you.

"Whaa, it's like having two jobs!" says Lucky, whom Nancy Reagan wisely selected to replace Leonore Annenberg as chief of protocol, realizing perhaps that Mrs. A, rich as she is, was not quite nine-to-five material.

"Whaa, my committee, headed by Anne Armstrong, and I have raised four-point-six-something millions," says Lucky. "We've worked, worked, worked." And she doesn't want people to think that Leonore Annenberg, whose name will be on the wall of the new garden room in Blair House, donated more than anyone else.

"Lots of people have given much more," says Lucky. "The Arthur Rosses gave double what the Annenbergs did. Then there's the Douglas Dillons, Winton Blount, Brooke Astor, Ann Getty, Mrs. Ross Perot, Annette Reed—I mean you name it. And oh, oh yes, Mort Zuckerman. No one believes that, but it's true!"

Just as quickly Lucky rattles off the companies that have contributed their wares to Blair House: 150 sterling place settings from Tiffany, Lenox china from Lenox China, plumbing from American Standard, air-conditioning from Trane, rugs from Karastan, furniture from Baker, and on and on until it begins to sound like a list of game-show prizes. Lucky indeed!

Built in 1824, Blair House does not, of course, belong to Lucky Roosevelt. Consisting of four contiguous houses—Blair House and Blair-Lee House on Pennsylvania Avenue and two adjoining Victorian houses on Jackson Place—it belongs to the government. Yet at the moment, it is hers more than it is anyone's. When Congress tried to cut the appropriation for renovation from $8.6 million to $3 million, Lucky took on Congress alone. "If you only knew what I had to do to get the money!" says Lucky.

Mark and Mario locked lampshades over the entrance

When Lucky learned that $8 million would hire only the cheapest contractors to add Blair House's new wing and would in no way cover the $4 million cost of decoration, she swallowed her pride and went to the private sector. She had definite rules, however, for who got hit for cash and who didn't.

"I could never ask someone I know socially," she says. "Take John Kluge. Now he really hides his light under a bushel, but it wouldn't have been kosher to ask him, especially since we were both on safari with Malcolm Forbes."

By comparison, the actual selection of interior decorators for Blair House could have seemed like so many small potatoes. Yet when Mark Hampton and Mario Buatta, New York's two most visible decorators, and some might say archrivals, were chosen, many expected the passementerie to fly. As it turned out, the two locked lampshades only when each requested the Blair House entrance. It was decided with the toss of a coin, which Hampton won.

Buatta took the outcome with typical good sportsmanship: "I got the Truman study and the rest of the Blair-Lee House and the new wing with the garden room and heads-of-state suite, so I got the prettiest rooms."

For her part, Lucky thinks the "decorators have been, whaa, wonderful!" When it came time to approve their plans, Lucky formed a kitchen cabinet of her own—including Clem Conger, curator of the State Department—to pass judgment on the shade of stain and swag.

No, Lucky doesn't own Blair House, but in seeing that the old structure is put to rights she has been the one thing that Mrs. Reagan must have noticed across a crowded dinner table—assiduous. And it has rubbed some people the wrong way.

One person working on the project says that Lucky has tried to take all the credit. "When Lucky was presented the Tiffany place setting at the Metropolitan Museum, she rhapsodized about everything she was doing, never once mentioning Mark and Mario, and Mark and Mario were right there. Lucky's become a monster down in Washington."

Perhaps *sacre monstre* is more accurate. Who but Lucky would see to it that Blair House has its own endowment? "You have to get an appropriation for a light bulb around here," says Lucky. "So I want the house taken care of permanently."

Who but Lucky should make sure that each room gets six coats of paint or that the staff should have the polish heads of state require? And who but Lucky would dream up the idea (eyes bright with the recognition of Perfect Timing) of asking Donald Trump to cough up a few bucks for Blair House?

"Do you think he's Republican?" Lucky asks. Fingers worry the pearls at her throat, then she breaks into her famous smile. "Whaa, what else *could* he be?" ♠

TIM SHEAFFER

E & GARDEN
April

HOUSE & GARDEN
APRIL 1988 $4.00

3 9042 02357567 0

HG



A Playwright's Style

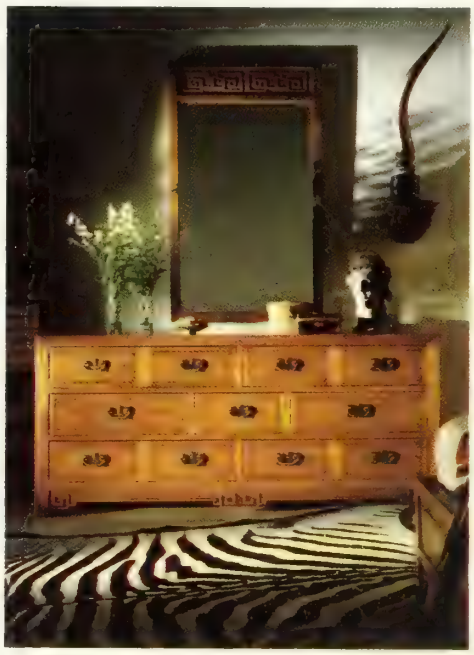
E ART OF STEVE MARTIN
OCK N' ROYALTY: PRINCESS GLORIA
E CLEAN TEAM

BURLINGAME
MAR 7 1988
LIBRARY



DESIGN OF THREE DYNASTIES BY BAKER. *The ancient Chinese penchant for subtlety and refinement has given modern civilization a design legacy that harmonizes with many other styles and periods. Like good contemporary, Far Eastern design can be a foil for eclectic traditional themes including elaborate 18th Century French and English. This new collection by Baker, presented in softly figured elm veneers and other appropriate woods, features elements from the Chinese Tang, Ming and Ch'ing dynasties.*







The Baker Far East Collection of dining, bedroom and occasional designs is available through many fine furniture and department stores. You are invited to write for their names and you may send $7.50 for a Far East Collection catalogue to Baker Furniture, Dept. 536, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Showrooms in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy and Washington D.C.

Baker
FURNITURE

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY... LANCÔME... SCIEN

For skin that looks and feels younger than you ever thought possible.

NIOSÔME
Système Anti-Age

Discover what millions of women throughout the world have found.

From Lancôme Laboratories, the daytime "anti-ageing process"... Niosôme. Not a lotion or a cream, but a system of microscopic multi-layered spheres, light in texture that:

- Penetrates the skin's inter-cellular layers with advanced microcarriers
- Targets areas that need age repair for more immediate results
- Mimics the skin's inter-cellular structure with an exclusive action, "Biomimitism," helping it where needed

A futuristic beginning to younger looking skin.



©Cosmair, Inc. 1988
Clothing: Zack Carr, Earrings: M + J Savitt


COVERY... LANCÔME... SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY... LA

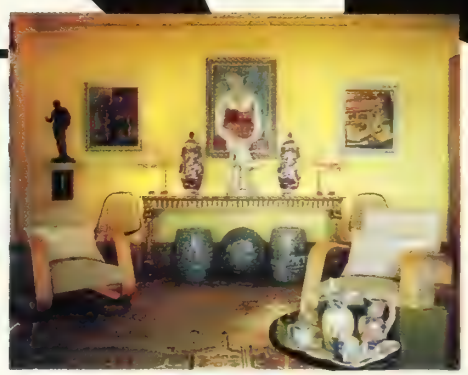
HOUSE & GARDEN
APRIL 1988
Volume 160, Number 4

HG



COVER
The playwright John Guare in his bedroom. On page 122, he and Adele Chatfield-Taylor write about their married lives in separate apartments—one chaotic, one neat. Photograph by Oberto Gili.

HG Notes *Art, Architecture, Design* **35**
Homelife *by Rhoda Koenig* **46**
Travel *by Mario Buatta* **52**
Books *by Patricia Thorpe* **58**
Wine *by Jason Cooper* **62**
Gardening *by Mac Griswold* **66**
Style *by Laurie Schechter* **74**
TalleySheet *by André Leon Talley* **84**
HG View *by Anna Wintour* **93**
Home Front *Getting It Done at Home, Shopping, Electronics, Essentials* **174**
Real Estate *by Betty Goodwin* **192**
Salesroom *by David Lisi* **196**
Cars *by William Hamilton* **204**
Duka's Diary *by John Duka* **218**



Painter Mark Lancaster mixes furniture and objects in his seaside house. Photograph by Eric Boman. See page 164.



Princess Gloria von Thurn und Taxis as dressed by Lacroix. See page 106.

The Clean Team: Michael Boodro looks at five young New York decorators whose pared-down look is gaining them high visibility **94**

Rock 'n' Royalty: John Richardson drops in on the Prince and Princess von Thurn und Taxis **106**

Hollywood Western: James Truman talks to director Joel Schumacher about his remake of Rudolph Valentino's stables **114**

His & Hers: Playwright John Guare is messy; Adele Chatfield-Taylor is neat. A service hall keeps their apartments apart and their marriage together **122**

'60s/'90s: The youthquake euphoria and graphic punch of the 1960s are back. Charles Gandee reports **128**

Birds of a Feather: Living with birds can take off into an obsession, as Jennifer Conlin discovers **136**

The Private Eye of Steve Martin: Collecting art is the actor's offscreen passion. Robert Hughes talks with Martin about stalking his quarries **142**

A Battery of Gardens: Artist Jennifer Bartlett and architect Alexander Cooper collaborate on an urban garden in New York. Rosamond Bernier finds them in Paris as they complete the master plan **146**

The Canal Bar: An old diner on the edge of SoHo gives its stellar young fans a new excuse to stay out late **154**

Takeout Heaven?: Jeffrey Steingarten predicts that by the year 2050 home cooking will mean reheating at 325° **156**

L.A. Angles: Against the gritty backdrop of Venice, California, Architect Arata Isozaki creates a gleaming showcase for art. Martin Filler takes its measure **158**

Lancaster-by-the-Sea: There's a passion for color and decoration in this Tudor house where Stephen Spender visits with painter Mark Lancaster **164**

...ester, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions ... and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years; Elsewhere, $41 for one year; payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4; Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, ... changes and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a ... subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9016. For ...

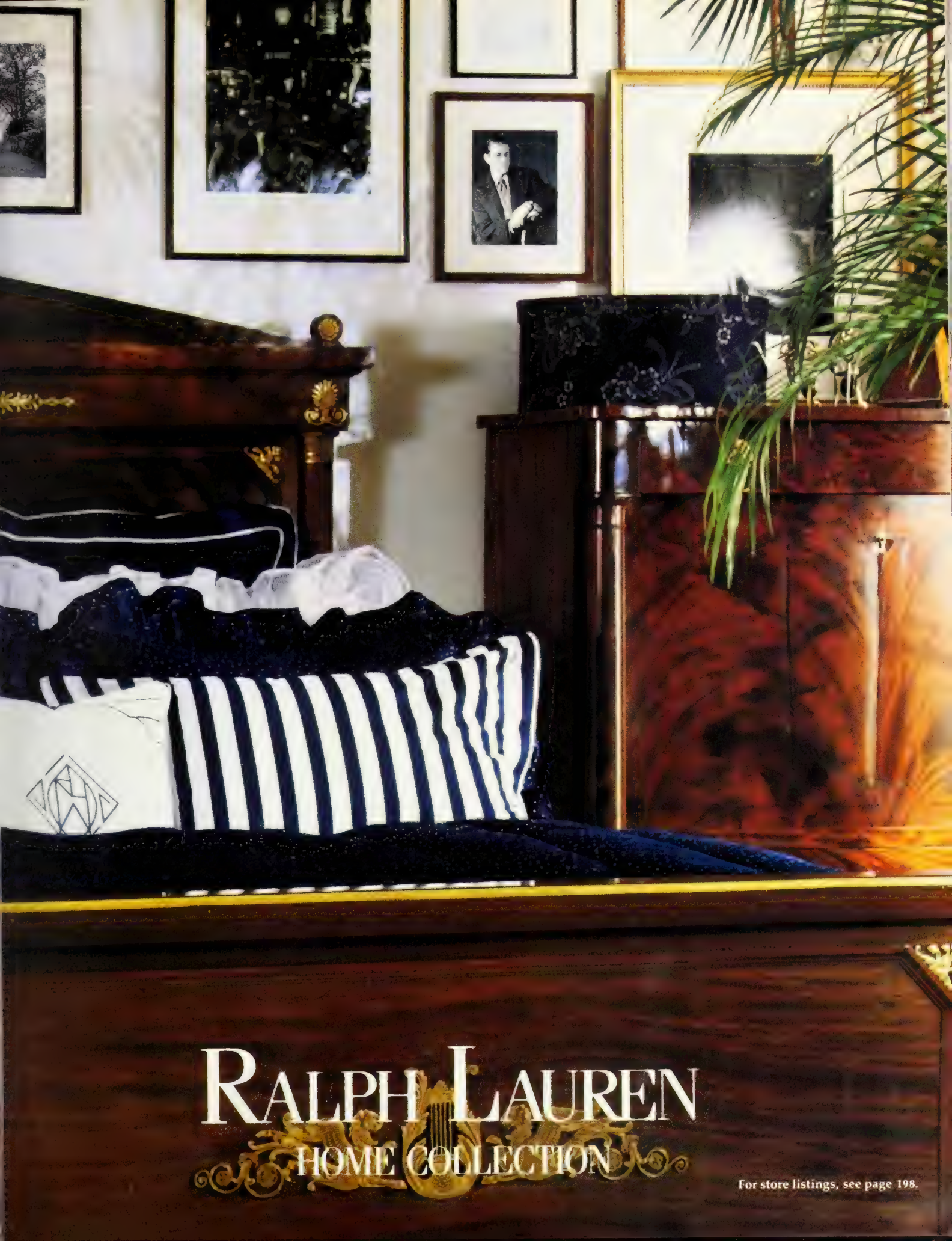
...inted in U.S.A. Postmaster: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 5202, Boulder CO 80322


RALPH LAUREN
HOME COLLECTION



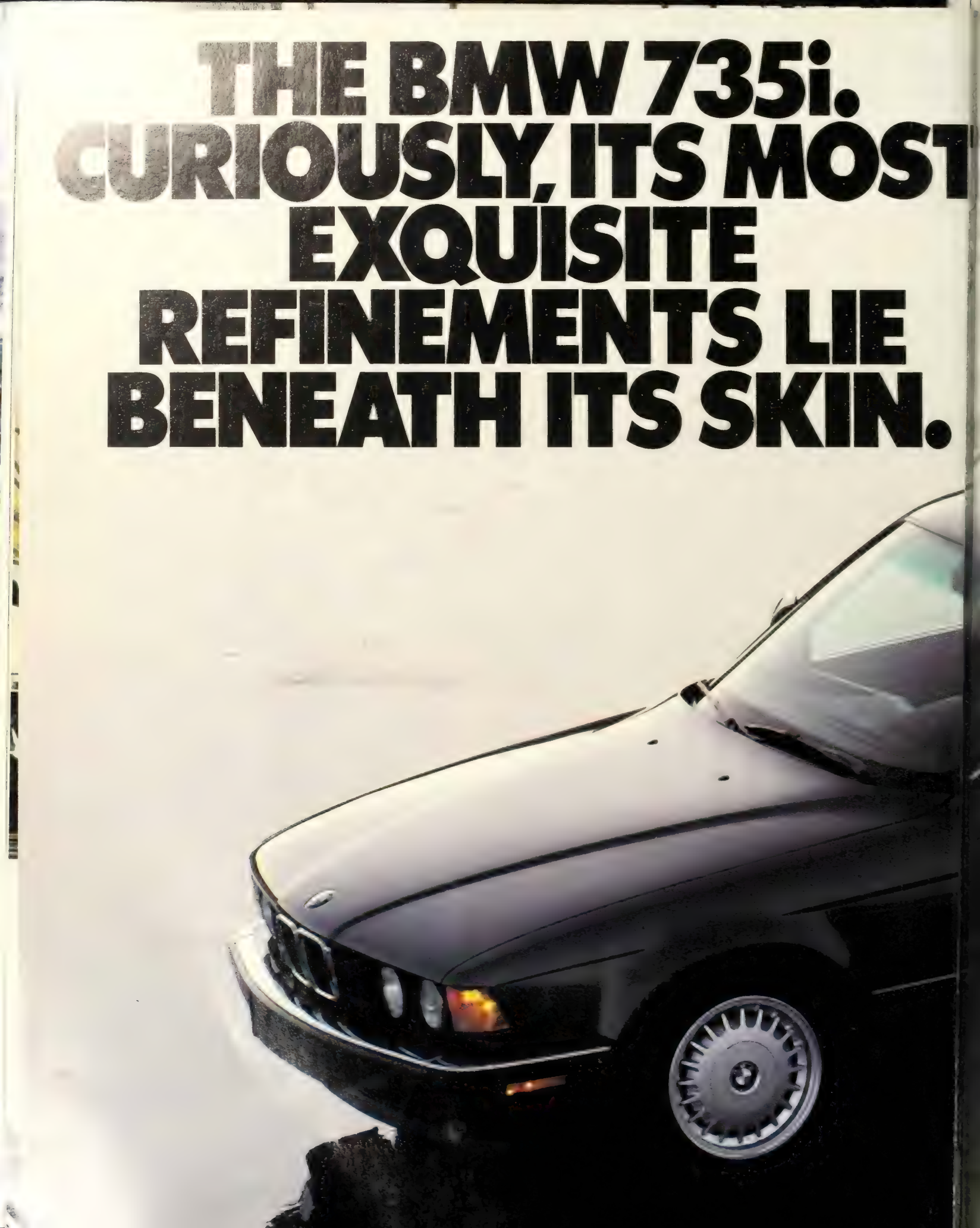

RALPH LAUREN
FURNITURE COLLECTION





For store listings, see page 198.

THE BMW 735i. CURIOUSLY, ITS MOST EXQUISITE REFINEMENTS LIE BENEATH ITS SKIN.



In Italy, where automotive design oys the status of an art, a jury of 11 car tors presented the Turin/Piedmont sign Award to the BMW 735i for its im-ccable styling.

Critics on both sides of the Atlantic ve praised its hand-crafted leather and od-trimmed interior as elegant, ergo-mically perfect, and "one of the finest vironments to be found in any vehicle, ardless of price" (Motor Trend).

Let your vision delve deeper, how-r, and you will see the exquisite engi-ering that lets this 7-Series BMW offer mething even more impressive:

The most thoroughly satisfying driv-experience available today.

Beneath the mirrorlike hood, to left of the deep-breathing 208-hp power plant, is the BMW engine-management computer.

Its latticework of silicon continuously adjusts fuel injection and timing for optimum performance under varying driving conditions.

Under the sleek, incredibly strong body, the steel wishbones of a patented fully-independent suspension are attached to gas-pressure shock absorbers. For a ride that combines control with comfort on the roughest roads.

Behind the brushed-finish aluminum wheels, big, thick disc brakes await the commands of a vigilant antilock braking system. They are pumped up to 15 times a second during full-force braking, thus helping you avoid uncontrolled skids.

And stretching throughout the 735i is a nerve system of aircraft-style electrical cables that bring extra reliability to a host of unique features.

These include the windshield wipers that adjust their downward pressure against the glass as your speed increases. The supremely powerful climate control with individual thermostats for driver and front passenger. The door lock that lets you close windows and sunroof from outside the car.

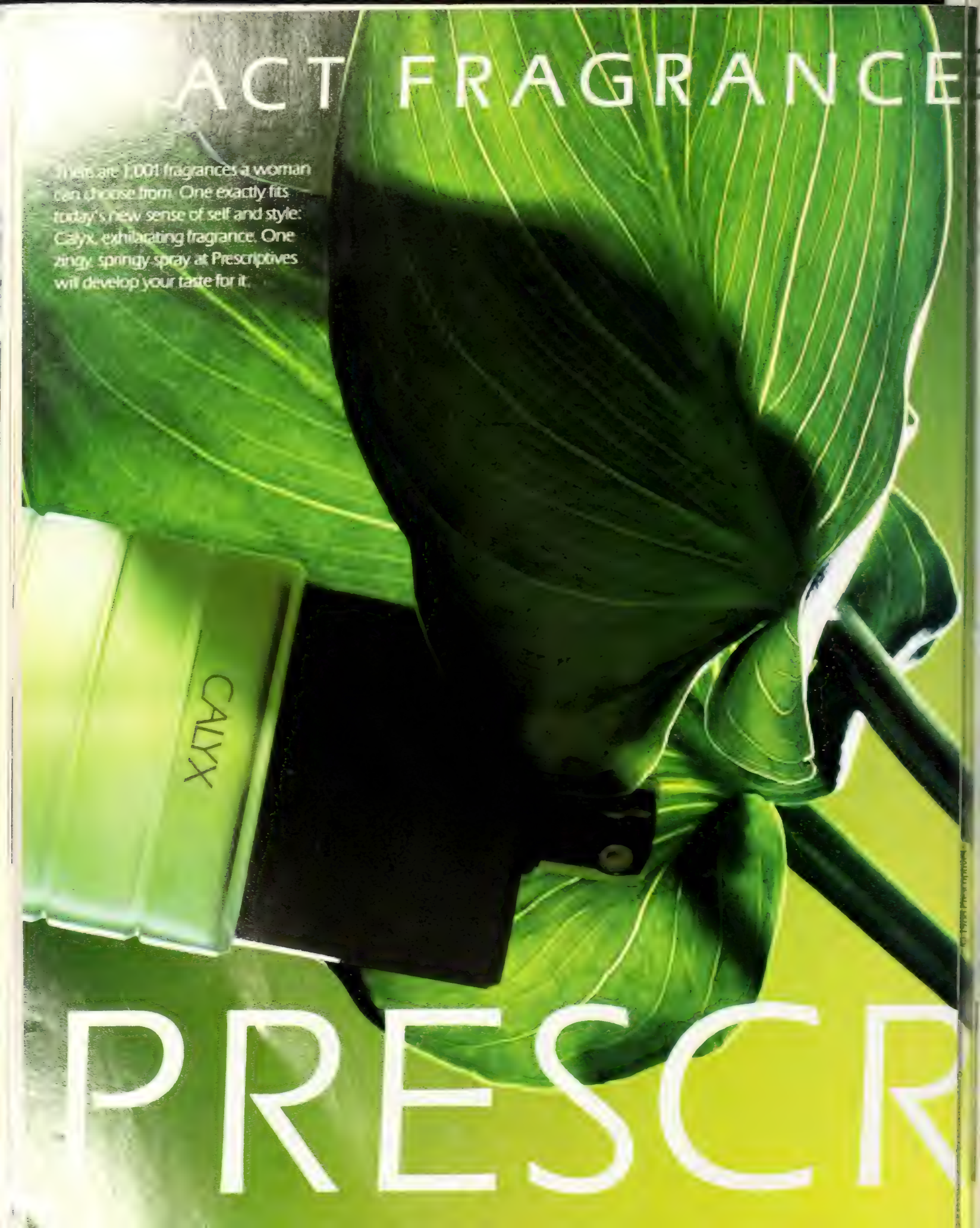
No automotive anatomy lesson, however, can convey the way these elements cohere. To experience that, contact your authorized BMW dealer for a test drive of the 735i.

A car that responds and communicates more like a living being than a mechanical object.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

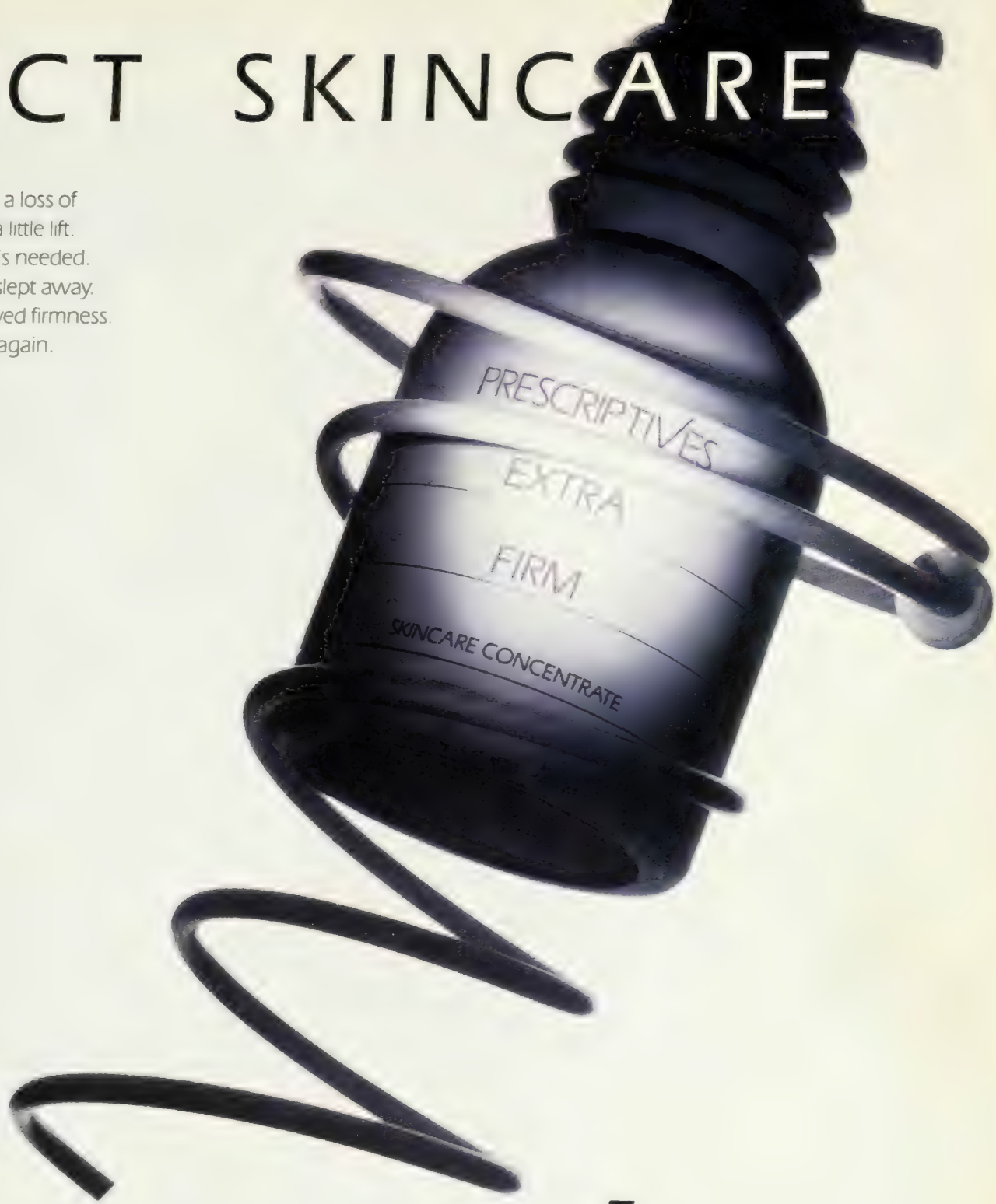


© 1988 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.


ACT FRAGRANCE
There are 1,001 fragrances a woman can choose from. One exactly fits today's new sense of self and style: Calyx, exhilarating fragrance. One zingy, springy spray at Prescriptives will develop your taste for it.
CALYX
PRESCR

EXACT SKINCARE

Skin of any age can show a loss of
tone and tautness, want a little lift.
Extra Firm is exactly what's needed.
Overnight, dry lines look slept away.
After a few weeks, improved firmness.
To help skin feel its spring again.



IPTIVES



Henredon and Jay Yang

Henredon and Jay Yang for Fabriyaz. Three of the foremost names in home furnishings combine their genius to create seating of unparalleled excellence. We invite you to view Henredon upholstered furniture and the fabric collection designed by Jay Yang for Fabriyaz at select interior design showrooms and fine furniture stores. For a Henredon Upholstered Furniture brochure send $3.00 to Henredon, Dept. G38F, Morganton, NC 28655.

Henredon

Scotchgard
Fabric Protector

Stark®
CARPET



At Kips Bay Decorator
Show House
New York City

D&B Bldg., 979 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022/Atlanta/Boston/Chicago/Dallas/Dania/Denver/Houston/Laguna Niguel/Los Angeles/Philadelphia/San Francisco/Seattle/Troy/Washington, D.C.

Room Design: Southport Design Ltd. Rug: RV12 Portuguese Needlepoint

Room Design: Marshall-Schule Associates, Inc. Carpet: Leopard Rose





HG

Anna Wintour
Editor in Chief

Creative Directors **Marie-Paule Pellé, André Leon Talley** Design Director **Derek Ungless**
Editors **Martin Filler, Nancy Novogrod, Gabé Doppelt** Art Director **Karen Lee Grant**
Managing Editor **Priscilla Flood**
Features Editor **Michael Boodro** Senior Editors **Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron** architecture: **Babs Simpson**
Decorating Editors **Jacqueline Gonnet, Amicia de Moubray, Laurie Schechter, Carolyn Sollis**
Architecture Editor **Heather Smith MacIsaac** Gardening Editor **Senga Mortimer**
West Coast Editor **Joyce MacRae** Los Angeles Editor **Eleanor Phillips Colt**
Assistant Managing Editor **Duncan Maginnis** Copy Editor **Reginald Gay**
Copy Associate **Gabrielle Winkel** Copy Researcher **Sarah Fletcher**
Associate Art Director **Raúl Martinez** Picture Editor **Thomas H. McWilliam Jr.**
Editorial Production Manager **Kay Susmann** Art Production Editor **Carol Knobloch**
Picture Researcher **Susan B. Goldberger** Art Assistant **Andrzej Janerka** Art Coordinator **Andrea Selby**
Editorial Coordinator **Lorna Damarell Caine**
Assistant to the Editor in Chief **Anne Alexander**
Editorial Assistants **Katherine van den Blink, Diane Carpentieri, Adele Glenn Harrell, Sarah Kaltman Stacey L. Klaman, Kathryn Lineberger, Jane Magrino, Michele Michael, Katie Ridder, Susan Tsao**
Reader Information **Margaret Morse**

Editors-at-Large **Rosamond Bernier, Charles Gandee, John Richardson**
Consulting Editors **Brooke Astor, Beatrice Monti della Corte**
Contributing Editors **Marella Agnelli, John Bowes-Lyon, Michael Chow, Jacques Dehornois Oscar de la Renta, John Duka, Gaetana Enders, Dodie Kazanjian, Rhoda Koenig, Catherine Marron Kelly Klein, Denise Otis, Doris Saatchi, Marilyn Schafer, Suzanne Stephens Marie-Pierre Toll, James Truman, Dorothea Walker, Deborah Webster**
Editorial Business Manager **William P. Rayner**

Executive Editor **Ghislaine Lejeune**

J. Kevin Madden
Publisher

Advertising Director **Martha Mosko D'Adamo**
Sales Development Director **Robert Newkirchen** Advertising Manager **Ronald J. Meredith**
Design Resource Manager **Albert J. Blois**
Distilled Spirits Manager **Donald B. Fries** Jewelry and Watch Manager **Wallace B. Greene**
Travel Manager **Judith A. Lamort** Beauty Manager **Cynthia R. Lewis**
Fashion Manager **Susan Rerat** Home Furnishings Manager **Kevin T. Walsh**

Promotion Creative Director **Jayne Ingram**
Promotion Art Director **Lori Edwards Glavin** Promotion Manager **Taylor Ingraham**
Public Relations Manager **Annette Martell Schmidt** Promotion Copywriter **Alice McGuckin**

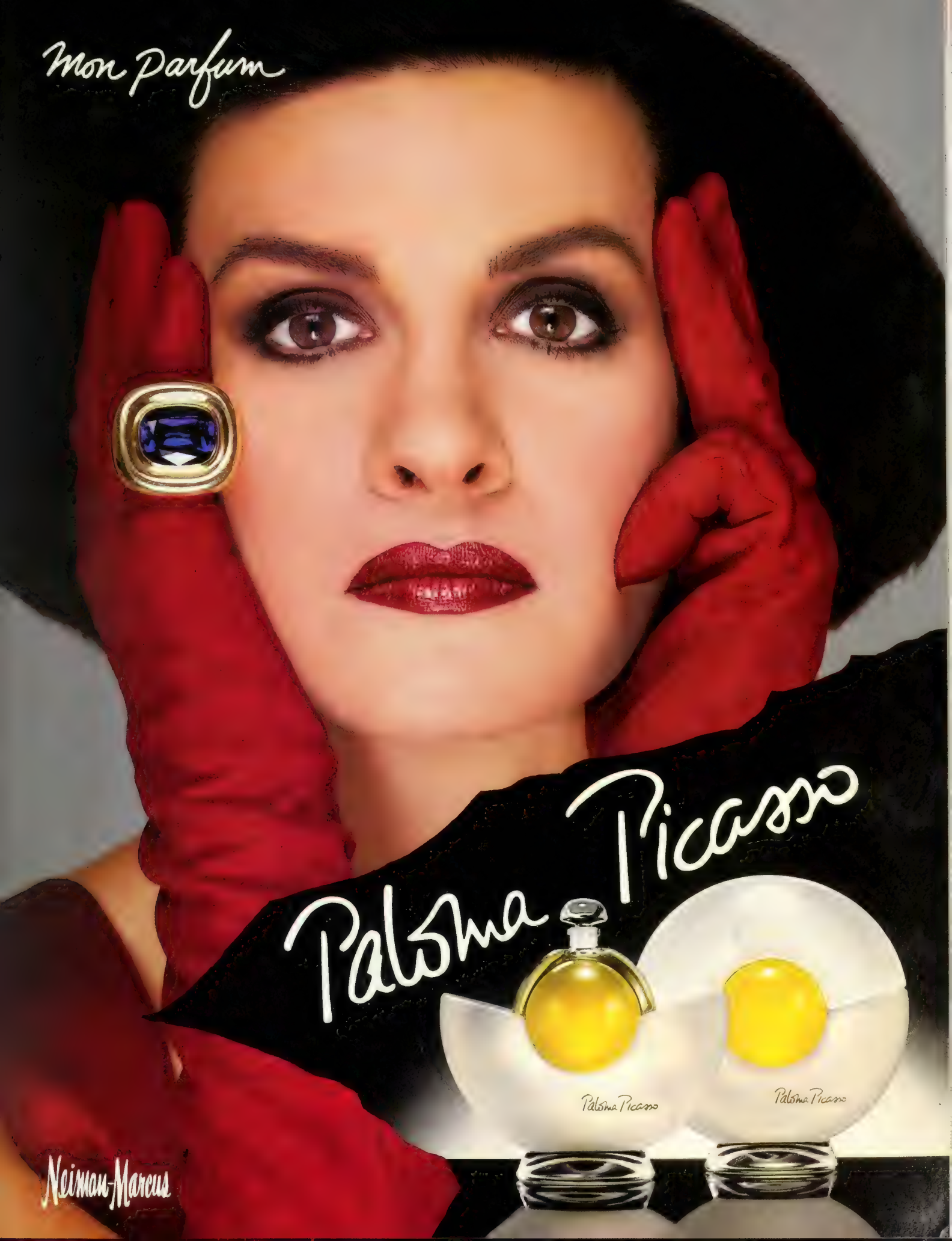
New England **Richard Balzarini** Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South **Dennis W. Dougherty** 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309
Midwest **Melvin G. Chalem** 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit **John F. McClure** 3310 West Big Beaver Rd., Suite 537, Troy MI 48084
West Coast **Margaret M. Thalken, Trish Birch** 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
Anne Sortwell 50 Francisco St., San Francisco CA 94133
Florida **David Rubin** 454 Alamanda Dr., Hallandale FL 33009
England **Robert E. Yost** 19 South Audley St., London W1Y 5DN
France **John H. Liesveld Jr.** 284 blvd. Saint-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy **Marva Griffin** viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director **Eckart L. Güthe**

British **House & Garden** Vogue House, Hanover Sq., London W1R 0AD
French **Maison & Jardin** 8–10, blvd. du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
Italian **Casa Vogue** piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan
Brazilian **Casa Vogue Brasil** Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430–Jardim America, São Paulo
Australian **Vogue Living** 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

House & Garden is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017
Chairman **S. I. Newhouse Jr.** Deputy Chairman **Daniel Salem**
President **Bernard H. Leser**
Executive Vice President **John B. Brunelle**
Executive Vice President **Joseph L. Fuchs**
Vice President–Corporate Resources **Fred C. Thormann**
Vice President **Verne Westerberg**
Vice President–Treasurer **Eric C. Anderson**
Vice President–Secretary **Pamela M. van Zandt**
Vice President–Circulation **Peter Armour**
Vice President–Manufacturing and Distribution **Irving Herschbein**
Vice President–Condé Nast Package **Neil J. Jacobs**
Editorial Adviser **Leo Lerman**

Alexander Liberman
Editorial Director


Mon Parfum
Paloma Picasso
Paloma Picasso
Paloma Picasso
Neiman-Marcus



F. Schumacher & Co. © 1988. Available through fine designers.

Shown above, fabric reproductions from The WILLIAMSBURG® Adobe Collection.

When you're famous for something,

Over the years, the name Schumacher has become practically synonymous with a certain kind of traditional look.

And we're proud of it. Very proud.

But, at the same time, we're a little concerned. Because it seems we're so well known for that particular look, people often lose sight of the fact that we do other things that are quite different. And quite wonderful.



the other great things you do often go unnoticed.

Just look at the fabrics, wallcoverings, and carpeting above from our new Radio City Music Hall Art Deco Collection,™ and you'll see what we mean. Not exactly what you think of when you think of Schumacher, are they?

Well, think again.

SCHUMACHER

We're much, much more than you think.

the splendor of...



FREDERICK COOPER
2545 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago, IL 60647



Available through interior designers.

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



ERIC BOMAN

MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ

The die was cast—so to speak—when as a girl Marie-Paule Pellé visited a printer with her journalist father. It took two days to get the ink off, but the desire to report and create beautiful pages is still her driving force. "The stories I like to do are a mixture—like a mosaic—of history, art, everything," says HG's creative director. She has recently moved from Paris to New York but still considers herself "a lady of nowhere" as she travels the world to direct and create features for HG.

As editor and photographer, Pellé has been at the creative center of many of the world's most striking publications: *Architectur und Wohnen*, *Décoration Internationale*, and *Vogue Décoration* where she was editor in chief for the past three years.

JAMES TRUMAN

"After six years in New York [from London] I joined a growing number of New Yorkers who put aside their East Coast snobberies and moved to Los Angeles," says HG Contributing Editor James Truman, who wrote about director Joel Schumacher's move into Rudolph Valentino's house in this issue. The American editor of two British publications, *The Face* and *Arena*, he apparently does not regret his move west. "In art, in architecture, and in food Angelenos have an awareness of their environment and history that far outstrips that of the average European. Also there's an enthusiasm here that quickly becomes infectious."



SHEILA ROCK



PAUL WAHCHOJI

CHARLES GANDEE

"It's an ideal job to be a voyeur, to reveal people's aspirations, illusions, and dreams," says Editor-at-Large Charles Gandee, who came to HG from *Architectural Record* where he was executive editor. His piece on the 1960s was a great chance to "scan the waterfront in terms of popular culture to see what was there. The more you focus, the more you begin to see. I compiled the evidence, and now readers make of it what they will." In future issues watch for Gandee's profiles of the people in the world of design and architecture.


CLINIQUE supermascara



Enter Howard Miller's world

More than clocks, a lifestyle.

For clocks that express the way you live, the name is Howard Miller.

From traditional grandfather clocks, wall clocks, mantel clocks and alarm clocks, to the ultimate in contemporary designs. Howard Miller's world is where you want to live.

For a full-color catalog of more clock ideas than you ever dreamed of, send $5 to:

Howard Miller Clock Company

860 East Main Street • Zeeland, Michigan 49464
In Canada, Apsco Products

Pictured here: "The Focal Point Clock." Suggested retail price $3,950.

Showroom locations: 15-D-6 Merchandise Mart, Atlanta; 1277 Merchandise Mart, Chicago; 10058 World Trade Center, Dallas; C-206 SFMC, High Point; 203 Western Merchandise Mart 2, San Francisco.



Thomasville is remaking history.

With select pecan woods and appointments of gleaming brass hardware, Thomasville's Fisher Park Collection beautifully recreates a look of 18th-century elegance. The wood's radiant highlights have been accentuated by careful hand-rubbing. And the collection's graceful curves and carvings are reminiscent of Old World English craftsmanship.

Thomasville is remaking history for the present, with the Fisher Park Collection.

To receive *Thomasville's Complete Guide to Fine Furniture Selection*, send a check for $3.00 to: Thomasville Furniture, Dept. 84THG. Thomasville, NC 27360. For the name of your nearest Thomasville Gallery® or Authorized Retailer, call 1 800 225-0265. Ask for Dept. 84THG.



Thomasville®

Beautiful furniture, beautifully made™

n campbell inc
fabrics and wallcoverings
david bragg, 979 third ave., new york, ny 10022 (212) 688-1560
raja 100% silk kat
kimba 100% cotton
available through decorators and fine stores

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES



JOSEF ASTOR

JEFFREY STEINGARTEN

"God has given me a wonderful gift, constant hunger," boasts writer and lawyer Jeffrey Steingarten, who contributes the monthly food feature to HG. He is a noted authority on the reheating of Chinese food. His unorthodox approach does have an ulterior motive: "to stem the pernicious trend among the slim and fashionable who insist on food as medicine instead of something to be relished."



MARIANNE BARCELLONA

ROSAMOND BERNIER

Editor-at-Large Rosamond Bernier (here with husband John Russell, the art critic) is best known for her lectures at the Metropolitan Museum and across the country (a series on Matisse and Picasso will soon be out on videocassette). As *Vogue*'s first European features editor, then as founding editor of *L'Oeil*, she has always had close personal contact with art and artists (see this month's article on Jennifer Bartlett). She sees her role at HG as "rounding up collections, collectors, artists and finding the unexpected."


Winterthur
Brunschwig & Fils
75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.
QUEEN ANNE RESIST cotton and linen print

For the serious collector

The DANIEL B. GROSSMAN Galleries

Jacques Emile Blanche (French, 1861–1942)
Tents on the Beach at Dieppe.
Signed l.r.: J.E. Blanche.
Oil on canvas.
23½ × 28¾ inches (59.7 × 73.0 cm).



Daniel B. Grossman Gallery
1100 Madison Avenue
(Between 82nd and 83rd Streets)
New York, New York 10028
212-861-9285

Featured painting on view at
Daniel B. Grossman Gallery
at Place des Antiquaires
125 East 57th Street
New York, New York 10022
212-751-7503



French Couture pour la Table

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

FROM THE CHRISTOFLE COLLECTION: "MALMAISON". CHRISTOFLE, 680 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

Let Your Imagination Run Wild With Sunbrella Canvas Awnings.



When you use Sunbrella canvas, the possibilities are as big as all outdoors. Because it's perfect for everything from awnings and entrance canopies to patio covers, cabanas and even privacy screens.

Sunbrella's ideal because it's made of 100% breathable acrylic fabric so it'll stand up to sun, rain and dirt for years.

In fact, our five-year limited warranty promises it won't fade, peel, rot, harden or crack, or we'll replace it free.

Furthermore, Sunbrella gives you 78 solids and patterns to choose from, which means your imagination can really run wild.

So look in the Yellow Pages under Awnings & Canopies for the dealer nearest you. Or write us at Glen Raven Mills, Inc., Glen Raven, NC 27215. And be sure you use Sunbrella to satisfy your creative instincts.

*Registered trademark Glen Raven Mills, Inc.

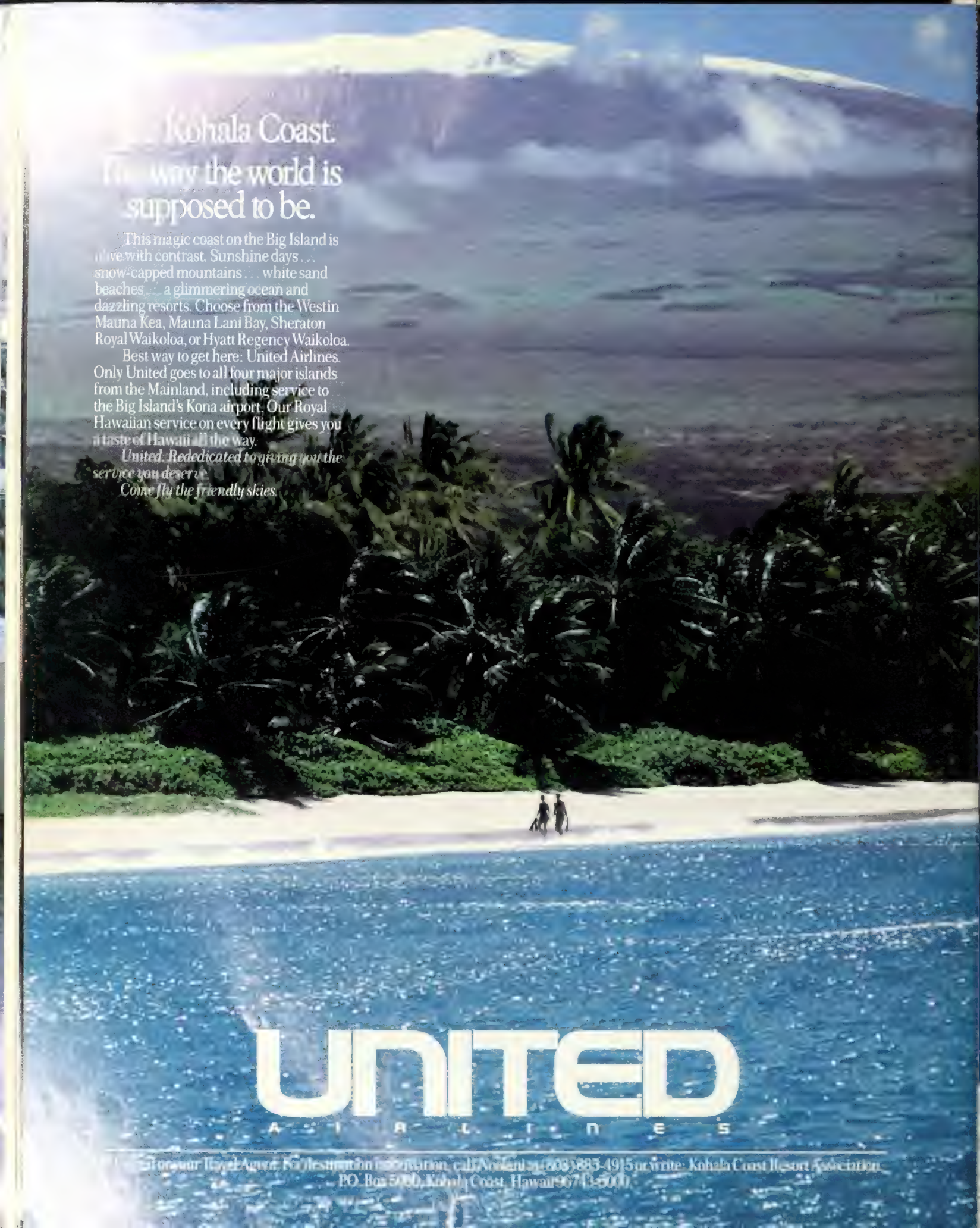


Pattern WIENER © Bernardaud, NA Inc. 1988 - 41 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 - The Bernardaud Shop, 345 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

Neiman Marcus

Ivey's


Kohala Coast.
the way the world is
supposed to be.
This magic coast on the Big Island is alive with contrast. Sunshine days . . . snow-capped mountains . . . white sand beaches . . . a glimmering ocean and dazzling resorts. Choose from the Westin Mauna Kea, Mauna Lani Bay, Sheraton Royal Waikoloa, or Hyatt Regency Waikoloa.
Best way to get here: United Airlines. Only United goes to all four major islands from the Mainland, including service to the Big Island's Kona airport. Our Royal Hawaiian service on every flight gives you a taste of Hawaii all the way.
United. Rededicated to giving you the service you deserve.
Come fly the friendly skies.
UNITED
AIRLINES
For your Travel Agent, FREE destination information, call Kohala Coast Resort Association at (808) 885-4915 or write: Kohala Coast Resort Association, P.O. Box 5000, Kohala Coast, Hawaii 96743-5000.



Standing pretty too. This lily design, already acclaimed for its beauty and originality in Sherle Wagner's basin and pedestalled basin is hand painted by old world craftsmen. More evidence of Mr. Wagner's talent for bringing beauty to every bathroom accessory, whatever its function. Also available in matching bidet. All these units are offered in every exclusive Sherle Wagner hand painted original.

Sherle Wagner

60 East 57 Street, New York, N Y 10022

212-758-3300

For Illustrated Catalogue Send $5 to Dept. HG.



The china Claude Monet designed for himself

Monet is the hand-painted Limoges porcelain designed by the French Impressionist painter for his country home at Giverny. Shown with *Century* sterling silver flatware. Tiffany exclusives.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK LONDON MUNICH BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO DALLAS HOUSTON BOSTON ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO 800-526-0649



KWONGCHI TSENG

Kenny Scharf senses the Warhol presence more strongly than ever.

In Warhol's Footsteps

With his estate at auction, another Warhol legacy—his impact on young artists—is under scrutiny

This month, when Andy Warhol's collection of art and personal memorabilia is auctioned at Sotheby's, the world will see the corporeal consequence of years of compulsive shopping. The proceeds will fund a foundation for the visual arts, as decreed by his will. But the real testament, intangible and without estimable commercial value, is his creative philosophy. His posthumous stature hinges on his influence on younger artists and whether they promulgate his maverick ideology in a way that continues to affect the course of American art.

Kenny Scharf, Jean Michel Basquiat, and Keith Haring all illuminate singular visions within a Pop mold and were among the youngest in Warhol's protean pack of art fans and soul mates. Haring is closest to Warhol in both doctrine and artistic sensibility. But blinking through his geek chic glasses, he asserts that their granddaddy guru needed them as much as they needed him.

"Andy was very clever. He wanted to be part of the newest thing that was happening. He had a way of having his own fresh outlook, but he also got it through other people's eyes. He knew more about the coolest thing to do than people I know who are eighteen. Part of the way to know these things is to have younger friends. He needed fresh blood all the time—and inspiration. You never knew how serious to take it, but he would complain on the phone, 'Oh, I need some ideas.'

art

"With complete respect I would say that we kept him on his toes. There were times when you would catch a little something in his conversation and you knew he was jealous. But it was the kind of jealousy I long for. I want to be around other artists who provoke you so that you think they are doing something better. Usually he was too nice to you and would compliment you on your work. But the important times were when you felt it was really bothering him. Then you knew you were good.

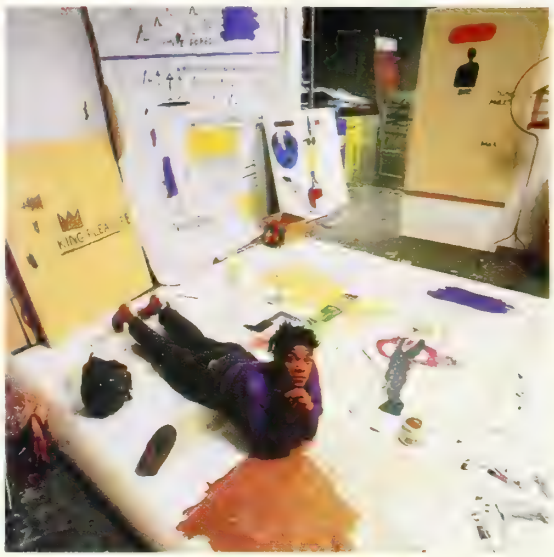
"I only knew Andy in the last five years, and I don't know how much he had changed. If there was one word for the feeling I got from him, it was generosity. I never saw any other side of him."

Haring's Pop Shop in New York is, of course, the ultimate representation of Warhol's creed. He had wanted to open an Andymat where people could eat alone while watching television.

"Another thing I learned from Andy was my relationship to the art market. In terms of the market, Andy suffered by going into films and making multiples. Only now, after his death, are the prices starting to go back up."

He had wanted an Andymat where people could eat alone and watch TV

Haring has found his own art freed by the Pop Shop. His new imagery, ink, gouache and collage on handmade paper, is angrier, more complex, and noticeably polarized from the grinning radios and Free South Africa T-shirts that populate the store.



Jean Michel Basquiat feels Warhol influenced neither his personality nor his art.

Warhol transmuted America's art world by forcing it to perceive itself differently, and the new artist will have to do the same. Ironically, however, he will also have to ignore the urbane facets of neo-Popism. As Duchamp wrote, "A creative lull occurs always when artists of a period are satisfied to pick up a predecessor's work where he dropped it and attempt to continue what he is doing."

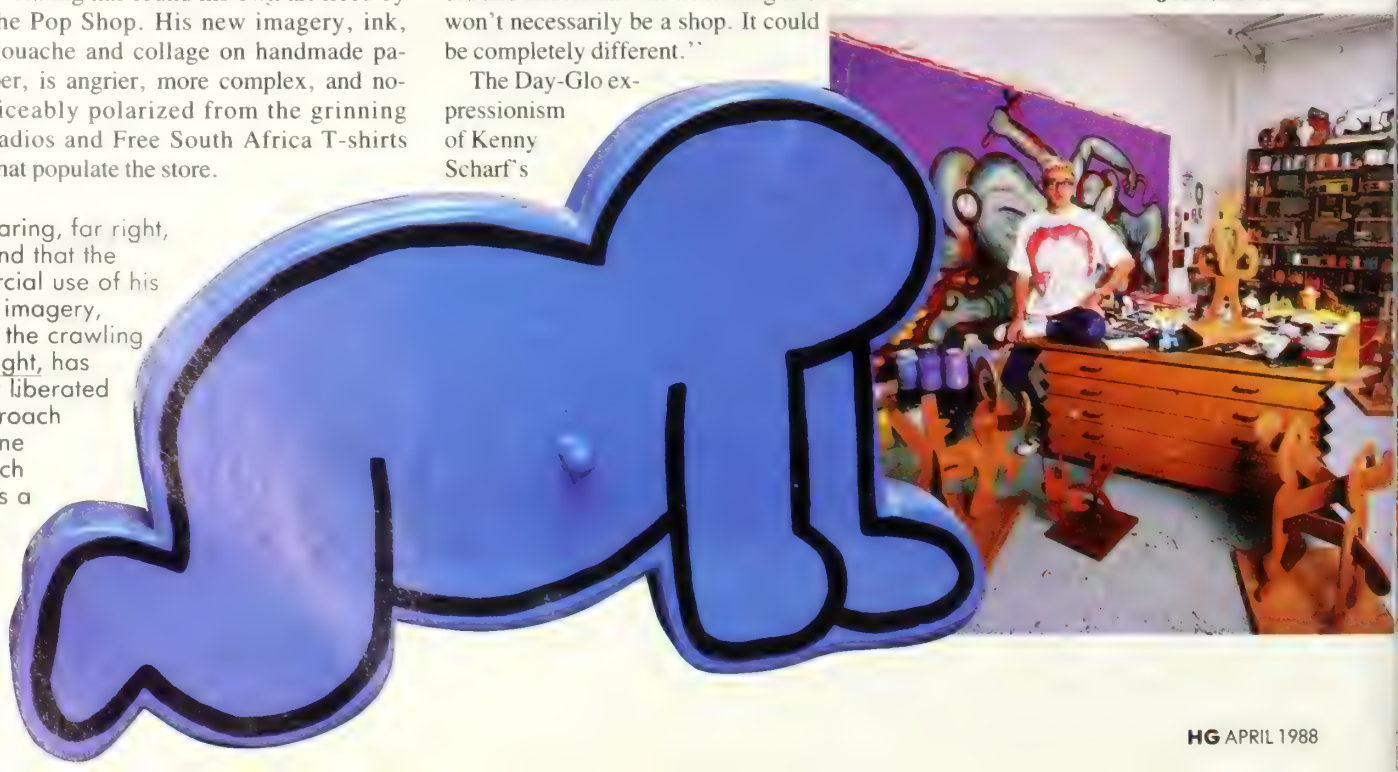
Nevertheless the Pop Shop idea offers limitless possibilities. Says Haring, "Someone else is going to look at what I did and understand the next thing to do. It won't necessarily be a shop. It could be completely different."

The Day-Glo expressionism of Kenny Scharf's vibrant, accessible canvases reveals a devoted adherent to Popism. "I do miss Andy as a person to see," he says, "but I feel since he died he is more around than ever."

In 1985, Brooklyn bad boy Jean Michel Basquiat collaborated with Warhol to paint canvases where brash old Pop met disjointed new. Says the art star, a figure of acne-bitten charm and toothless smile, "Andy hadn't painted for years when we met. He was very disillusioned, and I understand that. You break your ass, and people just say bad things about you. And he was very sensitive. He used to complain and say, 'Oh, I'm just a commercial artist.' I don't know whether he really meant that, but I don't think he enjoyed doing all those prints and things that his stooges set up for him. There *is* work of Andy's that is definitely more Andy than other things that have his name on them."

This is not a conceptual ditch Basquiat plans to fall into. He would rather drive a cab, he notes, than put his name to a sportswear line. The man who sold the world was his best friend, but Warhol influenced neither Basquiat's personality nor his work. "If he hadn't been around, I would still have been everything I am right now. I think I helped Andy more than he helped me, to tell you the truth."

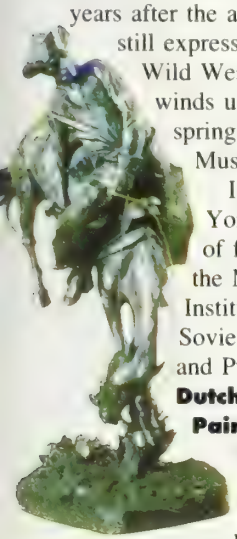
Jessica Berens



Keith Haring, far right, has found that the commercial use of his famous imagery, such as the crawling baby, right, has actually liberated his approach to his fine art, which now has a harsher edge.

Art Listings

Premiering at the Saint Louis Art Museum, March 11–May 22, **Frederic Remington: The Masterworks** features a rare collection of 66 paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including *The Outlaw*, 1906, of bronze, below. Nearly eighty years after the artist's death, his works still express a potent vision of the Wild West. The exhibition winds up its tour early next spring at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



In the meantime, New Yorkers can enjoy the first of four exchanges between the Metropolitan, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Soviet Union's Hermitage and Pushkin museums. **Dutch and Flemish Paintings from the Hermitage,** on view from March 26 to June 5 in New York and from July 9 to September 18 in Chicago, is comprised of over fifty works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Hals, Ruisdael, Jordaens, and others.

Furniture design fans should see **Bent Wood and Metal Furniture: 1850–1946,** now at Michigan's Flint Institute of Arts through May 1 before its fall finale at the Cleveland Museum of Art. More than a hundred pieces have been gathered by the American Federation of Arts to show the influence of mechanical bending on mass-produced design. Included are graceful Thonet bentwood pieces, furniture of the Eameses, and tubular steel designs of Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier.

In Washington, D.C., at the National Museum of Women in the Arts, **Scents of Time: Reflections of Fragrance and Society** reveals the connections between fragrance and popular culture since the eighteenth century. The spirit of each era is re-created by an array of posters, bottles, photographs, and furniture. Period perfumes are available to sample. Through April 22. **A. Glenn Harrell**

SAINT LOUIS ART MUSEUM

The Cable Gallery

Amid art world hype, a low-key gallery in downtown Manhattan establishes its prescience

For four years, the Cable gallery has filled a sizable chunk of white space on the third floor of Stanford White's Cable Building at Broadway and Houston, overlooking the Carzapoppin' car wash and the filling station across the street.

Even now that its neighborhood has heated up somewhat artistically, Cable, run by Nicole Klagsbrun and Clarissa Dalrymple, remains funky, unpredictable, and bohemian. It has the flavor of the undernourished art world of bygone decades when only a few people were artists and hardly any of them had money.

Like the Betty Parsons Gallery in the 1950s and Klaus Kertess's Bykert in the 1970s, Cable has a reputation as a discoverer of artists. The first major show of Barbara Ess's pinhole camera photographs happened there. So did important early shows of Clegg & Guttmann's "corporate portraits," and Alan Belcher's photo-sculptures. Cable introduced Haim Steinbach and Ashley Bickerton.

Some gallery owners stop looking once they have a full house or look only at one kind of thing. But Klagsbrun and Dalrymple see every show that goes up. They ferret out the overlooked unique thing that will become important in a year, two years, five years. They have an eye. They don't have money. A rich gallery can lure artists with promises of stipends and higher sales figures. Few artists today can resist. Indeed, many of Cable's stable have departed for palmier climes.

But Cable proceeds undaunted. Among this season's people are Tyler Turkle, who makes poured acrylic paintings that stick to any clean surface; Ange Leccia, an artist who "arranges" objects of all sorts, even two Concorde jets; and sculptor Meg Webster, known to work in mud.



CLEGG & GUTTMANN (2)

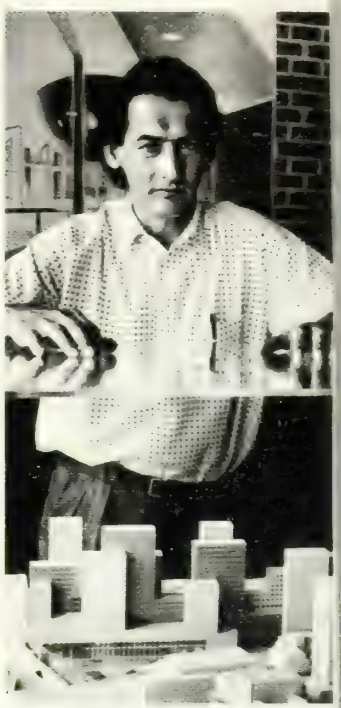
Above: Nicole Klagsbrun, at left, and Clarissa Dalrymple in their gallery in front of a Robert Price. Below: A detail of Tyler Turkle's poured acrylic painting *Endless Marilyns*.

Says Dalrymple, "There's a slight amateurishness about us. If we've had success, it belongs to that. It's about loving things rather than figuring out how to make them financially rewarding. We're both artists manqué." **Gary Indiana**





PETER AARON ESTO



Left: The Netherlands Dance Theater in The Hague, a spirited twist on the theme of Modernism. Above: Rem Koolhaas.

Fancy Footwork

Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas makes a stunning debut with his Netherlands Dance Theater

Ten years ago Rem Koolhaas was regarded as one of the most brilliant stars on the architectural horizon. Young, handsome, and possessed of an exhilarating vision of Modernism, the dashing Dutchman wowed students and colleagues alike during his 1973–79 teaching stint at New York's Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies. With the 1978 publication of his provocative "retroactive manifesto for Manhattan" entitled *Delirious New York*, the cognoscenti agreed—Koolhaas would go far. Where he went, however, was home to Europe to join Greek architect Elia Zenghelis, with whom he had founded the London-based Office for Metropolitan Architecture (better known as OMA) in 1975. Time passed, but save for periodic reports of stalled commissions and ill-fated competitions, little was heard from Koolhaas. OMA admirers began to wonder about the wunderkind.

Happily, Koolhaas's low-profile years have finally drawn to a close, and the 43-year-old architect is back in the professional spotlight again. OMA has sprouted branches in Rotterdam and Athens, and its thirty members have enough work—from villas in Paris to public housing in Amsterdam—to keep them all busy. An exhibition of architectural drawings at the Max Protetch Gallery in New York recently revealed that Koolhaas's lightning-bolt hand is as remarkable as ever. More dramatically, the opening of the Netherlands Dance Theater in The Hague, contiguous to the new philharmonic hall, proves that he can, after all, make that tricky transition from two to three dimensions. With its warped and wavy roofline, conical restaurant tower, and billboard-scale exterior mural of dancers in motion (painted by OMA collaborator Madelon Vriesendorp, Koolhaas's wife), the 1,001-seat theater is spirited testimony not only to Koolhaas's agility in maneuvering in the "real" world of small budgets and large bureaucracies but also to his long-standing commitment to what he once dubbed an architecture of ecstasy.

Charles Gandee

The Road to Mandalay

The houses of a living California legend are today's sought-after classics

Often called the father of the California ranch house, Cliff May celebrates his eightieth birthday with a UCLA symposium on March 5 of the sort usually reserved for high-style architects who figure prominently in the history books. But although May has had no formal architectural schooling, he is far more than the hands-on builder he has modestly claimed to be. This resourceful San Diego native understands far better than most avant-garde professionals how to create houses responsive to California's sublime climate and relaxed way of life.

May's more than one thousand residences, from 1931 to several under construction today, reflect his belief that a house should be level with the ground plane, be made only of natural materials, and turn inward to patios and *corredors*. Their informality and low-maintenance livability have won him a vast and varied clientele, including Shirley MacLaine, Lawrence Welk, Robert Mondavi, and Gianni Agnelli. His vintage works have become coveted treasures, including the 1939 rancho he built for himself in Brentwood and his masterpiece—the 1939 Blow house in Brentwood (now the home of Nancy and Zubin Mehta). May spends a fair amount of time authenticating houses attributed to him, but no questions exist about the latest May resale to hit the market. Mandalay, the architect's own 1953 estate in Los Angeles's Sullivan Canyon, is available with its twenty acres for a cool $20 million, which his fans consider to be nothing less than the going price for greatness.

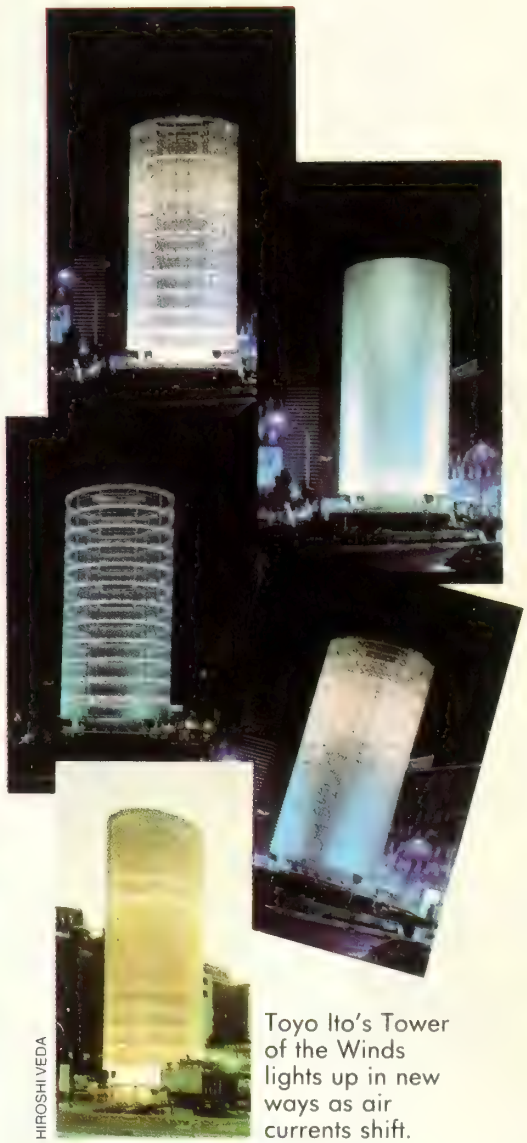
Martin Filler



AARON RAPOPORT

TIM STREET-PORTER

Cliff May, above right, in front of his own 1939 ranch house in Brentwood. Also from 1939 is his Blow house in Brentwood, with its court entrance, right, and entry hall, above.



HIROSHI VEDA

Toyo Ito's Tower of the Winds lights up in new ways as air currents shift.

Winds of Change

A fascinating new structure in Yokohama by Japanese architect Toyo Ito plays with our notions of architecture as the most substantial and static of art forms. Ito's seven-story-high Tower of the Winds is not a habitable building but rather an urban folly—a perforated aluminum oval cylinder open to prevailing breezes that activate a variable series of internal lighting effects depending on the direction and velocity of the wind, like an illuminated weathervane. It also indicates the time and noise level. Amid the raucous neon nightscape, this monochromatic apparition is as elegant and refreshing as a Bernini fountain in Rome. **M.F.**

design



Clockwise from far left: Bibendum, the Michelin man; newly renovated exterior of the Michelin building at Brompton Cross; interior with Conran's shop; Oriental art on view in Conran's galleries.

Temple of the Tire

The Michelin Building is the latest London outpost of the retailing empire of Sir Terence Conran

The Michelin Building, which stands on the corner of Sloane Avenue and Fulham Road in London's Chelsea, is a robust and eccentric monument to vulcanized rubber—a temple of the tire. Two and a half years ago it was acquired by Sir Terence Conran, creator and head of the massively successful Habitat and Conran Design Group, and Paul Hamlyn, chairman of Octopus Publishing. The purchase was something of an old dream finally becoming a reality for Conran, whose first shop opened opposite the building; the original Habitat was housed on a neo-depressing block, and it was with envy in his eyes that Conran gazed across the street to the architectural equivalent of a giant Wurlitzer machine. In September 1987, after two years of renovation, the scaffolding and blue plastic sheeting were peeled away in a tantalizingly slow striptease. The doors to the Conran shop, restaurant, and oyster-bar complex opened to the public last November 27.

The story of the building goes back to 1904 when Dunlop's patent in London expired and the Michelin brothers—Edouard and André—crossed the channel from France to do battle with their arch-rivals for the British tire market. François Espinasse, the Michelin engineer who designed the headquarters, managed to create one of the most exuberant buildings in London and among the first buildings in Britain to have a concrete frame. But what made it a cult with the public were the decorative details. Espinasse's design, which was finished in 1911, is a marvelous example of the Michelin brothers' outlook on advertising: they believed in fanfare and razzmatazz to tempt consumers. Tires grace each hubcap-shaped pediment; tiled picture panels along the length of the building portray stirring moments from the early days of motorcar racing; and everything is embellished with Art Nouveau oak-leaf foliage.

The Michelin man—Bibendum, to give him his proper name—looms large in both senses of the word. The Bibendum figure was inspired when the Michelin brothers noticed that a pile of tires looked rather like a fat man and asked the artist O'Galop to draw a tireman for their posters. The company motto, *Nunc est bibendum* (Now is the time to drink), applied to the tireman means that he can "drink" any number of sharp objects and remain unharmed.

With admirable restraint, Conran has

TOP LEFT TIM STREET PORTER; OTHERS MICHEL ARNAUD

not interfered with the pneumatic theme and has confined his logo to the new glass side entrance. He has replaced the three large stained-glass windows—illustrating the cigar-smoking hero riding a bicycle, doing a high kick to show the tire-tread sole of his shoe, and having a broken-glass cocktail—which were removed for safekeeping during the war and then sadly lost. The glass Bibendum-shaped cupolas, which light up at night, have also been completely remade from old plans.

It's the architectural equivalent of a giant Wurlitzer

In the entrance hall the mosaic Bibendum, wearing a monocle, has been carefully renovated. On the left of the hall, where Michelin used to have its touring office, is the new oyster bar run by Conran's youngest son, Tom. Ever since the building opened, the bar has been packed. Conran has added engraved windows showing maps of French gastronomic centers to enhance the "Frenchness" of the building. In the restaurant upstairs the maps are printed on the blinds. The restaurant has been Conran's baby. In the first few days of opening he rushed about like mother hen trying to iron out problems. Everywhere you look in this room—from the ashtrays to the chair legs—are Bibendum references.

Downstairs a Conran shop three times as large as the old one is housed in the former tire bay. What decoration there is has been meticulously chosen: the floors are marble and oak, the service desks are polished cherry, and fresh flowers sit among the luxuriously spaced items.

In some ways it is a stroke of luck that the structure is there at all. During the postwar years misguided town planners wreaked destruction all over the surrounding area, and it was not until 1967 that the building's value was assessed and came under government protection.

The official spending figure on the building has been given as £8 million, but the real figure is widely rumored to be closer to £12 million. However, with the multitudes of curious visitors who come to look at the building but end up spending money, Terence Conran shouldn't feel out-of-pocket for long. **Liza Campbell**



Propping the Future

Inspired by 1950s sci-fi flicks, a California design team makes props that shape film directors' visions

Whatever one might imagine a Hollywood props factory to be, it is probably not this: an industrial-size complex of laboratories, workshops, and showrooms designed to the highest of high-tech specifications, staffed by a 22-person crew identically dressed in white Mission Control jumpsuits, and organized along some neo-Corbusian principle of environmental architecture, aspects of which are almost explained in a cryptically worded four-page company manifesto. The company is Modern Props—with a subsidiary, Modern Living—run by John Zabrucky and his partners, Steve and Michael Ladish. At first glance it appears to be a joint operation of the Bauhaus, NASA, and the CIA.

The largest part of the company headquarters, located in the Marina del Rey–Venice area of Los Angeles, is given over to exhibition space for its huge inventory of movie props, divided between acquisitions and their own factory-made pieces. The former represent each decade of contemporary design from the 1920s to the present; the latter take it from there, describing a future that is already oddly familiar. Here is equipment that outfitted the starship *Enterprise* in *Star Trek II;* over there is the molded plexiglass phone booth that Harrison Ford used in *Blade Runner;* a few feet away is the rotating chair that energized the human/machine cop in *Robocop;* and everywhere there are computers with robotic arms, radar screens, microscopes with self-extending wing monitors—all of them looking so functional that one forgets that they don't actually *work*. John Zabrucky, the company's forty-year-old president, has little patience with this particular observation. Whether demonstrat-





Modern Props logo, left. Right: Lamps designed by Modern Props for *Max Headroom, Blade Runner.* Below: John Zabrucky and staff member.

TIM STREET-PORTER

design



DAVE FREEDMAN COURTESY UA



TIM STREET-PORTER

Dolph Lundgren, left, works out in *Rocky IV* assisted by Modern Props' "digital spider" machine. Below: Laser cannon used in *Ice Pirates*; electronic racks loaned to *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

ing a laser cannon or previewing a suitcase with pop-out video screen and radar scanner, Zabrucky has the enthusiasm of a true believer and the sales patter of a fugitive arms dealer.

The competing philosophies behind Modern Props—scientific accuracy and design excellence—are his own. As a schoolboy in Ohio, he made his first prop in the seventh grade—a fully operational model volcano so successful that it set fire to his science teacher. After a spell as an art teacher he moved to California and launched a props-rental business from his garage which ten years ago became Modern Props. Modern Living was added a year ago, the result of a trip to the annual Milan furniture fair. Looking for new acquisitions for Modern Props, Zabrucky and an associate placed a sizable order with the Driade studio for Philippe Starck chairs and tables. The Driade people took one look at their sneakers and beach shorts and forgot about them—until their check cleared. Today Modern Living sells for Driade as well as a half-dozen stars of European design.

The work of Modern Props betrays a fascination with the science-fiction movies of the fifties. But more than that, it conveys irony with such deadpan finality that one wonders if the irony was ever intended. Surveying his model worker community with its mini-army of model workers—Zabrucky is all sincerity. "The environment here is central to what we do," he says. "People come here just to get ideas for movies." An Italian design executive even asked to be locked up in the showrooms for a weekend so he could reconsider the direction of his life. "Props, I think, is a misnomer," Zabrucky adds. "I hate to be so precious as to call it art, but what the hell, that's pretty much the way I see it." **James Truman**

Chair of the Month

A. I have always wanted to be First Lady of the land.
B. I am sure that when I am, this chair will fit perfectly into some room in my home.
C. I am equally sure that by then I will own something that matches this chair, something quite voluminous with puffy sleeves perhaps.
In the meantime:
A. I'm not.
B. It doesn't.
C. I don't. **Nora Ephron**



Nora Ephron considers a Regency-style slipper chair, $3,450, covered in Westbury chintz, by Rose Cumming.

clarence house

211 EAST 58 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



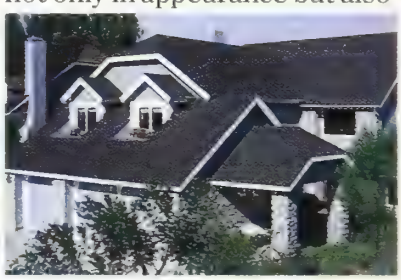
DRAGON EMPRESS—Jacquard

There isn't a home i improved by a GA



Contemporary, colonial, posh or plain. You name it!

Any home can be improved not only in appearance but also



in trouble-free performance and most importantly to you, the homeowner, in value.

Consider, for a moment, these two startling facts. One, a roof represents one-third of the surface of your house; and two, a new GAF® Timberline® roof is usually less than half the cost of remodeling a single bathroom. Which means the return on your investment in a new roof is outstanding.

In fact, dollar for dollar it's unquestionably the most noticeable improvement for any home in the country. No wonder GAF Timberline shingles are the number one choice of architects and builders.

After all, compared to ordinary shingles, GAF Timberline shingles have a rich dimensional texture that bears an uncanny resemblance to wood. The



alternating rise of shingles casts playful shadows throughout the roof. The overall appearance is something neighbors can't help but envy.

Then there's the colors themselves. Eight warm, distinctive earth-tone blends – from Charcoal to Sunset to



Weathered Wood – each having depth and dimension that can't be duplicated. They also carry a 30 year Limited Warranty.

For a closer look at GAF Timberline shingles check your Yellow Pages for a GAF roofing contractor in your area.

You'll come away feeling you've improved your home by starting where you should. At the very top.

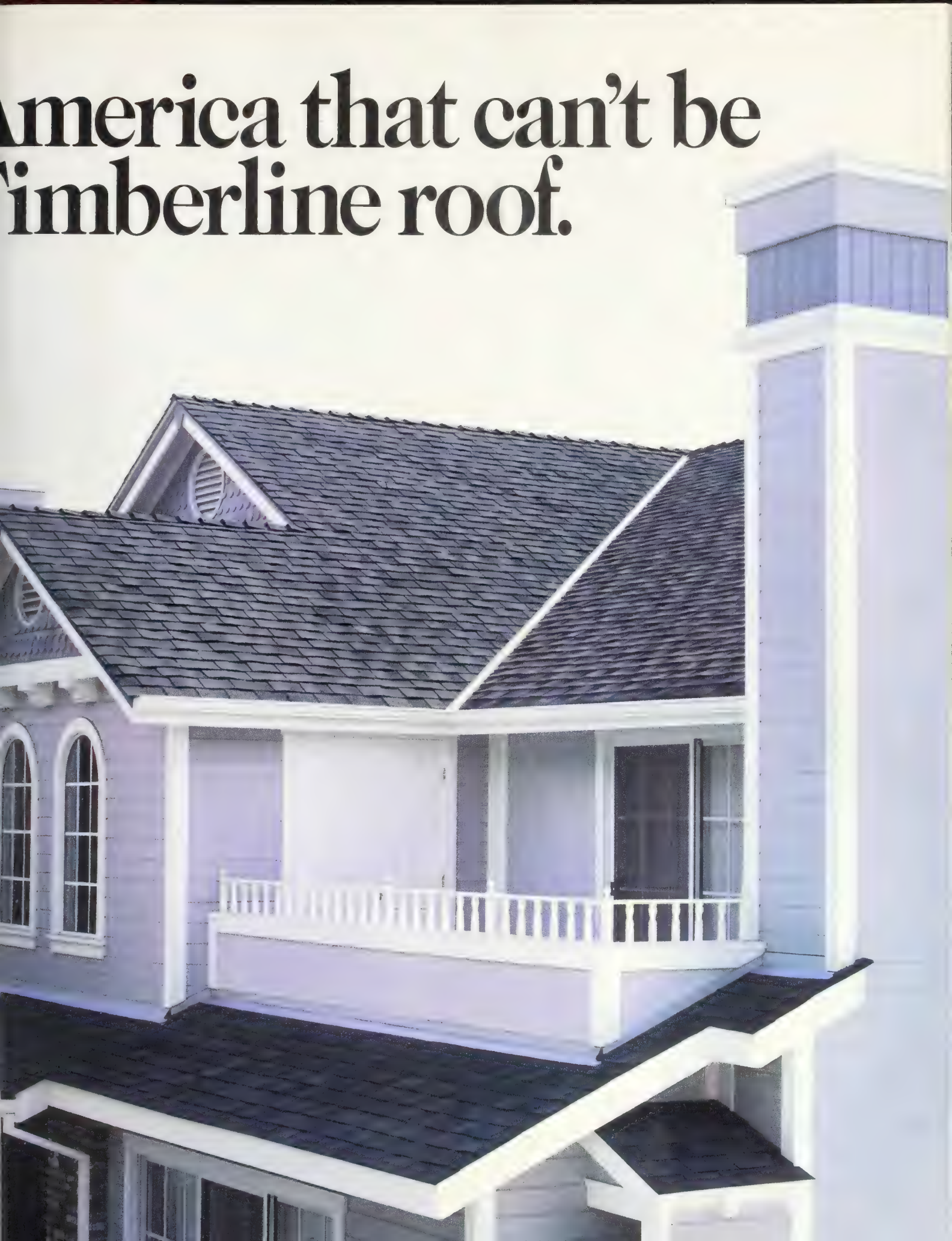
GAF Timberline.
The #1 choice of architects for the beauty and value it adds to any home.



ABOVE ALL IT'S A GAF ROOF

© GAF Corporation 1985

America that can't be Timberline roof.





Noble Savagery

Rhoda Koenig ventures out to find danger in other people's houses

Working at home, living alone, I have a rather simple daytime homelife in London. It consists mainly of reading, writing, and attempting to talk to people on the telephone. This last ambition is frequently foiled by the British telephone system, which seems to be, like take-away curry, one of the less successful imports from the countries of the empire. Dialing the telephone in England is like taking part in a lottery: only the lucky person connects with the right number. The unlucky one—your odds lengthen after it rains—gets a lot of strangers out of bed or the bath. (It must be said, however, that callers here say things like, "Oh, I'm most dreadfully sorry. I hope I haven't inconvenienced you," which is a change from New York, where they can get nasty if you're not Frank the plumber or Uncle Joe.)

But if British Telecom is deeply inefficient, it is also, as befits a corporation of the nanny state, highly solicitous. When I called to get my telephone changed for one compatible with an answering machine, I was told that the company would have to approve my model. "You see," the saleslady explained, "since it runs on electricity, it is considered a dangerous object."

Other people's homelives have a bit more texture, which, of course, means more complications. "How is your new au pair working out?" I asked my friend Ann, who recently imported a French girl sight unseen, having been told only that she was very nice and was called Sheherezade. "Well," she sighed, "it's a bit like having another child. Come and see." The girl's name had led Ann to believe that she would be a fund of bedtime stories; unfortunately Sheherezade had only one story, the oldest in the world, which she tearfully confided to me soon after I walked in. "My boyfriend, he is with me four years, and then this other girl come and he go off with her. That is not nice, no?" When I rashly admitted that I sort of spoke French, she raced upstairs and came back with a sheaf of lined paper covered with small round handwriting and entitled "The World, Love, Woman, and the Thing." "Ce sont des poèmes en prose," she said firmly. I now know that French prose poems about *l'amour perdu* are just like the ones in English and, I expect, any other language. Sheherezade's cooking and cleaning are top drawer, however, and her profound Gallic misery has chastened Ann's small son, previously known as the Hampstead Hurricane, into a state of respectful awe. After a delicious dinner, through which he had been unnaturally quiet, he whispered, "I *liked* my French food, mummy." "It was chicken chow mein," I said. "Shut up," said Ann. "Do you want to ruin a good thing?"

> *"Don't you know, darling, that wearing a shirt and underpants is* upper *class?"*

My other Hampstead friends have contentiousness as their daily meat. "Henry!" shrieked Sarah as I came through their French doors. "We have a female visitor! Don't just sit there like that! Go and put on your trousers!" Henry, a pudgy scholarly-looking fellow, continued to read his *Telegraph*. "My dear," he said, "I wouldn't dream of insulting our guest. If I were sitting here in my trousers and an undershirt, she would quite rightly be offended at such lower-class behavior. But she knows—don't you, darling—that wearing a shirt and underpants is *upper* class." Henry chuckled smugly and turned a page. "Well, Henry," said Sarah very precisely, "since you're dressed for it, why don't you go run around the block." She flounced, if one can do that sitting down. "*Several* times."

Henry and Sarah's dinner parties have been enlivened for the past twenty-odd years by appeals to their guests on whether they should get a divorce. At the last one Sarah introduced the guest of honor with "Now this is a very interesting lady because she comes from East Africa, which is unusual. Most people come from West Africa." Henry, who had already begun eating, stopped chewing long enough to point out, "*Most* people, actually, come from China." The dinner party held a collective breath while Sarah drew a deep one. "Most people, Henry, *originate* in China, but as the vast majority of them do not travel, they cannot be said to come *from* it." Henry chuckled with satisfaction. "Will someone please tell me," asked Sarah, "how I have managed to stay married five minutes to that man, let alone—what is it now—22 years? I *can't* believe it." We told the East African lady that all London couples talked like this.

Dinner at the Pattersons' was more openly vicious, though the fury there was vented on an absent guest. Throughout the meal Angela, an ice-blond princess who swung an invisible riding crop, had shown the fine old scorn for conventional politesse that characterizes so many of the upper class. One lady, recently back from Paris, complained, "I wish the French wouldn't start speaking English in that superior way they have when I start speaking French—it isn't as if I didn't speak it very well." "Oh, do you?" drawled Angela. "Let's hear some." Not long after the brandy had been passed around, Angela made her excuses. Then the carving knives came out. "I must say," exploded her dinner partner, "nobody who arrives late wearing a peasant dress and no makeup has the right to behave like that." Everyone then had a go, contributing not only opinions but the most absorbing facts about Angela's finances, sex life, and medical history. "Why *did* you invite that awful woman?" the host was asked.

KEN MARYANSKI

© 1987 Parfums International Inc.



Be touched
by the fragrance
that touches
the woman.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S
PASSION

Available at
THE BROADWAY
1-800-626-4800

Jewelry by Harry Winston
Frivili by Norman Parkinson

The pen is mightier and some pens are



Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower holding the Parker 51 pens used to sign the German surrender on May 7, 1945 at Reims, France.

Parker Pens have been chosen to sign some of the most important documents of this century.

The first use of a Parker to sign a peace treaty was between the United States and Spain in P on December 10, 1898.

The most recent, as you may recall, was to sign the historic arms reduction agreement tween the USSR and the US in Washington a months ago.

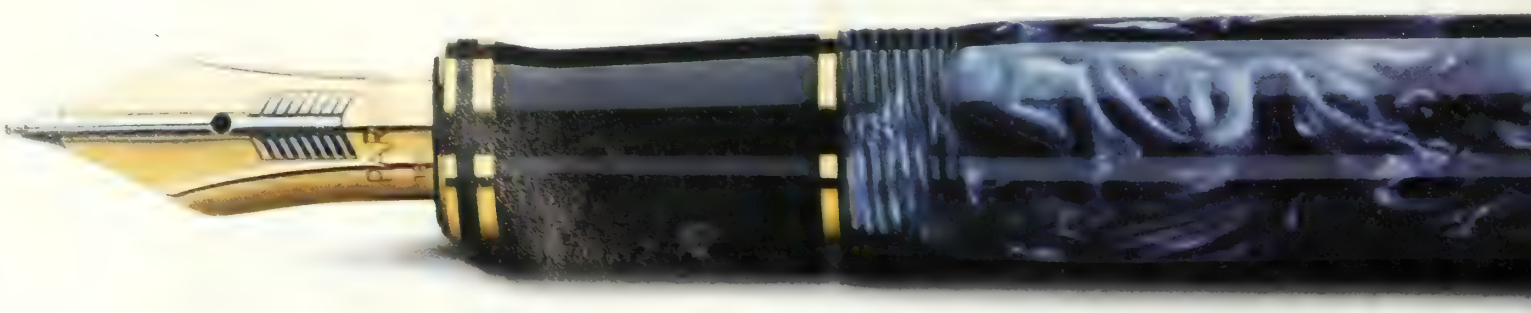
With so many pens to choose from wh have so many world leaders chosen Parker?

It is difficult to describe how a Parker Pen fe as it glides effortlessly across the page, leaving gleaming words behind it.

You must experience this pleasure firsthan We can, however, offer some explanation as



September 2, 1945. Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Admiral C. W. Nimitz use a Parker Duofold and a Parker 51 to sign the Japanese surrender.



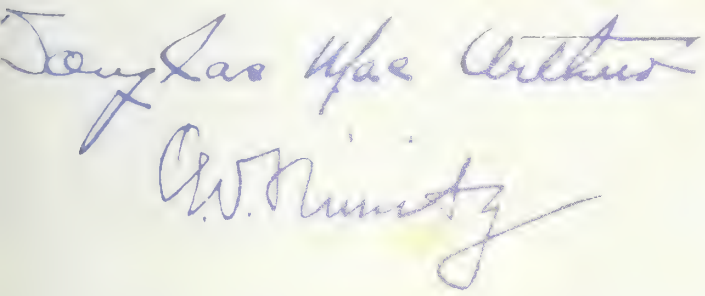
r than the sword ightier than others.

a Parker Pen can give your handwriting a char-
r, style and flair that lesser pens simply can't.

Take our newest pen, the Parker Duofold Cen-
nial pictured below, for instance. Its classic
gn from the twenties conceals "state-of-the-art"
nology of the eighties.

As your thoughts flow, it will not dry up, blotch
cratch under any normal writing conditions, due
n ink collector system of tiny fins engineered to
f one-thousandth of an inch.

Yet while we embrace modern technology, we



se to abandon some rather old-fashioned ideas
raftsmanship.

It still takes four days to make a Parker nib.
cut and press our nibs from 18 karat gold, then
them from tip to heart by hand using a .004″
ing disk.

To polish a nib to Parker standards takes 56
rs using a rotating drum of walnut shells. (There is no better way.) Finally, each nib is tipped with ruthenium, which is four times harder than steel and ten times smoother.

And before any dignitary signs their name with

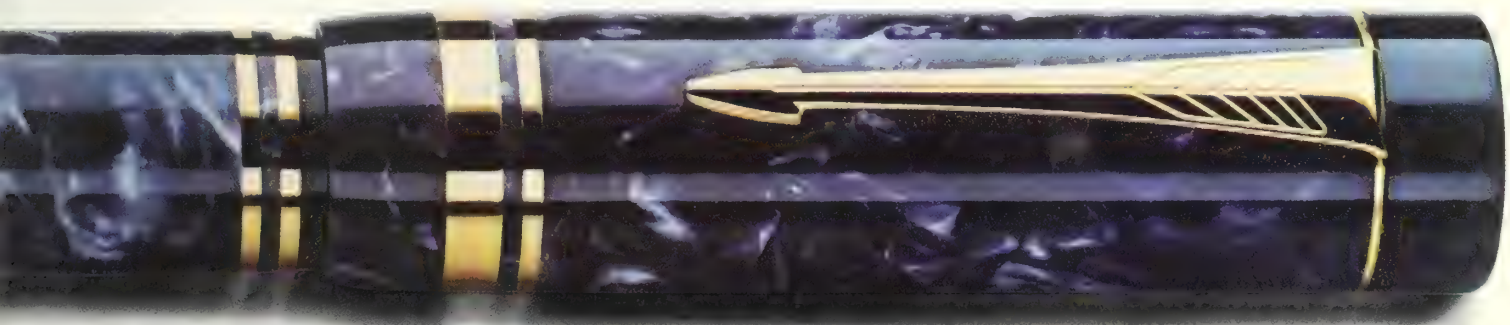


January 9, 1981, US Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher uses a Parker Roller Ball to sign the formal agreement freeing 52 American hostages from Iran.

a Parker Pen, one of our white gloved inspectors must first deem it perfect and sign theirs.

As you may have concluded, a Parker Pen can cost a considerable sum of money. But no more than you would expect for a pen with such a testament to its value.

PARKER



OUNTAIN PENS RANGE IN PRICE FROM $25 TO $2,750 FOR THE SOLID 18KT GOLD PREMIER. THE NEW DUOFOLD CENTENNIAL HAS A SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE OF $275. CALL 1 800 BEST PEN FOR YOUR NEAREST PARKER DEALER. © 1988 PARKER PEN USA LIMITED, JANESVILLE, WI 53547



Wallpapers and Fabrics at Arthur Sanderson, 979 3rd Ave., N.Y.C., Toronto, and showrooms throughout the U.S.

Maintenance-Free Protection



- **Maintenance-Free:** Since this fence is constructed entirely of aluminum, it can never rust. And there is no need to paint because the baked enamel finish will not chip, peel, or crack.
- **Elegance:** The beauty you want in a fence is combined with the security you need. The fence shown is just one example of the many styles and colors available from Jerith in maintenance-free aluminum.
- **Guaranteed:** This is the only fence backed by a full 15-Year Guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials. It's quality like this that has made Jerith a leader in fencing for over 35 years.

Send in the coupon now and you will receive details of a $50 rebate offer.

Jerith The Signature of Fine Fencing.
Jerith Manufacturing Co., Inc.
2716 38 Salmon Street (Dept HG48)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134

YES! Send me a FREE catalogue on beautiful maintenance-free Jerith fencing

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

"I don't know, really," he replied. "I suppose I felt sorry for her. You haven't said anything, Rhoda. What do you think?" "I think," I said, "that I'll be the last to leave."

Physical, rather than verbal, mayhem was the subject of another local dinner—it was a family evening, so that explains it. The Feltons are boundlessly hospitable, inviting their friends to come over anytime for supper with them and their two children, but acceptances are limited, as Caroline upholds another upper-class English tradition, that of being an awesomely rotten cook. Dishes appear on their table which are not only obvious leftovers but don't seem to be left over from anything that was ever in one piece. One of their more wicked friends once had a party invitation printed with the epigraph "Personally I always think the company is much more important than the food—Caroline Felton."

Caroline—the Feltons are upper class only in origin, not income—has the same elevated attitude toward housekeeping, considering that a layer of dust gives the furniture a fine antique patina. She has approvingly quoted to me Quentin Crisp's observation, "After four years the dust never gets any worse." William, however, has a more practical nature, which he was trying to implement the evening I took potluck. "What's this, now," he murmured, "eyeballs, fingers, toes..." I looked up in alarm, thinking he was enumerating the contents of that night's remnant stew, but he was only scanning an insurance policy their daughter Violet had asked him to sign for her camping trip. "I say, you get quite a lot of money if you break an arm or a leg on this trip. And if you *lose* an arm or a leg, well, the sky would seem to be the limit." Violet started to look a bit worried at her father's growing enthusiasm. "You know, you could pay for two years at Cambridge if you lost your right foot on this trip. You wouldn't like to help me out, would you, darling?" Violet began whimpering. I took advantage of her confusion to abstract a recognizable bit of meat from her plate. "Violet, stop that sniveling, and don't be ridiculous. Daddy was only joking," Caroline told her. "Mm, yes, pet," said William. One last whimper subsided into resentful silence. "Actually you wouldn't really miss your *left* foot, would you?"

I left the Feltons to their gruesome devices and went home, watching my step. A single woman has to look out for herself in these parts. After all, nobody will come rushing to save me if I electrocute myself with the answering machine. ♠

World's most beautiful outdoor carpeting.



This particular swatch comes to life every spring in Denmark, behind Ole Jacobsen's whitewashed, Sjaelland island farmhouse, just north of route E66 between Kindertofte and Skellebjerg.

It's that way everywhere in Scandinavia, five countries so beautiful and clean, you'd think your mother had just scrubbed them.

For example, you can luxuriate in outdoor swimming areas, year 'round, heated by Iceland's soothing, natural hot springs. You can play in any of Finland's 187,888 azure lakes, surrounded by spruce-scented forests. You can explore Norway's waterfalls, which dance down mist-shrouded, emerald mountainsides, and plummet into beautiful fjords. Or, if you like, take a ferry-boat to a secluded cottage in Sweden's Stockholm Archipelago, the chain of wooded islands which pepper the Baltic.

Scandinavia, the Undiscovered.
Denmark Finland Iceland Norway Sweden

This year, discover Scandinavia. Five beautiful countries just waiting to be unveiled.

Write: Scandinavian Tourist Boards, 655 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017, for a Discover Scandinavia Kit.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HG4

AMERICAN EXPRESS ICELANDAIR SAS FINNAIR Hertz



Designer Postcards

Mario Buatta sends home word on America's classic hotels


GEORGE LANGE

To acquaint you with my lecture life, it all started about twenty years ago at which time I couldn't stand in front of more than five people without uttering absolute nonsense. Nowadays it is about the same except that I have become more at ease in front of an audience because of what an elocution teacher told me. "Think of them as cows in a pasture," she said. It has helped to ease the pain.

The talks number about twenty to thirty per year, and I give them at antiques shows and meetings of garden clubs, to Junior Leaguers, and so forth. Traveling as much as I do, I've learned to treasure my favorite hotels in various cities.

LOS ANGELES

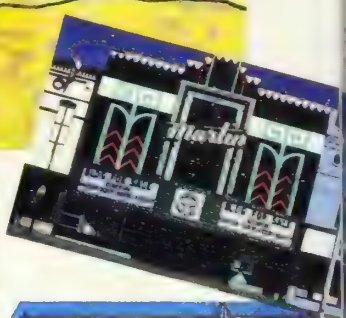
Arriving at the Beverly Wilshire is like entering the center of shoppers' heaven. You walk through the lobby corridors past the world's most luxurious shops and poke about and hobnob with a cinema star or two. Who can resist the palm trees, the sun-soaking and stargazing, the glamorous restaurants with equally glamorous plates of California cuisine artfully arranged?

The hotel is currently undergoing renovation, yet it still offers many styles of decoration—Mexican, French, Spanish, California avant-garde, English, and so on—apparently from warehouses that would put MGM to shame. Tonight it was to be à l'espagnole for me—not that I opted for the style, but the room was the only one available that had the view I wanted of the Hollywood Hills. The Wilshire is a dream house filled with rooms to fit every jetsetter's mood: flamenco tonight, Italian opera tomorrow night, and so on. What a great way to decorate for an unassuming client.

NEW ORLEANS

The reception I got at the new and luxuriously appointed Windsor Court Hotel near the French Quarter was rather special. My suite wasn't ready for occupancy, so the very courteous staff inquired if "Your Highness would care to have cocktails in the courtyard." I replied with a puzzled "thank you." Soon after, the assistant manager accompanied me to my room on the 22nd floor. On opening the door she said, "Princess Margaret, the Duchess of York's father, and Eddie Murphy have recently been guests in this exact suite." An enormous sitting room fitted out with splendid chintzes, Fortuny coverings, Scalamandré's best stripes, and antiques from all over the world gave me the feeling I was in someone's private hideaway in the sky. There were two terraces with views of every corner of this magical city. There were two bedrooms (mine had an English canopied four-poster draped in Brunschwig cotton), three baths, a music room fitted with a parlor grand and a comfortable sofa, a Poggenpohl kitchen. The next morning after a wondrous breakfast I ran off to give my lecture to 450 ladies at the Federal Fibre Mills building. Tout New Orleans was there, and they were a wonderful audience. On checking out of the Windsor Court later that day I asked the pretty assistant manager, "Why the royal treatment?" She replied, "You are the Prince of Chintz, are you not?"









The author, top left, in his sample room. Above: Postcards from his worldwide collection.

PALM BEACH

The afternoon was sunny and bright, and only a faint memory lingered in my fuzzy brain of the snow left behind in New York. Returning to the Breakers after my lecture at the Norton Gallery, I felt swept back in time. The vast pink-colored pile in the old Palm Beach tradition—with a dash of Monte Carlo and Marbella—shimmered with old-style glamour. My oceanfront suite was palatial and reeked of Elsie de Wolfe—fern leaves and all. Wouldn't Lady Mendl want to know

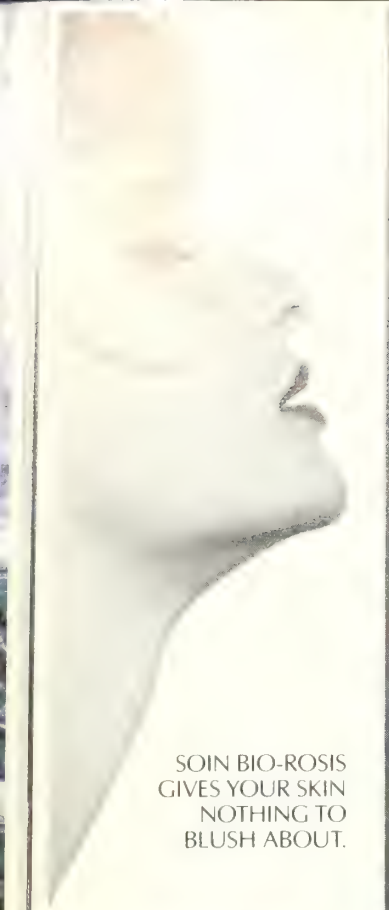


Cotton argyle sweater. $246. Sweep brim straw hat. $74.50. Floral cotton/linen scarf. $72.50. Double buckle canvas bag. $194.

The Woman's Shop at

Paul Stuart®

Madison Ave. at 45th Street, New York City. 212•682•0320.



SOIN BIO-ROSIS
GIVES YOUR SKIN
NOTHING TO
BLUSH ABOUT.



- Conceals flushed, ruddy tones—skin that blushes *too* much
- Covers redness or blotchiness from wind, sun and cold
- Creates a soft, even radiance
- Works under moisturizer, makeup or alone
- Gives you one more reason to discover Stendhal's hypoallergenic Bio-Program for sensitive skin

STENDHAL.
THE FRENCH WORD
FOR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

RICH'S

Stendhal

that she is the role model for so many young lady decorators today?

WASHINGTON, D.C.

The train is the most sensible choice for a trip from New York to Washington these days, as Amtrak offers great accommodations with service to match in its spiffy club cars. Arrival at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel was memorable. The style of the lobby is very English country house with English dogs (of the painted-on-canvas variety) hanging on almost every imaginable flat surface. (I even think they may have been on the ceiling as well, but that is probably wishful thinking.) My room was splendidly outfitted in chintzes from Brunschwig and carpeted from 'ere to 'ere in a geometric print that wouldn't show dog tracks. Unfortunately I had no dogs to contend with, though I don't think the Ritz-Carlton would have minded. John Coleman is in charge, and here, as in his other hotels, the attitude is Anglophile and everything more than civilized.

HOUSTON

One of the nicest, newest hotels in Texas is the Remington on Post Oak Park. Its name tells a lot: bronzes abound and the decoration takes its cue from the hinterlands. California desert–inspired interiors are lushly planted and appointed with paintings and other works of art. The dining room is also quite special, and the clientele very international; one has the feeling of being in the right place. Not far off is Dallas and its own larger brand of top hotel. Whether you're in Big H or Big D, you know you're in Texas!

DENVER

What would you have expected me to say when I arrived at the Denver airport and was greeted by a cowboy dressed to the tens and a couple of cheerleaders in—what else?—a whopping Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud? The cowboy was my driver and Sam and Jane my docents. How could I put my feet up at the Brown Palace Hotel when there was so much to see? I was here to speak to the Denver antiques show supporters the next morning, and until then my weary body was in the hands of eager hosts.

Filled up on Western chow, we visited every Remington-like monument but saw no other cowboys, and after stopping at a drugstore for some Epsom salts, I finally hollered, "Get me to my room." The Brown Palace was just what I needed.

Dined in my room on Western delights and the next morning hot-footed it to the antiques show. Opened up with my usual, "Grazia, itsa nice to bea here in Dennyver...." They looked nervous, but soon a smile hummed across their healthy faces. I was sorry to leave, but someday soon I'll be back.

SAN FRANCISCO

As you get to the top of Nob Hill and make the turn into the entrance of the Huntington Hotel, you know you are home. Your front door is shining brass, and a doorman, dressed in kelly green, ushers you into a lobby where antiques sit on red carpeting against fresh white walls—all this a relic from the days Lee Radziwill put her imprint on the Huntington. The atmosphere is very clubby. The rooms are spacious in size and style. Each has a view of the city in varying degrees, and the baths and dressing rooms are set up to perfection. Mine was one of the back-to-the-Far-East rooms, romantic in feeling, masculine yet comfortably feminine, with apple green walls, sandy beige carpeting, and all the accoutrements you would expect to find. The four-poster cane bed was wrapped à la Billy Baldwin in batik from China Seas. Dined at the L'Etoile restaurant downstairs with Frances and John Bowes, Nan Kempner, and Dodie and John Rosekrans. Peter Mintun played above our voices, and before you could say Napoleon we were off to hear Gordon Getty's *Plump Jack* premiere. The block party that followed at the Gettys' topped off the first night. The next day it was a talk at the Museum of Fine Arts, some great antiques shopping in Jackson Square, and a stop at Butterfield's to view the coming auction.

NEW YORK

Treated myself and decided to spend the weekend at the Carlyle. Frank Bowling is back, and things are looking up more than ever before—between Bobby Short on Friday night, and a long late Saturday sleep in my suite decorated in the look of English country (red dragged walls, chintz over here and under there, fitted carpeting, and lounge chairs you can actually lounge in). David Hicks would have loved it!

The view over Central Park was wonderful, and at night the Manhattan skyline never looked more crystal clear. I headed down for breakfast in the newly refurbished dining room, done up to the chintzes by Nelson Ferlita, only to find two of New York's most eager shoppers setting off for an antiques hunt around town. I was tempted and found it hard to say no, but then, I thought, I was here to get away from it all. I never left the confines of the Carlyle—it was too perfect. ♠

57

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET GALLERIES · NEW YORK

e Gallery of Applied Arts	24 West 57th Street	765-3560	Furniture by Arc International, Patrick Naggar, Kevin Walz, Mario Villa & other gallery artists and architects
ris Leslie Blau Gallery	15 East 57th Street appointment suggested	759-3715	Antique and Exemplary Carpets of Oriental and European weaves and an eclectic array of period Tapestries
m Helman Gallery	20 West 57th Street	245-2888	Robert Moskowitz: New Work March 2-26 Ellsworth Kelly: Recent Work March 30-April 30 2nd Floor Ronald Davis: The Spiral Series March 1-26 8th Floor
risa del Re	41 East 57th Street	688-1843	Arman: Paintings March 10-April 9 George Tooker: Paintings April 14-May 14
Deutsch Gallery	20 West 57th Street	765-4722	Urban & Suburban America: Works by Major 20th C. American Artists March through April B.J.O. Nordfeldt: Later Work April 30-May 25
npel & Weitzenhoffer lery	724 Fifth Avenue	315-2033	Robert Courtright, Joan Banach March 29 Paul Jenkins: Collages April 19
nes Goodman Gallery	41 East 57th Street	593-3737	Jean Dubuffet: Sculpture April 5-30
hra Haime Gallery	41 East 57th Street	888-3550	Ramiro Llona: Paintings, Wayne Thiebaud: Prints March John Van Alstine: Sculpture April
ian Heidenberg Gallery	50 West 57th Street	586-3808	New Acquisitions: Chadwick, Chia, Botero and Others March Henry Moore: Major Sculpture, Outdoor to Maquettes; Drawings and over 100 Graphics April
ıold Herstand & mpany	24 West 57th Street	664-1379	Albert Giacometti: Paintings, Drawings & Prints Feb 4-April 2 Gonzalo Fonseca March 17-April 30 Isuma Noguchi May 5-June 18
nnedy Galleries Inc.	40 West 57th Street	541-9600	The Urban Environment in American Prints John Marin: Watercolors of the 1930s
nt Fine Art	41 East 57th Street	980-9696	"The Continuing Presence of Meret Oppenheim" March 9-April 9 "Altered States" curated by Rosetta Brooks April-May 14
ıushaar Galleries	724 Fifth Avenue	307-5730	Leon Goldin: New Works through April 4 John Sloan: Paintings, Drawings, Etchings 1871-1951 April 30 through May
ı Krugier Gallery	41 East 57th Street	755-7288	The Permanence of Ingres April 16-June 17 Michel Haas: Works from 1984-1987 March 10-April 9
rlborough Gallery	40 West 57th Street	541-4900	James Rosati: Sculptures, Reliefs & Drawings 1955-88 March 3-26 Alex Katz: "Dark Paintings" March 31-April 24
rre Matisse Gallery	41 East 57th Street	355-6269	Important Paintings and Sculpture by Major Twentieth Century Artists
dtown Gallery	11 East 57th Street	758-1900	Painting America: Mural Art in the New Deal Era March 2-April 9 Beverly Hallam April 13-May 14
e Pace Gallery	32 East 57th Street	421-3292	George Condo: New Works March 11-April 2 Barnett Newman: Paintings April 8-May 7
senberg & Stiebel	32 East 57th Street	753-4368	Collecting at the Top: The Tate International Council April 15-June 11
ımidt Bingham Gallery	41 West 57th Street	888-1122	"Sky of the Mind: Morris Graves 1937-1987" March 2-26 Brooks Anderson: California Landscape Paintings March 30-April 23
th Siegel Ltd.	24 West 57th Street	586-0605	Martin Silverman: Sculpture March 5-30 Jim Lawrence: Sculpture, Sam Messer: Painting & Prints April 2-27
ily Solomon Gallery	724 Fifth Avenue	757-7777	Kim MacConnel, Nam June Paik, Richard Phillips March 24-April 23



Kan Sou china, five-piece place setting, 230.00. Royal sterling silver, five-piece place setting, 1290.00.
Available at all Neiman Marcus locations or by calling 1-800-634-8146, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Central Standard Time.

KIRK-BRUMMEL

FABRICS & WALLCOVERINGS / D & D BUILDING / 979 THIRD AVE / NEW YORK CITY / 212•477•8590



SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN...

An American Crop

Enough Anglophilia says **Patricia Thorpe**, and she takes a look at five gardening books celebrating native soil

Isn't this the spring to push aside the latest glossy English gardening wish book and ask yourself, "But what's in this for me?" If this is the season when you're finally going to get down to *doing* something about the out-of-doors—or the year to figure out what's gone wrong with all your earlier disastrous English fantasies—why not turn to the expanding selection of American gardening books and see what they have to suggest?



Macmillan has been publishing the best of American gardening since the last century, so their major spring offering, Carole Ottesen's **The New American Garden** ($24.95), should arouse some interest. The subtitle, "A Manifesto for Today's Gardener," ought to warn the unwary reader that propaganda lies ahead—Ottesen has some definite plans in mind for your backyard, and she says them loud and clear. To begin with, she wants the English out of our gardens and wants them out *now*. Lawns, too, have got to go. Let's have lots of paving but lots of meadow gardens, too. Death to foundation plantings and mixed borders. Let there be xeriscaping and native plants.

If a plant exists, Charlesworth has probably tried to grow it

Most of these ideas are very welcome, if not exactly new, and Ottesen may be right that the way to attract attention to the "new gardening" is to yell. This strident tone at times doesn't make her book a pleasure to read. But it seems clear Ottesen would rather be heard than liked.

The New American Garden is actually more a book of landscape architecture than of gardening. The idea of perennial flowers gets a lot of space, but when it comes to the specifics, Ottesen is prepared to recommend only a dozen plants. Most of the gardens shown have a strong feeling of design, but the plant material, in spite of its luxuriance, has little interest. The big exception to this is the ornamental grasses, and for this alone the book would be more than worthwhile. Ottesen is right that these plants can transform American gardens, and there will be lots of excitement as gardeners in the more temperate parts of the country play with this fascinating palette.

It is a frequent criticism that American gardens and gardening books contain too limited a range of plants. To those critics we can now say, "Let them read Charlesworth!" If you've been searching for a few words on *Jeffersonia dubia* or *Arisaema sikokianum*, Geoffrey Charlesworth's **The Opinionated Gardener** (David Godine, $16.95) is the book you need. Don't be intimidated by the title—if you have survived the polemical Ottesen, Charlesworth's opinions will hardly raise a hair. A few essays do address a fairly specialized audience, but most of *The Opinionated Gardener* is written with wit, insight, and humor about the most basic gardening themes: color, taste, the weather, seasons, friends, successes, and failures.

The real topic of Charlesworth's book is his all-consuming passion for growing plants. If a plant exists, he has probably tried to grow it—and probably succeeded, at least for a season. Last spring he sowed 1,900 packages of seed. This is gardening in the spirit of English craziness, and it should be said that once, long ago, Charlesworth was an Englishman. All his gardening has been done on our shores, however, and he now grows his thousands of species in a quintessentially American climate—western Massachusetts. Crazy or not, this is the kind of passion that gives energy and excitement to gardening.

It has been quite awhile since American gardeners have taken Richardson Wright to bed. This prolific writer was certainly popular in his day—his "day" extended from the early twenties through the late fifties—but even those of us shuffling through used-book piles may have overlooked his chatty and anecdotal works, preferring authors more horticultural and highly illustrated. Now **The Gardener's Bed-Book** (PAJ Publications, $20.95) is back, perhaps to win a new following in a period of awakening garden interest. Make no mistake: the bed he refers to is *not* a mixed border—no pop-up plans or color schemes here, just good sense, good humor, good writing.

Wright offers a brief essay for each night. These bedtime meditations usually—but not always—have to do with gardening. The author takes the generous view that gardening readers are interested in all questions of good taste and good living.

Wright was an established writer long before he turned to gardening, and he was equally well known as a bon vivant raconteur, well read, well traveled, and welcomed in many circles (he was editor of this magazine for 35 years). He became a gardener—as many of us do—when he bought his country place in Connecticut; most of his gardening was done as a weekender—albeit with the usual 1920s complement of servants—and most of the plants he discusses are sturdy old-fashioned perennial favorites, perfect weekend garden plants. Some of the horticultural information, as well as some of the botanical





For people who like to smoke...



DELUXE
ULTRA LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol

BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method

names, may be out-of-date—the dust mulch has pretty much gone the way of Prohibition—but that's not why we read and enjoy books like this.

American Garden Writing (edited by Bonnie Marranca; PAJ Publications, $23.95) is a well-researched and well-intentioned anthology that unfortunately suffers from too much material and too little direction. Are we looking for great American gardeners, many of whom can't write, or great writers who happened to write occasionally about gardening? How about great Americans who may have been great gardeners (we will never know) but may not have been great writers? Bonnie Marranca has not wanted to lose a "great" by any reckoning, and her well-written notes make a case for each selection. But the bottom line has to be: can you stand to read it? Certainly in the case of Amos Pettingill—here typically arch and self-infatuated—the answer is a resounding no.

On the other hand, any book is redeemed by the presence of Elizabeth Lawrence, and perhaps the anthologized selection will prompt readers to seek out her **Gardening for Love** (Duke University Press, $19.95) published last year. It is an understated book from a university press and may escape notice. Don't miss it. Elizabeth Lawrence goes straight into the lives of the true American gardeners and brings them to us with luminous prose and deep feeling. ♠

The Art of the Kitchen Garden
by Ethne Clarke
illustrations by Sharon Beedon
Alfred A. Knopf, 168 pp., $24.95
Clarke discusses much more than just garden art, combining the history of the kitchen garden from the medieval period with planting information for gardeners and recipes for cooks. Illustrated with color photographs, drawings, and antique plates.

The Garden Border Book
by Mary Keen
Capability's Books, 153 pp., $27.50
The colorful border plantings of thirty gardeners, including Lanning Roper, Rosemary Verey, and Peter Coats, are fully documented through text, photographs, diagrams, and lists of suggested plantings.

Garden Style
by Penelope Hobhouse
Little, Brown, 216 pp., $40
The doyenne of English gardeners, Penelope Hobhouse, has written a book that is part how-to, part armchair tour. She illustrates her ideas with photographs of over twenty gardens, from Blake in California to Villa La Foce in Tuscany, as well as a kitchen garden in Atlanta, Georgia.

Gabrielle Winkel



SOME
START TRENDS.

OTHERS
CREATE LEGENDS.

WE CREATE LEGENDS

JEFFCO

One North Broadway
White Plains, NY 10601
(914) 682-0307

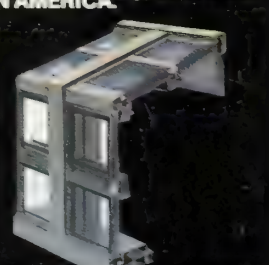
Write for brochure

Du Pont TEFLON®
soil & stain repeller

ALL SUNROOMS ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL



Here is an innovative sunroom design. The optional **KLEERTEK™** Glazing System by **Sunbilt™** uses no exterior cross caps. It creates a crystalline illusion of one sheet of glass eliminating unsightly overhead water and dirt resulting in a totally maintenance free, thermal efficient room addition. The sweeping 40" curves add a graceful touch. Compare feature by feature and learn why **Sunbilt** is the **"BEST SUNROOM MADE IN AMERICA."** SM



The **Sunbilt Creative Sunroom** is 50% heavier than most competitive models, tubular cross muntins for rigidity, 1" insulating glass—and more—all designed to create a superior, affordable, quality sunroom.

sunbilt™

EXCLUSIVE SUNBILT DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE

CREATIVE SUNROOMS

Call or write for FREE Color Catalog.

SUNBILT SOLAR PRODUCTS by SUSSMAN, INC.
109-10 180th St., Dept. C, Jamaica, N.Y. 11433 • (718) 297-6040

RESIDENTIAL & COMMERCIAL ENCLOSURES

©1987 Sunbilt

K · E · N · T · S · H · I · R · E



DOORS: One of a rare set of four Adam's concave painted doors, circa 1770.

CHAIRS: Pair of Adam's carved mahogany wheel-back side chairs, circa 1770.

SCONCES: Pair of George II mirrored and carved giltwood sconces, circa 1760.

Kentshire

37 East 12th Street
New York, NY 10003
(212) 673-6644

America's leading resource for professional buyers of English Antiques.

Mostly Mosel

Jason Cooper savors the off-season pleasures of German wine country

The Mosel-Saar-Ruwer is only one of Germany's eleven wine-growing regions, but it is one of its loveliest and produces some of its finest wines. Even if one avoids wine altogether, it's difficult to be disappointed by the landscape. I arrived for a few days late last autumn to find the drizzliest, grayest of days brightened intermittently by bursts of sunshine that dazzle one with the beauty of the golden hills and gently winding river. There is also the attraction of a wine region steeped in a history that dates back well over two thousand years to when the Romans first began to plant vineyards here on a large scale. The most impressive collection of Roman remains lies in the city of Trier at the southern end of the valley, but the entire area is peppered with small market towns rich with the architectural inheritance of their past and as often as not of considerable charm. The great advantage of a visit in late autumn or early spring is that you are much more likely to have the place to yourself, and not swarming with Nike-clad and Nikon-clicking tourists who arrive by the coach-load every summer.



The first wines I tasted on my trip were those of H. H. Hieronimi, whose vineyards are clustered on the hillsides of the east bank of the Mosel and whose extensive cellars can be visited in Cochem. If your idea of wine cellars is one of dank and oozy gloom where oaken casks await the turn of centuries, you may well be disappointed, as most fermentation here takes place in vast steel or fiberglass tanks, and the cellars themselves, with concrete walls and fluorescent lighting, hold little drama. Once inside the vaulted and more beguiling tasting rooms, however, things start to improve. I began with a couple of Spätleses (one of the five categories of wine headed by the all-important *Qualitätswein mit Prädikat*, or QmP qualification), the better of which was the 1983 Leiwener Klostergarten. This I found refreshingly clean and dry, indeed surprisingly dry, if a little short on interest. Still, since only five years ago a Spätlese would have been fairly sweet, its relative dryness is a good indication of how the style of German wine-making is responding to the demand for wines made for drinking with meals. The best wine I tasted at Hieronimi, however, was their 1983 Cochemer Conder Rosenberg Riesling Auslese. Despite the fact that this wine is in a category only one rank above Spätlese (the categories are, in ascending order of quality, Kabinett, Spätlese, Auslese, Beerenauslese, and Trockenbeerenauslese), I was staggered by the difference: it was gloriously full and sweet, and overall a steal at 12DM (about $20) a bottle.

Here at last were ancient labyrinths of wine cellars that really looked the part

Just outside the center of Cochem is the Weingut Winzerhoff, where its proprietor, Rolph Haxel, with his wife, runs a small café–wine bar of great charm, each year creating an impressively comprehensive range of wines from a short line of cellars below. The gloom within the cellars creates a certain atmosphere, lines of flickering candles cast looming shadows upon the ceiling vaults, and the combination of an oddly conspiratorial shuffle in the candlelight and Herr Haxel's considerable enthusiasm for his task leaves one strangely reminded of Frankenstein's crypt. This time I began with a plain *Qualitätswein* (normally abbreviated QbA on the bottle), and I must confess I was rather impressed because the vast majority of QbA has precious little Q in it. (To be safe one should, as I have already suggested, always aim for the distinction of *mit Prädikat* if possible.) But Haxel's Cochemer Pinnerkreuzberg Riesling-Trocken is not merely inoffensive; I found its quiet balance quite lovely and distinctly remember wanting to drink more. I then had a go at a Spätlese, his 1985 Cochemer Herrenberg Riesling, and thought its fuller, slightly sweeter style far more intriguing. Fragrant with fruit and with the slightest suggestion of apricots, this is great stuff at 8.50DM ($14) a bottle. However, if you ever get the opportunity, you should try the 1983 Cochemer Herrenberg Riesling Beerenauslese. Beerenauslese is picked even later than Auslese and made from individually selected bunches of grapes. Not surprisingly, this is hardly given away at 18DM ($30) for a half bottle, but the few sips allowed me of this nectar were aromatic and luxuriant with the sweetest fruit—here is pure gold.

An hour's drive farther south down the river brings one to the gates of what is now the largest privately owned estate in the Mosel: the Kloster Machern in Wehlen and home to the wines of Michel Schneider. The immaculately restored seventeenth-century abbey buildings are a far cry from the tiny premises of the Weingut Winzerhoff. Sadly, I arrived rather too late in the evening for a tour, but I was able to taste their well-rounded and finely balanced 1986 Wehlener Klosterberg, a noble offering with an interestingly smoky, woody feel to the characteristic muscat flavor of the Reisling grape.

BRIAN CRONIN



For large 68 page book with 87 color pictures send $5.00 to: McGuire, HG4-88, 151 Vermont Street at 15th, San Francisco, California 94103. Ask your interior designer, furniture dealer or architect about the seven unique McGuire Collections. See them in the nearest McGuire showroom. New address in New York: 305 E. 63rd (212) 593-1235. Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Vancouver. International: London, Milan, Paris, Tokyo, West Germany.



Free Coloring Book.



For a free booklet packed with ideas and easy ways to decorate your bath with color, write Kohler Color Coordinates, Dept. HG48 Drawer 459, Thiensville, WI 53092. Or call 1-800-772-1814. In Wisconsin, 1-800-472-7552.

KOHLER COLOR COORDINATES

WINE

Of all the vineyards I visited, certainly the most captivating was that of Schloss Landenberg, situated within a half hour of Cochem. The fifteenth-century castle is pure fairy tale. Here at last were ancient labyrinths of wine cellars that really looked the part: diminishing perspectives of oaken casks, tunnels black with moss and cobwebs, and wrought-iron gates that stood sentinel to passages of bottled treasure. I began with a 1985 Ediger Elzhofberg, a Kabinett wine. Kabinetts are the humblest and usually the driest of the *mit Prädikat* wines, and unlike Spätlese, which should really be left to age for at least three years, they are normally drunk almost immediately. I found this one oddly peppery but with a beautifully delicate cut to its lightness. The most memorable of their wines were those of the Pfirsichgarten (peach garden) label, especially the 1979 Ellerer Pfirsichgarten Auslese—a most delicious, honeyed concentration of fruit with an overwhelming impression of the lushest, sweetest peaches.

Germany's not entirely undeserved reputation for cheap and washy liebfraumilch has damned the reputation of her finer vineyards far too long. It is high time we reassessed our notion of German wines in light of their considerable strengths. ♠

A wide selection of German wines from the Mosel-Saar-Ruwer region are available in this country. A few suggestions from Acker Merrall & Condit and Park Avenue Liquor Shop, both in NYC.

Kabinett

1983 Klosserather Bruderschaft Riesling Kabinett $4.99

1985 J. J. Prüm Wehlener Sonnenuhr Kabinett $13.75

1985 Reichsgraf von Kesselstatt Graacher Himmelreich Kabinett $6.99

Spätlese

1983 Serriger Schloss Saarfelser Schlossberg Riesling Spätlese $8.99

1983 Wwe. Dr. H. Thanisch Bernkasteler Doktor Riesling Spätlese $28

1983 J. J. Prüm Graacher Himmelreich Spätlese $14.75

Auslese

1983 W. S. Prüm Wehlener Sonnenuhr Auslese Riesling $12.99

1983 Bischöfliches Priesterseminar Erdener Prälat Riesling Auslese $10.99

1983 Vereinigte Hospitien Wiltinger Kupp Auslese $13.25

Beerenauslese, Trockenbeerenauslese

Somewhat less available, they are also more expensive, the former from $18–$60 a bottle and the latter $75–$150 a bottle.



This summer, instead of building sand castles, go to Europe for the real thing.

This summer, get away from the beach vacation routine and tour the legendary castles of Europe. The Lufthansa Holiday Collection® has dozens of storybook vacations that take you right to the drawbridges of Europe's most fanciful attractions.

Cruise through Germany's castle-studded Rhine Valley, dine at the Castle Sababurg, the inspiration for "Sleeping Beauty," and be enchanted by the beautiful castles of Bavaria's King Ludwig II.

Of course, the majesty of Europe isn't limited to its castles. You can experience it just by viewing the magnificent countrysides or savoring the priceless artworks, culinary delights and cultural traditions of the continent.

For more information or a free copy of The Lufthansa Holiday Collection, call 1 800 645-3880, or mail in the coupon.

You'll get a summer vacation that stays with you a lot longer than a tan.

The Lufthansa Holiday Collection.®



Send to: Lufthansa German Airlines
Dept. UX12, 6 Cherry Valley Terminal Road
West Hempstead, New York 11552
or call toll-free 1 800 645-3880

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Travel Agent HG 4/88

Lufthansa
German Airlines

The Grand Tour

A new crop of garden walks blooms every spring. **Mac Griswold** reports



PETER MARGONELLI



PETER MARGONELLI



Violet rhododendrons, top, in the rock garden at Glencoe Farm, Brandywine Valley. Center: Wildflowers at Glencoe frame a path. Above: Fantasyland can be seen at the Dogwood Arts Festival, Knoxville.

Once I was asked to open my house and garden for a tour, and the attempt to create a life that looked exactly the way I thought it should—if only for a day—brought on a kind of mild paranoia. What was I doing and who for? Who but me would walk on the immense flagstones I had hauled to the farthest end of my swampy woodland garden? Would anyone notice the moss I had stuck in the cracks of those stones to make them look as though they had been there forever? In the bathroom I hung a brand-new nightgown, much lacier than the ones I usually wore—queen for a day!

Getting a house and garden ready for a tour often brings on such fits. Character traits become exaggerated: those who hate clutter prune obsessively; perfectionists spend their time wiring little rosebuds on the trees; the perpetually unready rent armies of geraniums. The brazen or the despairing—and it's sometimes hard to tell them apart—stick in plastic flowers. For my visitors I even "planted" an all-too-new sunken courtyard with cardboard cutouts of shrubs I wished were there—colored green and inscribed with their botanical names, of course.

For visitors I "planted" a sunken courtyard with cardboard cutouts of shrubs I wished were there

The really prepared do not have these troubles. One fine old Maryland gardener, Mrs. Nicholas Penniman, when asked what she did to get ready for visitors, said serenely, "I mow the lawn and rake the leaves and let the devil take the hindmost."

Then there are the experienced. All over the South from Baltimore to Houston, spring house and garden pilgrimages have been going on for decades. They are often organized by local garden clubs or historical societies working with the city. The proceeds usually go to a church, hospital or other charity, or a conservation or preservation effort. These tours retain much of their original charm, thanks to people like Mississippian Ruth Ellen Calhoun, who on a peak afternoon greets all 1,200 visitors to her 1792 plantation house and 25-acre informal garden.

"In Natchez from the time you can wear a hoopskirt—five or six years old—you 'receive,' " she notes. "You dress your house up. There are flowers everywhere, and your friends come to celebrate for lunch or tea after the visitors leave. The only time it's a chore is in January or February, when you can't get the painter." Thirty Natchez houses and gardens are open, and all but six are family homes. The gardens are fine, but equally big attractions are the superb architecture, the slice-of-life quality—and the pardonable pleasures of legitimized snooping.

The truth is, no matter how happy visitors are to see your garden, what they are really riveted by are the intimate details of your life. Robert Dash, the painter whose garden in Sagaponack, Long Island, draws hundreds of people every year, remembers one visitor especially well. "Hmm," she said to her friend as they trekked through the bathroom after viewing his magnificent garden in silence, "*three* toothbrushes." Dash, however, says, "I have to honor the reason they are here—they've come to be enthralled." He takes the tours seriously, almost like an art form. He varies his route for his own pleasure—and so he won't find himself "by the same bush telling the same joke." His spiel also varies according to the state of his garden: "If things look desperate, I chat it up even more."

Mrs. Corydon Wagner of Seattle, now in her nineties but with a will of iron, takes stronger measures. Once when the tulips

CAMPARI



Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

were getting ahead of the flowering cherries, she had truckloads of ice dumped around the bulbs to slow them up.

People size up gardens in different ways. Robert Dash always starts with a long look at the gardener. "I check the fingernails first," he says, since what matters to him is who does the work. When Mary Smith, a New York–based garden designer, steps into a garden, she asks herself, "What's the point here?" At first she is seduced by color, but the "next step is getting beyond the flowers and on to the way plantings, garden, house, and landscape are all linked together." She adds, "It's funny how many gardens have no point at all."

Anne Mazlish of Serendipity Tours, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, travel agency specializing in gardens, says that "most people go for something intimate they could imagine creating for themselves—not big impersonal landscape parks or formal gardens." Plant collectors want to see gardens crammed with rare specimens, and care little about design integrity. Conservationists prefer nature's gardens to man-made ones, heading off into the wild to catch native plants at home.

There are American garden tours for all tastes and budgets. Some are do-it-yourself, and others take care of every detail. The best general tours add the extra dimension of history and art to the basics of garden design and horticulture. Entrée to private gardens, knowledgeable guides, good food, and small hotels are generally part of the package. You can walk, ride, bike, or go by boat. On tours of private gardens a small group—fifteen to twenty—is best; in public gardens or on self-guided tours numbers don't matter so much. Most major botanical and horticultural institutions sponsor day-long tours of private gardens and nurseries. Botanical study groups and walking tours have fewer frills, but for many the plants and landscapes make up for the missing four-star meal.

Perhaps the most elaborate garden tour this spring is sponsored by the Missouri Botanical Garden and the St. Louis Art Museum in conjunction with Yale University. During the first ten days of June one hundred passengers will travel on the comfortable ship *Illiria* to visit historic houses and gardens of New England, the Hudson River valley, and Canada's Maritime Provinces.

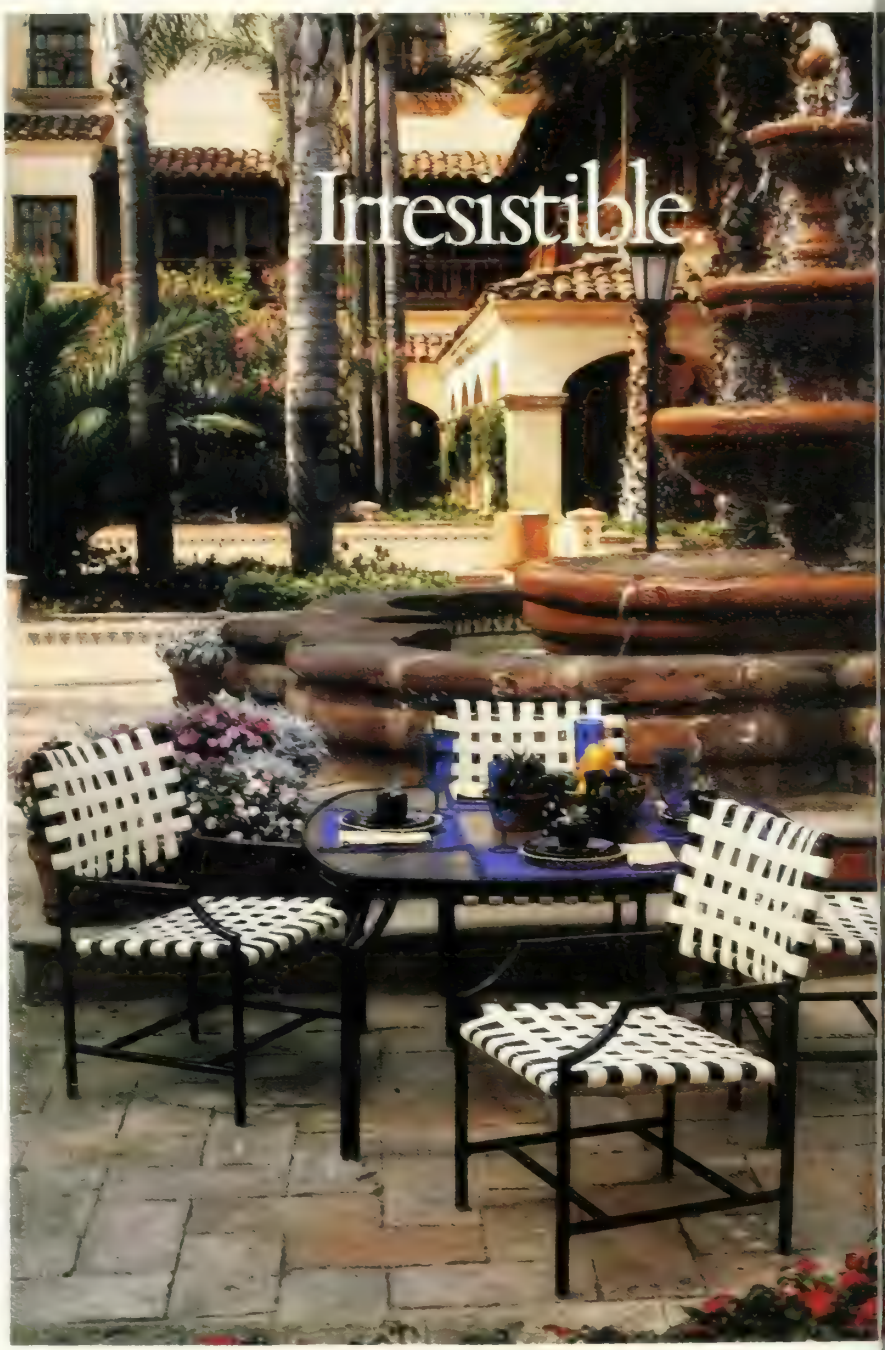
The simplest tour is merely a map—distributed by the Highland Lakes Tourist Association in Austin, Texas—that tells you where, in the first two weeks of April, over a hundred miles of bluebonnets will flower along public roads. You can drive through some of the prettiest ranches in central Texas—including the LBJ Ranch—passing fields as large as 100 acres which are solid sky blue with *Lupinus texensis* and dotted with live oaks and the creamy candles of flowering yucca. Big stands of bluebonnets are silhouetted against weathered pink granite outcroppings, and if you come a little after bluebonnet prime, the blue fields will be splashed with the red and yellow of Indian blanket (*Castilleja indivisa*) and coreopsis. You feel as though a perfect world really were yours for a day. ♠

Garden Tours

Selected list of tours nationwide, through August. New York Botanical Garden (NYBG)—Programs (212) 220-8747. Cooper-Hewitt Museum (CHM)—Programs (212) 860-6868. Arnold Arboretum (AA)—Programs (617) 524-1718. Pennsylvania Horticultural Society (PHS)—Members Activities (215) 625-8250. Chicago Botanic Garden (CBG)—(312) 835-5440.

NEW ENGLAND AND LONG ISLAND

May 5: **Spring Woodland Gardens.** 2 Connecticut gardens plus Oliver Nurseries: dwarf conifers. 13 people. NYBG.



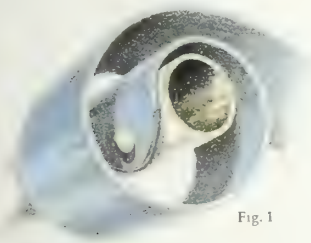
GARDENING

May 14: **Four Long Island Edwardian Estates.** With garden historian Ellen Samuels. 45 people. CHM.
May 31–June 10: **Historic Houses and Gardens of New England, the Hudson River Valley, and Canada's Maritime Provinces.** Aboard 100-passenger ship, *Illiria*. Missouri Botanical Garden. Dana Hines (314) 577-5108.
June 1, 7, 23: **Connoisseur's Choice.** 3 half-day visits to private owner-designed gardens near Boston. 20 people. AA.
June 9–12: **Valleys of the Hudson, Housatonic, and Connecticut.** Public and private gardens with horticulturist Susan Dumaine. New England Wild Flower Society. 20 people. (617) 245-4660.
June 7, 12: **American Beauties: Stalking the Antique Rose.** 18th-century private house in Connecticut with c.1900 garden, Elizabeth Park in West Hartford. Includes lecture. 14 people. NYBG.
June 30: **Perennial Gardens and Nurseries in Connecticut.** McGourty Hillside Gardens and White Flower Farm. 47 people. NYBG.
July 8–11: **Gardens of High Summer.** Long Island. Private gardens, Old Westbury Gardens, Planting Fields. With Paul Martin Brown. 10 people. AA.

Irrefutable.

Let's be honest. When you buy outdoor furniture, you're drawn irresistibly to design, color, a certain line or pattern. But before you're convinced, you want some irrefutable, hard facts about your investment. Go ahead and get your magnifying glass; Tropitone will pass your most stringent inspection.

That's because we've spent more than thirty years perfecting our furniture, and every detail of our construction shows it. Take, for example, the way we attach our straps (fig. 1). We fasten them with nylon rivets and wrap them twice around the frame. They don't come loose.


Fig. 1

They don't fall off.

Our glides (fig. 2) are made of the toughest nylon available. Some people make just one kind of glide, regardless of the angle of the leg. But we make glides to fit the furniture design, so they offer better protection.


Fig. 2

At Tropitone, we give each detail this kind of attention. That's why we can offer a "No Fine Print" 15-year warranty. Irrefutable evidence of the confidence we feel about our furniture. You don't have to resist the temptation of Tropitone, because we've resisted the temptation of cutting corners.

Write Dept. 3026 for our color catalog. Only $1. P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 34230. 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92718.

tropitone

Aug. 3: **St. Ann's House Tour.** 5 houses and gardens in the Bridgehampton area, Long Island. (516) 537-1527.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC
Mar. 26: **Longwood Gardens.** Pennsylvania. Focus on ferns with lecture by Longwood's fern curator. 47 people. NYBG.
April–August: **At-Home Series.** Philadelphia-area houses; owner-gardeners explain specialties. 15 people. PHS.
Apr. 16: **Georgetown Garden Tour.** Washington, D.C. 11 private gardens, Dumbarton Oaks, tea at Georgetown Children's House. (202) 333-6896; 337-2552.
Apr. 16–July 10: **Day Trips to Arboreta and Gardens.** Mount Cuba, Piedmont flora research center (30 people); Glencoe Farm, a perennial garden (40 people). Also gardens in Lancaster, Malvern, Washington D.C.; trips to Wave Hill, N.Y., Barnes Arboretum, Pa. 25 people. PHS.
Apr. 23–24, 29–30; May 1, 7–8: **Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage.** Eastern Shore and Baltimore–Washington area. 10–15 houses and gardens per day. (301) 821-6933.
Apr. 24: **Ladew Topiary Gardens.** Monkton, Md. Opens for season. 15 acres include topiary, iris, rose, and Victorian gardens, English country house, carriage museum. (301) 557-9466.
Apr. 28: **Society Hill Gardens.** 10–12 private gardens. Reception follows at Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. PHS.
Apr. 30: **Winterthur Collections and Gardens.** Winterthur graduate Thomas Jayne, tour leader, lectures Apr. 18, 25. 45 people. CHM.
May 8: **Mother's Day Gardens.** 6 private Chestnut Hill gardens. PHS.
May 25: **Three Gardens in Montclair, New Jersey.** Iris collection, 18th-century Israel Crane House and Gardens, private garden with owner-hybridized azaleas and rhododendrons. 47 people. NYBG.
June 19: **Father's Day Gardens.** 7 private New Jersey gardens: Cherry Hill, Moorestown, Medford. PHS.
June 28: **Meadowbrook Farm.** Private display garden and nursery, late-afternoon wine and cheese. 150 people. PHS.

SOUTH
Mar. 9–13: **Historic Homes Tours.** Mobile, Ala. 6 tours of private plantations and town houses. Mobile Historic Homes Tours (800) 662-1994; in-state 433-5100.
Mar. 12–Apr. 10: **Natchez Spring Pilgrimage.** Natchez, Miss. 30 antebellum houses and gardens. Confederate pageant, (800) 647-6742; in-state 446-6631.
Mar. 23–29: **A Botanical Study Tour of Southern Florida.** Fairchild Tropical Gardens, Vizcaya, the Kampong. With

GARDENING

Richard A. Howard, authority on West Indian flora. 20 people. AA.
Mar. 25–Apr. 11: **Afton Villa Gardens.** St. Francisville, La. At spring peak. 2 hours north of New Orleans; 1 hour south of Natchez. 45-acre garden and park: moss-draped oak alley, old azaleas, 25,000 daffodils, peacocks. (504) 635-6330.
Apr. 8–12: **New Orleans Spring Fiesta.** 3 separate tours of 4 different private houses and gardens. 2 all-day bus tours to 3 plantations, Apr. 9, 10. (504) 581-1367.
Apr. 8–24: **Dogwood Arts Festival and Trails.** Quilting and art exhibits, bluegrass and classical music. 16 private gardens, 50 miles of dogwood-lined auto routes. Dogwood Arts Festival, 203 Fort Hill Bldg., Knoxville, TN 37915.
Apr. 14–16: **American Horticultural Society Annual Meeting.** Atlanta, Ga. Horticultural programs, private and public gardens, including Callaway Gardens. Margaret Burke (703) 768-5700.
Apr. 23–May 1: **At Home in Virginia.** Charlottesville, Lexington, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Alexandria houses and gardens. 30 people. American Horticultural Society (617) 246-3575.
Apr. 24, 25: **Historic Garden Week 1988.** Fauquier and Loudoun counties, Virginia. 5 country houses and gardens. (703) 364-1959.

CHARLESTON

All garden tours include private city gardens, country plantations, good accommodations, local guides.
Mar. 24–31: **The Southern Tradition.** 14 people. Serendipity Tours, Cambridge, Mass. (617) 354-1879.
Mar. 26–Apr. 2: **Charleston House and Garden Tour.** 25 people. CBG.
Apr. 4–10: **Gardens in Savannah and Charleston.** 25 people. PHS.

SOUTHWEST

Mar. 5–6, 12–13: **The Azalea Trail.** Houston, Tex. 5 private gardens, Bayou Bend Gardens, and the Forum with 7 model gardens. (713) 523-2483.
Apr.–June: **Texas Walking Tours at Henkel Square Restoration.** Round Top, 65 miles east of Austin: grasses, wildflowers, Texas roses, herb and kitchen gardens. (409) 249-3308. 6 restored 19th-century houses available, meals, maid service. (713) 868-4654.
Apr. 9–10, 16–17: **Highland Lakes Bluebonnet Trail.** Festivals in 7 Texas towns 50 miles west of Austin. By bus or self-guided car tour, all of April, throughout bluebonnet season. (512) 478-9085.
July 19, 26; Aug. 2, 9: **Behind Adobe Walls.** Santa Fe, N. Mex. 4 private houses and gardens daily by bus. Patios and xerophytic landscapes. 235 people. (800) DETOURS. in-state 983-6565.

MIDWEST

Mar. 20: **Private Greenhouses on Chicago's North Shore.** Men's Garden Club of the North Shore. Owners explain their collections. 47 people. CBG.
May 18, 19: **Lake Forest Garden Club House Walk.** 5 private houses and gardens, garden boutique, Forest Park Beach, restored for $9.1 million. Lake Forest Garden Club, P.O. Box 497. Lake Forest, IL 60045.
June 12: **St. Louis Garden Tour.** St. Louis, Mo. 10 private gardens, evening garden party. 1,200 people (members only). Missouri Botanical Garden (314) 577-9500.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

July 16–22: **Natural History of Colorado.** Florissant, Colo. Alpine meadows and tundra with 2 experts. Apartments in pine groves. 30 people. CBG.
July 18–28: **Rocky Mountain Wildflowers.** Denver Botanical Garden. Aspen, Boulder, Steamboat Springs: canyons, tundra, forests, mining towns. 18 people. Serendipity Tours (617) 354-1879.

WEST COAST

April: **Spring '88 Garden Tour.** Works of landscape architect Isabelle C. Greene in Santa Barbara–Montecito–Hope Ranch area. 15 people. Isabelle C. Greene & Associates, 34 East Sola St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101.
Apr. 15–June 15: **Lakewold.** Tacoma, Wash. Garden designed by Thomas Church. 10 acres: perennials, broadleaf evergreens, bonsai, alpine scree, native plants. Groups only. Friends of Lakewold, 12016 Myanza Rd., Tacoma, WA 98499.
Apr. 16: **Gardening as an Art.** 3–4 Montecito–Santa Barbara estates with tea at Santa Barbara Botanical Garden. Ceanothus, freemontia, iris, lupines. 42 people. (805) 682-4726.
Apr. 25–29: **Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden Trip to Santa Cruz Island.** Stay in 19th-century adobe ranch on privately owned Santa Cruz. Ancient Indian sites, Pleistocene plant remains, wildflowers. 25 people. (714) 625-8767.
May 7: **American Heart Association House and Garden Tour.** Santa Barbara, Calif. 4 private houses and gardens. (805) 963-8862.
July 23: **Madison Park Garden Tour.** Seattle, Wash. 7–9 gardens in private residential area. Small city gardens, modest annual gardens, grand Beaux-Arts gardens. Steven Lorton (206) 324-8213.



TIMBERPEG

Traditional or contemporary. Large or small. Single or various levels. Select and modify from an existing plan or, with our architects, create an ideal post and beam home for you and your land.

Our colorful 65 page Design Portfolio will introduce you to the fine quality, energy efficiency and ease of creating your new home. Mail $10 to the nearest office, or telephone VISA® or MasterCard™ orders.

Dept. NN1, Box 8988, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355
Dept. NN1, Box 70123, Reno, NV 89570 (702) 826-4447

TPeg Inc. 1988

A New Menthol

Made especially for menthol smokers by Marlboro.



Great refreshment in the Flip-Top box.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

10 mg "Tar" 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Warner's Country Lore



The art of country comforts perfected here.

This cozy, country refuge from worldly cares is brought to you from the New Warner Country Lore Collection of wallcoverings, fabrics and borders. What makes Country Lore so wonderful to look at, is design…what makes it great to live with, is modern convenience. The 19 different designs in up to 9 color choices are washable, strippable, pre-pasted and pre-trimmed. The 48″ wide correlated fabrics are printed on a 50/50 blend of cotton and polyester. Borders are in widths ranging from 5″ to 10″ deep. Settle in with Warner's Country Lore, and protect yourself from the outside world. Through interior designers.

The Warner Company 108 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, IL 60606
Showroom: 6-134 The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL

Wallcoverings, Fabrics & Borders by

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF GREAT HORSE SCULPTURE



PRESENTED BY THE FRANKLIN MINT
IN COOPERATION WITH THE CURATORS OF
THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSEUMS.

Shown approximately actual size of 4½" high.

© 1988 FM

The most sought after art objects of all time. Sculptures inspired by the grace and beauty of the horse. From the T'ang Dynasty. The ancient Etruscans. The 19th-century Western bronze masters.

Now, you can acquire a collection of 12 original horse sculptures selected by the curators of the world's leading museums. Spanning the styles and mediums of 3,000 years. Jade to porcelain. From the classic to the contemporary.

Priced at $55 each. With an elegant imported display cabinet included at no additional charge.



Collectors cabinet: approximately 27" high by 25" wide

COMMISSION AUTHORIZATION

Please mail by April 30, 1988.

The Franklin Mint · Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Yes. I wish to order The Curators' Collection of Classic Horse Sculpture. Twelve original works of art, sent at the rate of one every other month

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for each imported sculpture in two monthly installments of $27.50* each, with the first payment due in advance of shipment

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3 for shipping and handling

SIGNATURE

ALL COMMISSIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

NAME

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

11072-19

THE CURATORS' COLLECTION OF CLASSIC HORSE SCULPTURE

IG STYLE

Traditional roses take new forms in contemporary interiors, giving them an air of romance

Spring fever is in full bloom. Wild roses of his Arlesian childhood were Christian Lacroix's inspiration for his first ready-to-wear collection—the start of a romance that is flowering in design as well. The rose obsession is nothing new. Cleopatra gave a banquet for Marc Antony and ordered the floors to be covered knee-deep with roses. Empress Josephine was a passionate collector; during the Napoleonic Wars, agents carrying new varieties were allowed to pass freely between France and England. Today roses scent the house, bloom from the arms of chairs, appear in vases on fabrics. Muriel Karasik, who once specialized in twentieth-century decorative arts, now spans centuries with a floral theme: "It gives the client a different approach to the twentieth century—softer, more feminine." At the last Milan furniture fair Cinzia Ruggieri and Franco Soro added rose blooms to the arms of a contemporary metal chair with a whimsically romantic result. Zona has found a way to dry roses so that flowers appear freshly picked. Robert Denning chose Blenheim's bouquets rather than a millefleur pattern for the walls in a Philadelphia house. Like a still-life painting, each bouquet can stand in for real paintings yet to be found. **Laurie Schechter**



Blenheim fabric, above, from Rose Cumming. Left: Trompe l'oeil painting at Muriel Karasik, NYC. Below: Dried flowers from Zona, NYC.



Hatbox, above, from Niedermaier showroom. Right: Topiary at Muriel Karasik, NYC.



Tea Roses print, left, by Original Textile Designs. Above: Armchair by Soro and Ruggieri from Driade, Milan. Right: Rosebud pomanders at Zona, NYC.



An unfair advantage in a world of seduction.

DIVA

by

emanuel ungaro

parfums ungaro
paris - new york

HG STYLE

Cropping up in surprising ways, fresh fruit is in season more than ever this spring



PETER BUDWEG



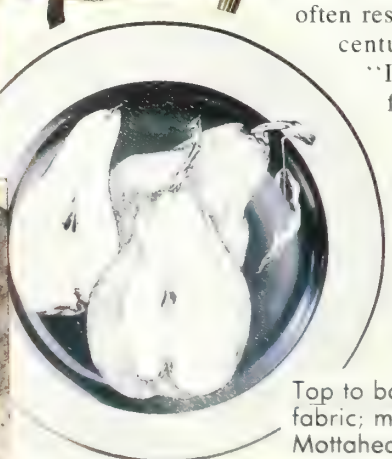


EDWARD ADDEO

Fabrics are a riot of color, abundant with fruit: figs ripe for eating, freshly sliced lemons, clusters of grapes. Fruit baskets imitate de Heem still lifes. Marble is carved and painted to look like the real thing. "People aren't going out as much. They want their interiors to be attractive and to have the pleasures of the garden all around," says Mario Buatta, who sees this fruit foray as part of the English country-house influence. It recalls, too, the way fruit was used in the past. In China the pear was an emblem of wise, benevolent rulers; at Versailles potted oranges were formal indoor plants; pineapples were carved over colonial doorways. "At the turn of the century, fruit was an exotic luxury. Perfect fruits were being sold in carriage-trade shops in Belgium, little fruit baskets were sold at Fauchon in Paris and Fortnum & Mason in London," explains Lee Grimsbo of Manhattan Fruitier whose baskets of fruit often resemble seventeenth-century Dutch still lifes. "It's not just exhibiting food," says Lee. "The fruit has to have the feel of flowers." Laura Ashley, well known for floral themes, recently introduced a collection of fruit wallpapers, borders, and fabrics. Nick Ashley says fruit is a "splendid alternative to flowers, for the formal living room as well as for the family breakfast room." **L.S.**

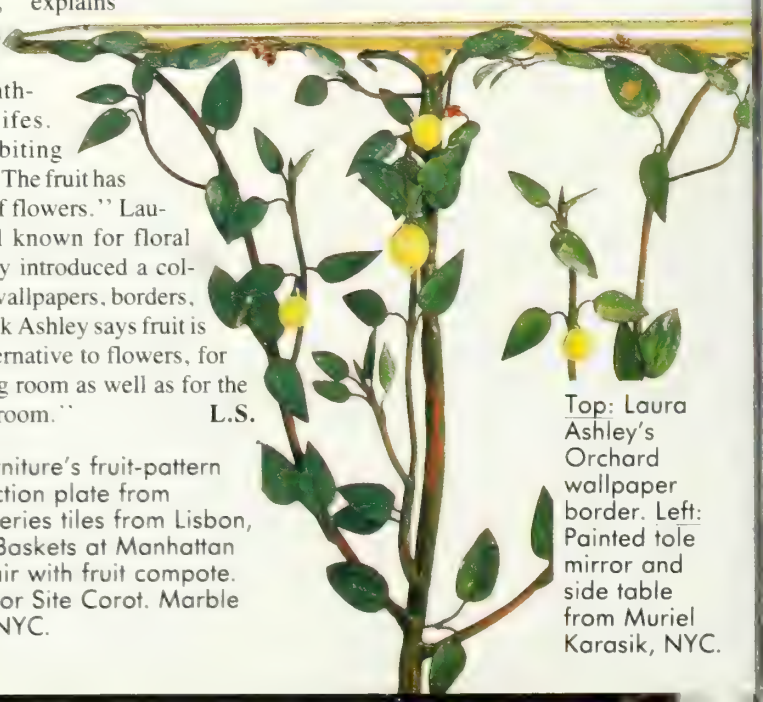


EMMANUELLE HAGUEL



EDWARD ADDEO

Top to bottom: Baker Furniture's fruit-pattern fabric; majolica reproduction plate from Mottahedeh; Culinarios series tiles from Lisbon, at Country Floors, NYC. Baskets at Manhattan Fruitier. Baker's wing chair with fruit compote. Plates by Bill Goldsmith for Site Corot. Marble figs and plums at Zona, NYC.



Top: Laura Ashley's Orchard wallpaper border. Left: Painted tole mirror and side table from Muriel Karasik, NYC.

OSBORNE & LITTLE



FLORIBUNDA WALLPAPER COLLECTION

FINE ENGLISH FABRICS AND WALLPAPERS

SHOWROOM: SUITE 35C/N, 979 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022 TEL: (212) 752-1111

OFFICES: 65 COMMERCE ROAD, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT 06902 TEL: (203) 359-1500

ATLANTA: Ainsworth Noah ... CHICAGO: Designers Guild ... DENVER, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO: Lucullus ...

HOUSTON, DALLAS: Brad Lewis ... MIAMI: Decor West ... PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON: Dunlap Lee ... SEATTLE: Rose Anstine ...

HG STYLE

Fanciful rustic furniture brings the outdoors indoors, offering respite from hard-edged modern design

A thousand years ago the Chinese used it in their gardens. The Georgian English placed it in their Picturesque landscape parks. The Victorians domesticated it—brought it into their hunting lodges. Today rustic furniture is putting down roots in city lofts and country retreats alike. Why the rustic style now? "It is an echo of the world when we had the time to enjoy it," explains Jon Clark of the Naturalist furniture company in Provo, Utah. "And it's special because it's handcrafted." Pat Braun, owner of the Salou flower shop in New York and a collector of twig furniture, agrees: "Everything is so expensive today that people want something made just for them." Simon Doonan was intrigued by the surreal quality in Angus McBean's early portraits of women with twigs glued in their hair. Now he incorporates twigs into his window displays at Barneys New York. Craig Gilborn, director of the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, New York, sums it up: "For people today, especially in the city, environment and nature are very important. Rustic furniture is the embodiment of that attitude." **L.S.**







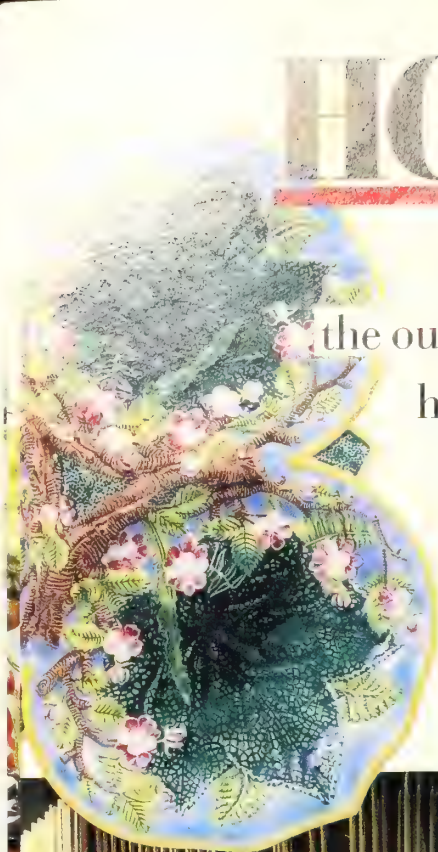
DOUG MARTIN



SIMON DOONAN



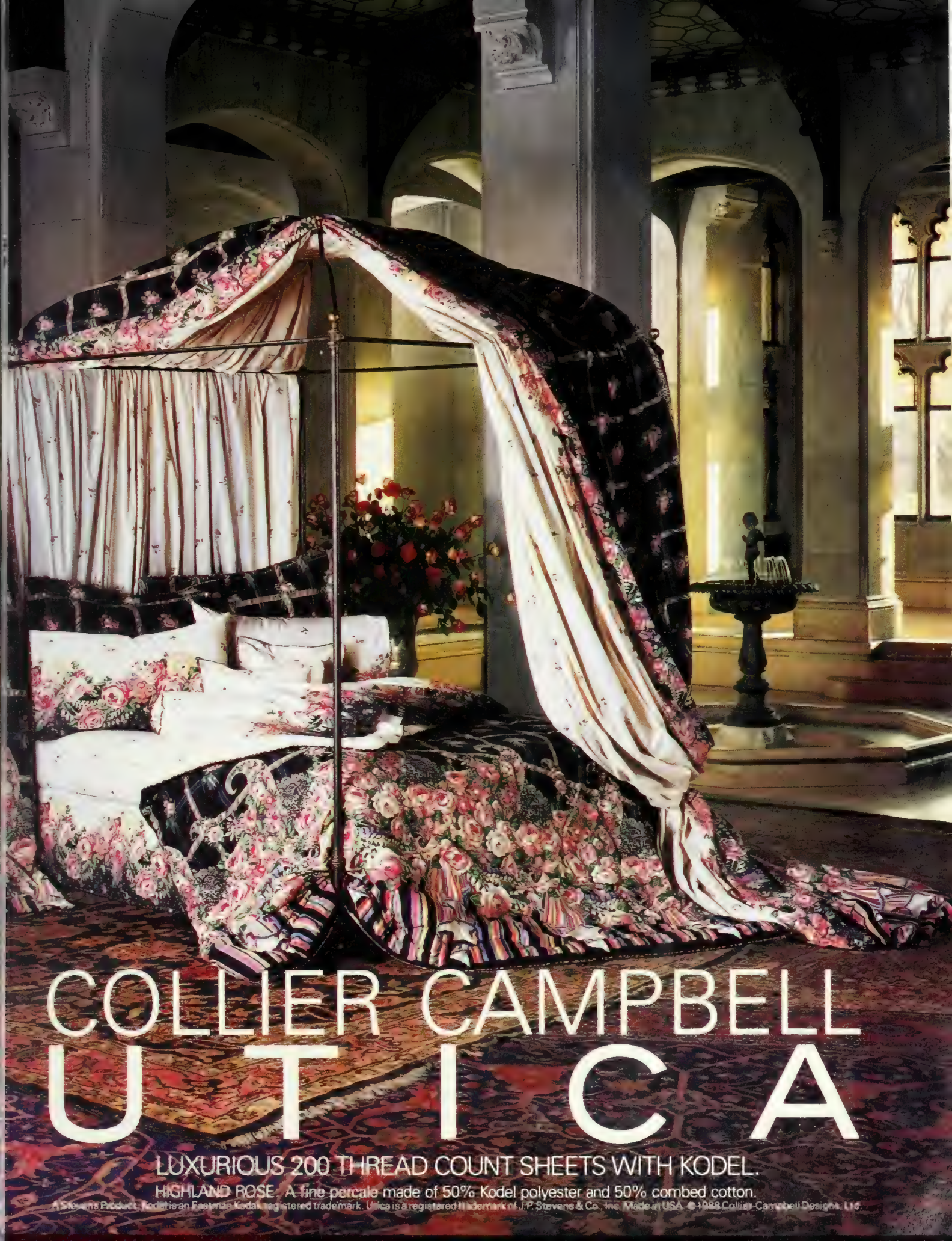
EDWARD ADDEO



PETER BUSCH



Clockwise from top right: Chair at Salou, NYC. Table from the Naturalist. Bed from *Adirondack Furniture and the Rustic Tradition* (Abrams) by Craig Gilborn. Doonan's twig bed. Bench by Flynn/Devereux. Bronze table cast from branches by Barbara Greenberg. Paul Ludick's pine screen. Majolica from Mottahedeh.


COLLIER CAMPBELL
UTICA
LUXURIOUS 200 THREAD COUNT SHEETS WITH KODEL.
HIGHLAND ROSE. A fine percale made of 50% Kodel polyester and 50% combed cotton.
A Stevens Product. Kodel is an Eastman Kodak registered trademark. Utica is a registered trademark of J.P. Stevens & Co., Inc. Made in USA. ©1988 Collier Campbell Designs, Ltd.



Princess Hotels.
Quite simply, the best places to stay
in the best places to visit.

THE Princess
Bermuda
Because you prefer the best.

For reservations and information, contact your travel agent or call 800-223-1818; New York State 800-442-8418; New York City 212-582-8100; Canada 416-964-6641; London 01-439-8027.

Acapulco: Acapulco Princess, Pierre Marques; Arizona: Scottsdale Princess; Bahamas Princess Resort and Casino; Bermuda: Southampton Princess, The Princess. Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.®

WE MAKE THE GREAT OUTDOORS EVEN GREATER.

Brown Jordan braves nature's wildest tests. Beautifully.
Our lifetime warranty on frame and finish proves it.
Insist on Brown Jordan. For a breathtaking view.



BROWN JORDAN

DESIGNED FOR LIVING BUILT FOR LIFE™

Features nineteen thrilling cases filled with the ingeniou plots and unforgettable chara ters of Arthur Conan Doyle, includi

A Scandal in Bohemia
The Red-Headed League
A Case of Identity
The Boscombe Valley Mystery
The Man with the Twisted Lip
Silver Blaze
The Musgrave Ritual
The Adventure of the Empty Hous
The Naval Treaty
The Final Problem

Plus 9 more! And now, in this magn icent 483-page volume, they're you to read, re-read and keep in the fan ily for generations…an introductor gift from us to you. No strings. No commitments. No obligations to buy anything now or ever!

Many illustrations specially commissioned for this collection.

Take this beautiful collector's edition of *Great Cases of Sherlock Holmes* FREE

Please note: We didn't say free *trial.* This offer is made with the clear understanding that once you send for it, *Great Cases of Sherlock Holmes* is yours for good. And yours without any strings whatsoever.

So come...travel back to the fog-filled gaslit nights of torian England. Enter the sitting room at 221B Baker Street. ravel complex clues with the world's foremost detective. tch wits with Holmes' archenemy, Professor Moriarty.

You'll enjoy 19 of Sherlock's most celebrated cases in this raordinary volume. And it's yours for the asking. Just mail accompanying coupon. You pay nothing. You owe nothing. 're under no obligation. Keep it and treasure it with our com- nents. *Great Cases of Sherlock Holmes* is our way of intro- ing you to...

THE FRANKLIN LIBRARY OF MYSTERY MASTERPIECES

e most thrilling fiction ever created—by the all-time sters of murder, mayhem and the macabre

Terror...suspense...crime...intrigue and espionage... ckmail...double-dealing and double-crosses...killers... ue cops...henchmen...spies...mad professors and sinister sterminds...eccentric private eyes...tough guys, fall guys, pects and assassins...victims and vamps...twists and turns l surprise endings.

That's the stuff great mysteries are made of!

And now, out of the thousands of detective, spy, crime and pense stories written during the past two centuries, we have ected the very *best.* And we are publishing them in fine ary volumes you'll be proud to collect and own.

There will be wonderful editions of Edgar Allan Poe's *es of Mystery and Imagination*...Daphne du Maurier's *ecca*...Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely*...John han's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*...Robert Traver's *Anatomy of urder*...Ellery Queen's *The Roman Hat Mystery*...Charles kens' *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*...and other all-time orites.

Handsome, Quality Editions

These are timeless works. And beautiful books. Every ume is custom designed; each cover a work of art, each bind- distinctive. Note the hubbed spines—in the finest tradition of ndcrafted books. Inside, the quality is carried through. The finest acid-free paper is used to ensure the pages will never yellow or dry with age. The page edges are gilded for added beauty and protection. Each volume features decorative endpapers.

And the illustrations are splendid: some of them original art commissioned exclusively for the Library as well as classic art by famous book illustrators of the past. In short, these books will bring you immeasurable pride and satisfaction—prized additions to your home now, and for a lifetime to come.

See for yourself as our guest...take *Great Cases of Sherlock Holmes* FREE

To show you just how fascinating and worthwhile THE FRANKLIN LIBRARY OF MYSTERY MASTERPIECES really is, we'll gladly send you the Holmes volume as a gift. So take advantage of this special no-risk offer and claim it now. Remember it's on us. You are not obligated to buy anything—ever! Please mail the coupon below by April 30, 1988 to take advantage of this limited offer.

© 1988 FL

LIMITED OFFER—PLEASE MAIL BY APRIL 30, 1988.

Yes, send my FREE *Sherlock Holmes* volume and reserve my subscription to Mystery Masterpieces without obligation.

I'll decide whether I want to continue as a subscriber after I've had a chance to examine my free book. If I decide not to continue, I'll notify you within 14 days after receiving it. *Sherlock Holmes* is mine to keep in any case, without any further obligation.

If you do not hear from me, I'll receive another Mystery Masterpiece volume in about a month and will continue to receive one a month—on approval—for as long as I wish.

For each volume I keep, I pay only $17.95, plus my state sales tax and $1.95 for postage and handling. There is no minimum number of books for me to buy. And of course, I am free to cancel this arrangement any time I wish.

Signature _____
All orders are subject to acceptance

Name _____
Please print clearly

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Franklin Library, Mystery Masterpieces
P.O. Box 10250
Des Moines, IA 50336-0250

12036-128

Talleysheet

Perfect bracelets for spring. . . Ebonized furniture. . . Cascades of fringe. . . Scaasi ball dresses take center stage

Sixties update: Schlumberger enameled bangles—the favorite of women like Jackie Onassis and Nancy, Lady Keith—look right for the stark spring silhouette at Geoffrey Beene, Carolyne Roehm, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren. Paulina Porizkova—in the news for her film debut in *Anna* and Estée Lauder's image for the new fragrance Knowing—looks agog with original Jean Schlumberger bracelets. At Tiffany prices are steep; occasionally you can find them on auction at Christie's and Sotheby's. • Black creates drama in interiors as well as in extravagant dinner dressing. New York antiques dealer Niall Smith finds overscale Napoleon III ebonized furniture the look. At the Council of Fashion Designers of America awards gala Paloma Picasso wore Lacroix in black lace and waterfalls of fringe. • At La Grenouille restaurant Charles Masson designs exuberant floral fantasia inspired by Van Gogh, Monet, and Renoir. To celebrate the restaurant's 25th anniversary, his mother, Gisele Masson, threw a bash at New York's 4D nightclub. Francesca Masson, wife of Charles, was the star of the night with strapless short taffeta from Barra of Italy. • Award-winning Scaasi satin is worn to New York parties by Brooke Astor, Gayfryd Steinberg, Edna B. Morris. **André Leon Talley**

MICHAEL COOPER

Paulina, top left, with Schlumberger enameled bracelets. Left: A lacquered Napoleon III sofa with gargoyle arms from Niall Smith Antiques. Right: Paloma Picasso in Lacroix couture fringe.

MICHAEL C

MARY HILLIARD

April blossoms and pink tulips, top by Charl Masson Grenouil in Bacca crystal. Above: Francesc Masson at 4D.

Scaasi dresses, right, saluted by Council of Fashion Designers of America.









GUCCI №3
The New Classic

L'Magnin

© 1987 Colonia, Inc.

America's best-selling mini-van.*

Your first look tells you Aerostar is a superbly versatile mini-van, with a style all its own. Its design is sleek, modern, aerodynamic. The wind works for it, not against it. With luxurious touches throughout and its special options, Ford Aerostar is America's best-selling mini-van.

New Eddie Bauer style.

This year there's a sporty Eddie Bauer model with dual front Captain's Chairs, special two-tone paint, unique interior appointments, and more. It's Aerostar with the good looks of the great outdoors!

Designed to move you.

But Aerostar's success isn't based only distinctive looks. Its standard 3.0L V-6 ha multi-port Electronic Fuel Injection for ea starting and smooth running. It delivers spirited 145 horsepower. That's greater t any Chrysler mini-van. And it's powerful enough to tow an impressive 4900 lbs.**

Living room.

Aerostar's advanced styling gives you lo of useable space. It comfortably seats up 7 people.† Or remove both rear seats, an create 139 cu. ft. of cargo space. You can even convert Aerostar into a sleeper with

Nobody does it better... the 1988 Ford Aerostar.



MICHAEL COOPER



ing seat-bed option.† All this in a mini-
that's a breeze to handle and park, prac-
ly anywhere, even inside your garage.

ar/60,000-Mile Powertrain Warranty.
Covers major powertrain components for 6 years/ 60,000 miles. Restrictions and deductible apply. Also, participating dealers back their customer-paid work with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee, good for as long as you own your vehicle. Ask to see these limited warranties when you visit your Ford Dealer.

Ford. Best-Built American Trucks...seven years running.

Based on an average of owner-reported problems in a series of surveys of '81-'87 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality is Job 1."

*Based on manufacturer's reported model year retail deliveries through July 31, 1987. **When properly equipped. Towing rating is reduced by passenger and cargo weight in towing vehicle. †With optional rear bench seat. Seat-bed optional on XL only.

Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford



Talleysheet

Majolica treasure and chic garden tools . . . Classic sidesaddle . . . Ozbek olé—flowers and peppers for south-of-the-border mood

People who shop at Niall Smith Antiques in New York: playwright Lanford Wilson loves his basalt candlesticks; Matthew Modine, star of *Full Metal Jacket*, bought a nineteenth-century bronze-and-iron standing lamp; Evangeline Blahnik, sister of shoe king Manolo Blahnik, takes lamps and lampshades from Smith's shop onto the plane to London in place of carry-on luggage; George Malkemus of Blahnik satisfied his thirst with nineteenth-century faux-bois decanter and cups and bought a majolica garden seat. • Ideal gardening gifts are shears with horn or leather handles from Hermès, Paris. • At Breakfast at Tiffany, a frequent event showcasing table settings by designers and personalities: the Blaine Trump setting included all the frills of a Paris ballerina's dressing room with extravagantly swagged columns from the Newel Art Galleries. • Sidesaddle takes the blue ribbon. The apron skirt, part of the strict classic habit, has often been a fashion influence. Annie Oakley wore it at a circus in Rome in 1890. Olivia Cox Fill rides in a sidesaddle class in the Dublin horse show. She won one ribbon and Kelly Klein three ribbons in last year's Hampton Classic horse show. Klein says, "I would imagine sidesaddle is very difficult to do, but I think it's very beautiful." Olivia Cox Fill's straw-colored wool habits are made to order at Bernard Weatherill. • London-based Turkish-born designer Rifat Ozbek re-created the Mexican look of his spring collection in flowers for his own apartment. **A.L.T.**



AUSTIN TRADDOW





QUARTET BOOKS

From top: Decanters and cups from Niall Smith; hot flowers with a dash of chili peppers by Rifat Ozbek; majolica garden seat; Hermès garden shears.



MICHAEL COOPER



LISA LEAVITT





From top: Blaine Trump's Tiffany table; Annie Oakley; Olivia Cox Fill; Kelly Klein on True Blue.

ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY



LIVE IN THE CITY. SLEEP IN THE COUNTRY.

Fresh flowers always brighten up a city bedroom.

With this in mind, we have created the floral arrangement you see here. It is in our new lilac design called "Louise," found only at Laura Ashley shops.

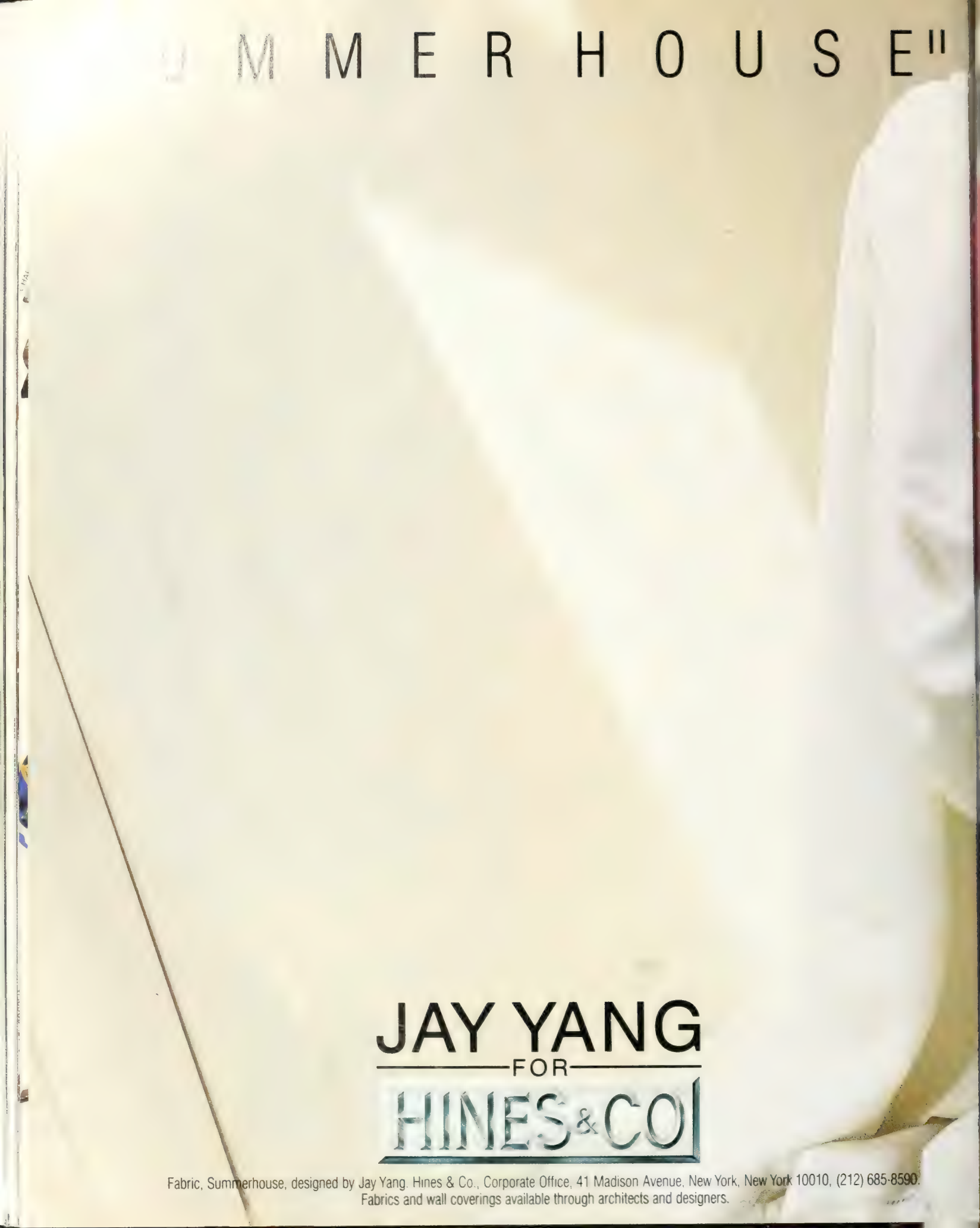
Our Louise Collection provides all that the well-dressed bed and bedroom need.

Everything from sheets and pillowcases in 100% cotton to coordinating wallcoverings, fabrics, decorative pillows, pillow shams, comforters, dust ruffles and more.

To make an arrangement for your own bedroom, visit one of our shops or telephone 1-800-223-6917 (Canada 1-800-361-4473).

Until then, pleasant dreams.

laura ashley



Fabric, Summerhouse, designed by Jay Yang. Hines & Co., Corporate Office, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010, (212) 685-8590.
Fabrics and wall coverings available through architects and designers.





Photography: Arthur Elgort Art Direction Marc Balet

LOUIS DELL'OLIO FOR ANNE KLEIN® & CO.

HG



ARTHUR ELGORT

styles of decoration shift inexorably. We now live with the glory of clutter, mixed patterns, and rooms full of stuff. But are things changing? It seems there is a return to the fun and **sharp lines of the 1960s** which first became obvious with last year's heightened hemlines. The editors of our *'60s/'90s* story show how arresting shapes, geometric patterns, Op and Pop are turning up in decoration, art, and interior design as well as fashion. In *Rock 'n' Royalty*, Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, with her Mary Quant hairstyle, short skirts, and guitar, also evokes memories of the period—against an improbable setting of the family's castles in Germany. And in a project that would fit the most **idealistic of times** artist Jennifer Bartlett and architect Alexander Cooper are joining forces to create a large public urban garden at the tip of Manhattan. In our lead piece a group of young designers take on New York's decorating establishment with a **distinctive pared-down look.** We call them *The Clean Team.* And we also report on living with birds, takeout food, and in *His & Hers*, on a married couple who have very different ideas of what is a tolerable mess. —*Anna Wintour*

Divette fabric, above, by Manuel Canovas. Below: Bird people: Babs Simpson and Tico.







DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN



TOHRU NAKAMURA

'60s/'90s: Boeri's glass Ghost chair, top; Trix and Robert Haussmann's porcelain setting, above; Thierry Mugler's shop in Paris, left.



Gary Hager on the mule Pigpen. The mantel in Stephen Sills's apartment supports 19th- and 20th-century photographs and pots of topiary rosemary. The tables stacked in front are Russian; a Hellenistic jar holds his working drawings.

THE CLEAN TEAM

Michael Boodro looks at five young New York decorators—Stephen Sills, Jed Johnson, Mark Zeff, Sam Blount, and Gary Hager—who are gaining visibility in the world of interior design. Each has a distinctive style, ranging from the poetically serene to the stripped-clean. But they share a desire to move beyond the traditional and the predictable—without succumbing to trendiness



OBERTO GILI



Don't expect false modesty when you speak to Stephen Sills. "I have a very persuasive way of creating an environment for my clients and making them think it's their idea and their taste," he confides. "I give them what they think they wanted, but it's always better than what they imagined."

His pride may even be warranted. His distinctive talent has taken him from Durant, Oklahoma (where he was born 33 years ago), to the grandest *hôtels particuliers* in Paris (where he worked on several of the legendary Renzo Mongiardino projects) to his accelerating career in New York. His clients now include broadcast executives, heads of advertising agencies, rising financiers, and other image-conscious, media-savvy Manhattan successes. Yet any hint of hubris fades as this romantic slips into Proustian raptures over the curtains he once saw at the Brandolinis'.

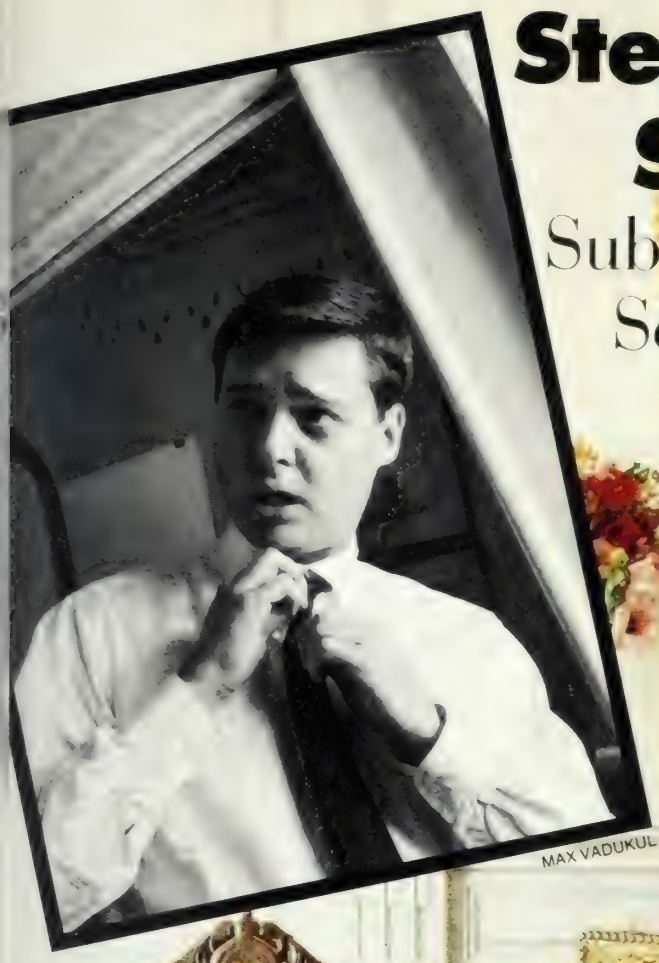
"What I offer is an original approach," says Sills, "a cleaned-up version of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century styles for a 1988 lifestyle." His spare Neoclassical look is enhanced by almost Surrealistic juxtapositions of objects and his hallmark painted finishes, which can duplicate wood, wallpaper, or soft wisps of color. Even those might not be part of his repertoire forever, eager as he is not to bog down in the repetitiveness he finds among even the most established designers. "In another year I'll probably get out of that—or at least not do it in such a noticeable way."

As for high-style nineteenth-century furniture such as Biedermeier and Empire, he feels its current high prices are "just a trend decorators have created" and prefers relatively undervalued furniture of the eighteenth and early twentieth centuries—not that he's unduly budget-conscious or averse to making a profit. "It's just that I don't yet have those two-million-dollar jobs I want," he adds with a smile.

In Stephen Sills's studio apartment, left, a screen, found in a junk shop, stripped and draped with crumpled tissue paper. Opposite: Sills straightens up. For a client he created a serene setting with a painted mantel and striped wall treatment, set off by an American mirror, a Victorian side chair, and a 17th-century French tapestry screen.

Stephen Sills

Subtle Schemes



MAX VADUKUL





Jed Johnson, right, in his office in a converted factory building overlooking the Hudson, wields one of his most important design tools: his Rolodex. Top: In Johnson's apartment superb groupings of English Art Nouveau clocks made for Liberty of London. Above: Richly colored American pottery by Fulper of New Jersey. All were acquired long before they became fashionable, attesting to the designer's prescient eye.

Jed Johnson

A Zeal for Mission

MAX V

He is so self-effacing that one has to strain to hear him, much as one did with his late mentor and longtime companion, Andy Warhol. But Jed Johnson obviously has a gift for what the French call *placement*. He managed to land himself in the quiet eye of the aesthetic storm that Warhol and his Factory crew unleashed in the late sixties.

His initial foray into design was the surprisingly Neoclassical house he decorated for Warhol a decade ago, followed by several projects for Peter and Sandra Brant and a Manhattan pied-à-terre for Pierre Bergé and Yves Saint-Laurent which presaged the vogue for late-nineteenth-century style. Now, after only six years, the firm Johnson formed with architect Alan Wanzenberg has attracted high-profile clients, including Mick Jagger, Carl Icahn, and the Sperone Westwater gallery for which he has created a spare new exhibition space.

Johnson still seems slightly surprised by his success. "I don't have a design background or any formal training," he demurs. "I look at all my various jobs as opportunities to learn. And I like to work in different styles. My work doesn't really have a signature to it." Even the extraordinary collection of Mission furniture in the apartment he shares with Wanzenberg was acquired largely after he decided the style was appropriate to the space.

If Johnson has no design dogma, it may be because he had early exposure to a wide range of tastes. Of his days in the Warhol entourage he remembers, "We were always so well received, always invited to the homes of collectors and social types. I saw a lot." He clearly picked up Warhol's astute instinct for what to buy when. "I rather like *anything* of great quality. Lots of people get obsessed with one kind of thing. I'm not that way."

Johnson's dining room is screened by leaded-glass pocket doors he designed. The room is an almost textbook example of the principles of Arts and Crafts leader Gustav Stickley, who designed the table, chairs, and chandelier. Photographs on the walls are late-19th-century portraits of American Indians and views of the West by Edward Curtis.





OBERTO

I thought that in America, even if they don't have a tremendous amount of culture, they certainly do have a tremendous amount of guts.'' That's what drew South African–born, London-trained Mark Zeff to New York in 1982. His spare, flexible schemes caught on quickly, especially with people in the fashion industry. Zeff is known for his emphatic mixtures of unexpected modern classics and new pieces of his own design; the furniture is represented exclusively by Barneys New York. He has a clear sense of his role—and a philosophy that calls to mind that of Andrée Putman. ''I'm reinterpreting concepts in modern materials, with a modern thought,'' explains the 29-year-old designer, who fearlessly drilled a hole through the glass top of a $5,000 Le Corbusier worktable so that the wires of his VCR would fall less obtrusively.

Despite his Italian preppy style, Zeff has a rebellious edge and rejects business-as-usual in his profession. ''Things don't have to be beautiful and expensive. Design can also be reinventing. Spaces have become smaller, people don't have time, there isn't as much emphasis on detail. Things have become more streamlined.''

Zeff's propensity for innovation was encouraged during his training at London's Chelsea School of Art and, ironically enough, by the paucity of work available in that city during the late 1970s. ''There was no compromise,'' Zeff says of the fanciful projects he created on paper. ''There was no need for compromise because you knew you were not going to get the job.'' He keeps himself open to experimentation by not confining himself to interiors—or even furniture. ''It's important to remember that I'm not strictly a residential designer,'' he stresses. ''I do enjoy every aspect of design. I'm an all-purpose designer. It's difficult for me to perform on a specialized level, because I don't think that way. I can design somebody's radio, and I can design somebody's home.''

Now that work is coming into MZD, his four-year-old firm—from downtown lofts to Park Avenue apartments and elements of the redesign of New York's Westbury Hotel—things have become far less theoretical than they once were. ''When I work, the focus is not on Mark Zeff but on the people who will use my designs. I do have a style, a distinct way of doing things, but with each client there's a different way of getting to the result—and the result is not necessarily the same.''

MAX V







Mark Zeff

Modernism with an Edge

Mark Zeff, left, on the ledge outside his midtown Manhattan office. Opposite: The spacious, flexible interior he created for a young photographer features low shelves, slipcovered metal chairs, and a club chair, all his own design. Eileen Gray rug from Ecart, rolling coffee table by Patrick Naggar. Top: A romantically deconstructed bathroom. Above: In his own apartment Zeff leans his terrace umbrella tied with a tassel.

Sam Blount
Regency Redux









MAX VADUKUL

In an apartment for a client, above left, Sam Blount assembled classic English furniture around a faux-pine mantel set off by pale walls. Left: A still life on the coffee table in the designer's apartment shows his sensuous appreciation of objects. Above: Blount at his office seated in a child's chair. Opposite: In his hall 18th-century architectural prints hang over a Regency table and side chairs.



OBERTO GILI

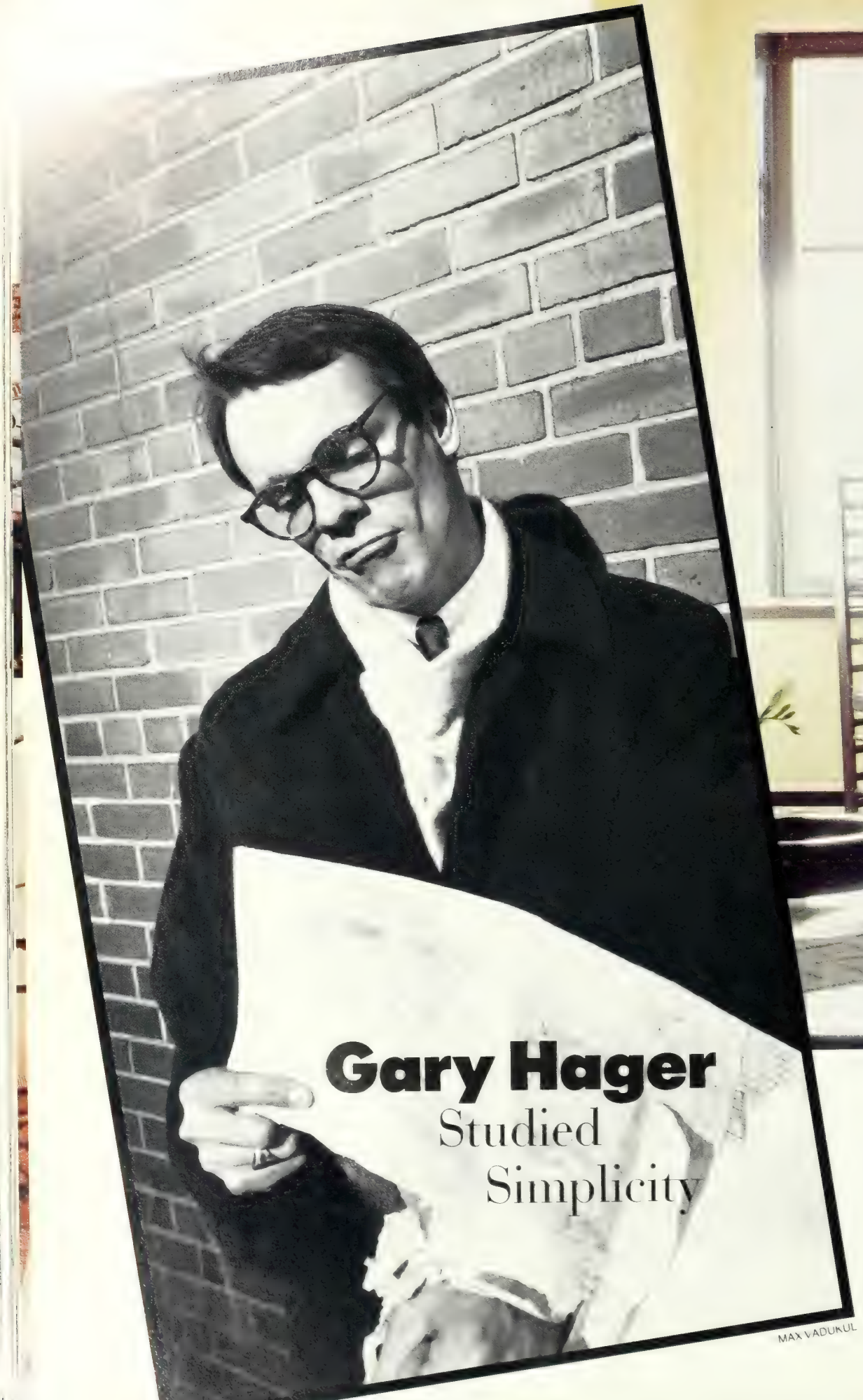
Sam Blount's favorite period is Regency. ("Isn't everybody's?" he says with a smile.) But there's a world of difference between the way the 38-year-old designer uses it and, say, the way it's handled by Sister Parish or Mario Buatta. A partner in the firm of Irvine & Fleming, Blount knows what makes his work distinct from the older generation's. "I decorate in the same classic tradition of English and French design, but it's filtered through a sharper and simpler eye. My style, perhaps, is more suitable for the complicated times we live in."

In fact, if Blount's work resembles that of any other decorator's, it is the peerless Billy Baldwin's. Blount has painted the hall of his Manhattan apartment in the glossy chocolate brown used by the master in his own flat and has extended its small size with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, a favorite Baldwin strategy. Blount also recalls Baldwin in his fondness for small-scale furniture—comfortable upholstered seating—and occasional unexpected touches, such as draping a piece of bright American Indian beadwork around the neck of a Neoclassical bronze floor lamp.

If Blount's vision of grand yet unpretentious style was formed during his idyllic Mississippi boyhood, it was forged by his rigorous training in interior design at the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida. Indeed, his thorough background allows him to experiment within the bounds of tradition. Now his slightly offbeat approach to classic design is finding a ready audience in Manhattan.

Even Blount is somewhat surprised by the number of his clients, not to mention their youth. "There are more and more people in their early to mid thirties who want this couture level of design," he says. "We have a lot of clients who, I think, are very young to be doing what they're doing—really investing in antiques and art and interiors in a way that five or eight years ago wasn't the case." This influx of new clients has also precluded any competition with his better-known partners. "In the five years I've been here we've never not been very busy, luckily."

Like his fellow Southerner Baldwin, Blount retains a gentlemanly modesty about what he is doing. "This field, perhaps more than any other, is full of people who are egotistical. I really do want to work hard at not having a tremendous ego. Obviously I find it unattractive. But I also think it hinders your creativity. It really does."



Gary Hager Studied Simplicity

MAX VADUKUL



Gary Hager, left, devised a modern and practical setting, above, for a collector of early-twentieth-century furniture, including Charles Rennie Mackintosh chairs, table by Charles Rohlfs, Dirk van Erp lamp, Gustav Stickley armchair. A Calder mobile provides a spark of color. Opposite: A Carlo Bugatti mirror reflects a rare Frank Lloyd Wright copper weed vase.



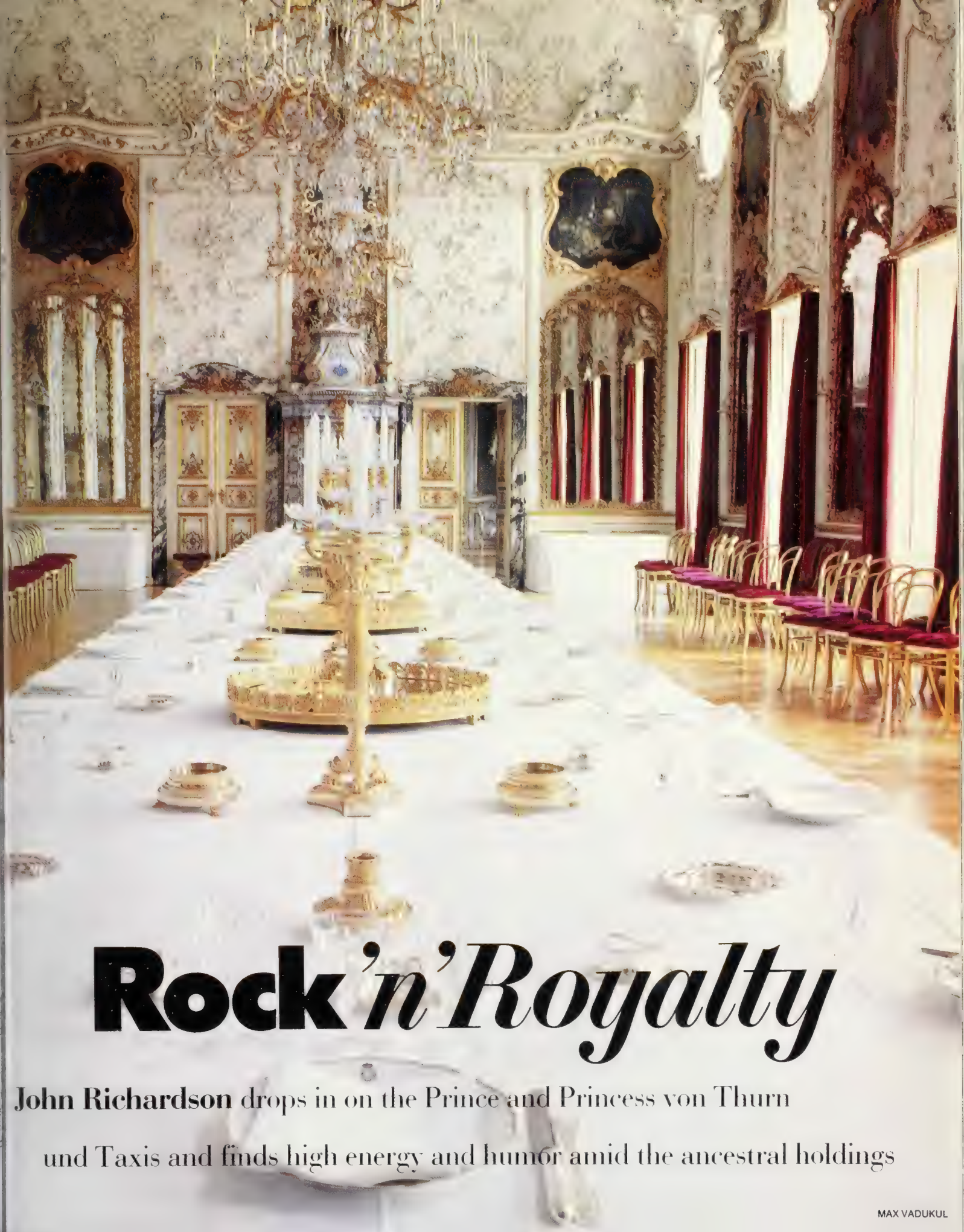
His driver's license became Gary Hager's entry ticket to the world of high-style decorating. He was hired by Parish-Hadley a decade ago at age 26 "because the chauffeur was on vacation." But what a glorified delivery boy he became, seizing the opportunity to view some of New York's grandest apartments. Hager has remained with the firm and developed an approach "less romantic, more tailored, and definitely more monochromatic," but it's clear that his major source of inspiration is Albert Hadley, whose skill in juxtaposing disparate objects with complete harmony is unparalleled. Hager's updated look is his major contribution. "But I'm not dogmatic. If the project calls for a more traditional look, I'm able to do that, too." ▲

Decorating Editor: Carolyn Sollis

OBERTO GILI



Rock mee
Rococo: Pr
cess Gloria v
Thurn und Ta
left, in her be
room in Schlo
St. Emmeram
Regensbur
Opposite: T
ballroom with
banquet table
full regali
Styled by And
Leon Talley.



Rock 'n' Royalty

John Richardson drops in on the Prince and Princess von Thurn und Taxis and finds high energy and humor amid the ancestral holdings

MAX VADUKUL





"I don't like to boast . . ." That ineffable magnifico and prankster Prince Johannes Baptista de Jesus Maria Louis Miguel Friedrich Bonifazius Lamoral von Thurn und Taxis is lying through his teeth. Of course he likes to boast. Given the dynastic treasure over which he presides, he hasn't much alternative. True, Johannes says he is down to a mere six castles—from about a dozen before the war. But the surviving properties—notably the family's principal seat at Regensburg ("I don't like to boast, but it *is* bigger than Buckingham Palace")—are crammed to the corbels with precious furniture, tapestries, and objects. Above all, objects: magnificent porcelain, gem-studded snuff boxes, *dix-huitième* jewelry, and enough antique clocks to require a full-time winder. There are also sufficient paintings to stock several museums—though mostly of ancestral rather than art-historical interest.

More stately surprises: The princess's study, left, at Schloss Taxis, a vaulted Victorian retreat. Above: The coat hall remains a repository for Tyrolean tradition.

The Thurn und Taxis family, whose fortunes were, appropriately enough, founded by Franz the Rich (1459–1517), has traditionally acquired rare jewels and objets d'art—what Johannes calls "goodies" ("much easier to pack, my dear, when the barbarians come breaking

HORST



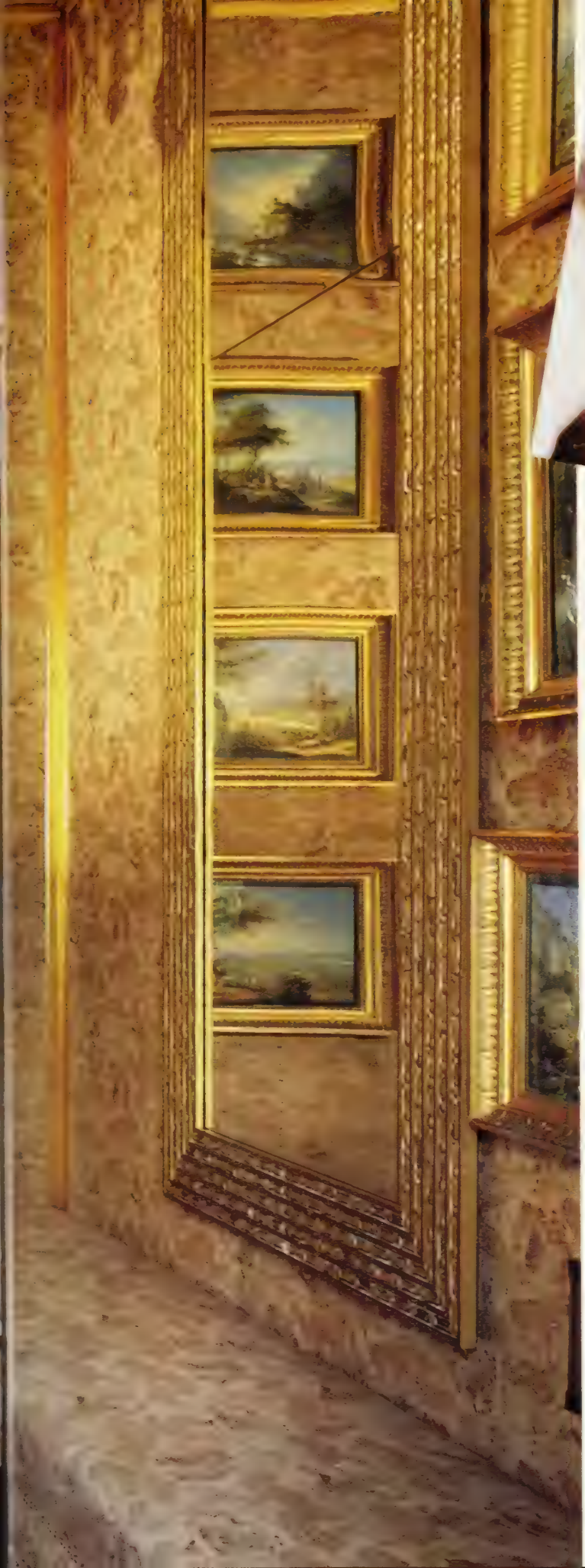
Modern royal style: A contemporary sculpture, far left, by Brazilian artist Cristina Salgado stands guard at Regensburg. Left: A sketch by Christian Lacroix for a dress he created especially for the princess. Below: The family leaving church after celebrating Prince Johannes's sixtieth birthday.

"I'd rather do something badly," says Gloria, "than nothing at all"

MAX VADUKUL

DPA PHOTO REPORTERS







Her towering hats, pouf dresses, and diamonds reveal that Gloria suffers from a deep-dyed dread of passing unperceived

down the doors'')—rather than unwieldly old masters. Many of his forebears were philistines, Johannes admits; nonetheless, he points with pride to his magnificent ancestral library at Schloss St. Emmeram with its vast holdings of medieval manuscripts, more than three thousand musical scores, and archives of the world's first postal service—it dates from the fifteenth century—which helped establish the Thurn und Taxis family as one of Germany's richest. Scholars have always been welcome to study there. ''While on that subject, don't forget,'' says Johannes, ''we feed several hundred poor people in the refectory every day.''

''I don't like to boast. . .'' Johannes's dynamic young wife, Gloria, born Countess Mariae Gloria Ferdinanda Joachima Josephine Wilhelmine Huberta von Schönburg zu Glauchau und Waldenburg, takes a no less dis-

A rich ancestry: Prince Johannes's grandmother, born an Austrian archduchess, dominated Schloss Taxis in the 19th century and now presides, left, over the Margarete Salon. Above: Princess Gloria displays a fondness for another kind of rock, a sapphire-and-diamond necklace with pearl pendant purchased in Paris shortly after the French Revolution by an ancestor of Prince Johannes.

At Taxis, anachronisms manifest themselves at every turn

ingenuous line about her very different claims to fame. The towering witches' hats she used to wear when she wasn't sporting a punk hairdo aglitter with Marie Antoinette's diamonds, likewise the pouf dresses puffed out like mammoth begonias that she has recently adopted, reveal that Gloria suffers from a deep-dyed dread of passing unperceived. But she puts her relish of the limelight to constructive ends. She is an inveterate life enhancer. Who but Gloria would succeed in persuading Prince—the rock-and-roll star, not her husband—to appear in a Munich nightclub and raise money for the burn clinic she has done so much to promote? Who but this actress manquée would take a leaf out of *Marat/Sade* and try to rehabilitate the lunatics in the Regensburg asylum by getting them to act in avant-garde plays? (''Only slightly more difficult than training people to serve a meal properly,'' Gloria recently commented, apropos a servant's aleatory arrangement of a tea tray.) And who but this *m'as tu vu* princess would have the gall, let alone the guts, to go to Harlem and belt out songs at the Baby Grand? Needless to say, she triumphed.

''I'd rather do something badly,'' Gloria says, ''than nothing at all.'' In fact, she does most things extremely well, not least being a very responsible yet entertaining mother. Besides flirting with a career as a pop singer, she puts on satirical plays by the likes of Dürrenmatt and Max Frisch in the state rooms of Regensburg. She also encourages young artists to jazz up the stately walls of the castle with what the family jokingly calls Gloria's school of Neo-Expressionism. Gloria's school of Pop, Punk Kitsch might be nearer the truth. Whatever their category, her modern paintings and sculptures help take the curse off German pomposity. The princess is also a world-famous party giver. The only thing in which she claims to take little interest is decorating. She leaves this to others—to Mongiardino, whom she

(Continued on page 208)



ROXANNE LOWIT

HORST

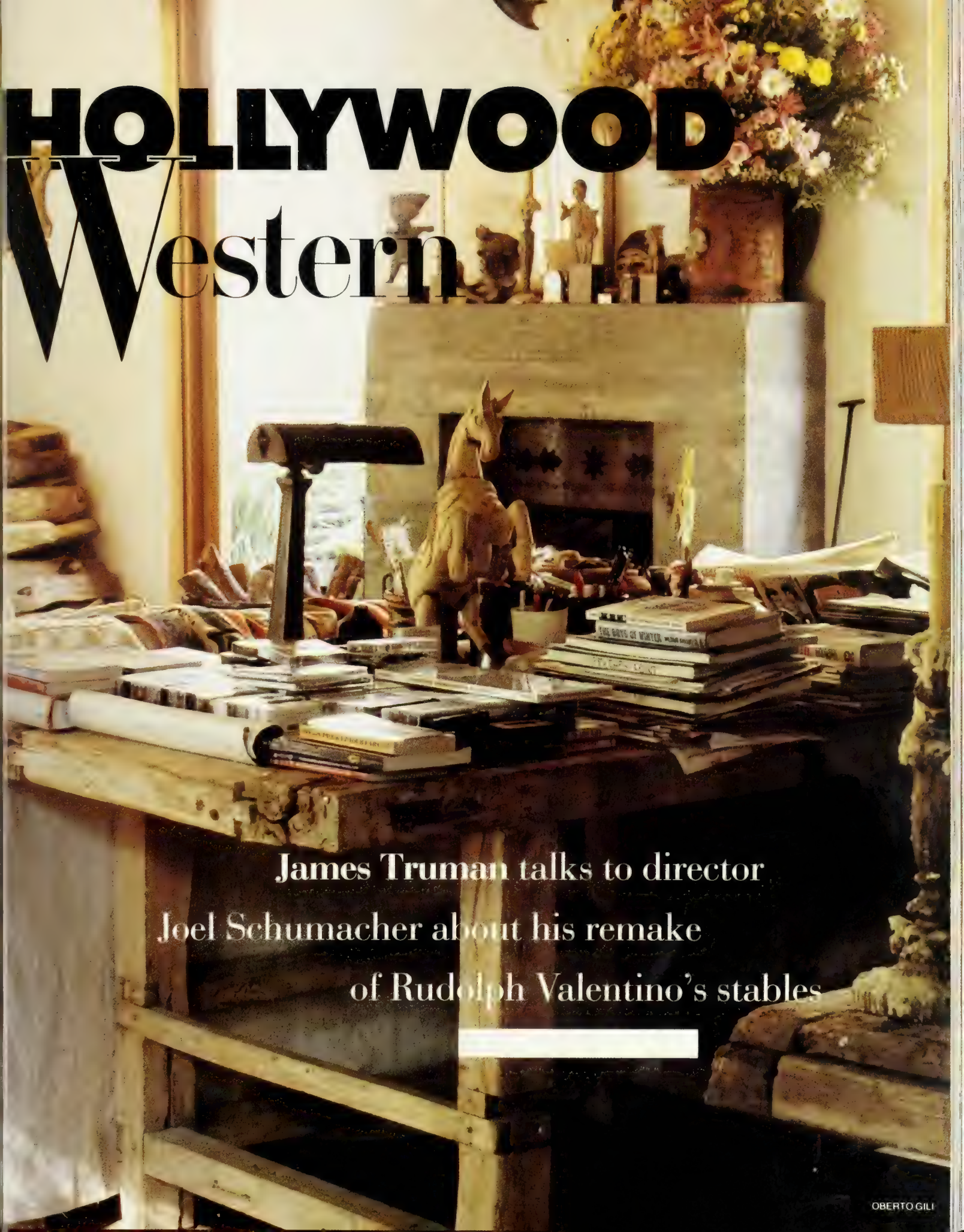
Fins meet finials: Schloss Taxis, right, where the princess keeps one of her seven American cars of the 1950s. Above: Princess Gloria wears a hat specially designed for her as a disguise by Paco Rabanne. Opposite: The White Drawing Room with furniture made for the queen of Bavaria and her ladies-in-waiting.





designed by David James and Joel Schumacher. An old Santa Fe serving table is used as a desk. Styled by Jacques Dehornois.

HOLLYWOOD Western



James Truman talks to director Joel Schumacher about his remake of Rudolph Valentino's stables

OBERTO GILI



Rudolph Valentino bought Falcon Lair, a hilltop estate above a Beverly Hills canyon, in 1925. Thirty years old and at the height of his career, he swiftly transformed it into a suitable monument to his legend. The perimeter walls were extended and fortified to discourage interlopers, who interloped regardless. The stables were stocked with Arabian stallions and a large assortment of purebred dogs, and the house itself, an eighteen-room Spanish-style villa, was remodeled with marble floors, ornamental fountains, French and Oriental art and antiques, numerous portraits of the owner in theatrical costume, and a collection of medieval armor which, the fan magazines eagerly reported, had cost more than $100,000. If these foibles were a deliberate projection of Valentino's extravagant self-image, they were equally a reflection of the social ambition of his wife, Natasha Rambova. Falcon Lair was designed to be nothing if not socially competitive, but its advantages were never tested. Barred from the set of her husband's films, Natasha left him and returned to Europe. Within a year Valentino was dead, and with the death the full extent of his folly was revealed: Falcon Lair had virtually bankrupted him.

Baptized with the tragedy, the house went on to suffer the neglect and idiocy of several owners. By the mid 1930s, Falcon Lair had become uninhabitable, for the cult surrounding Valentino, far from dying with him, had grown to extraordinary proportions. Pilgrims arrived daily, scaling the walls, camping out on the grounds, all of them determined to penetrate the house and, in particular, Valentino's bedroom suite. There was the further liability of Valentino's ghost, heard stalking the corridors each night. Finally a real-estate company sealed the house, pulled up the floorboards, and unmasked the phantom: it was an elaborate sound-effects system that Valentino himself had installed shortly before his death. Nevertheless, the rumor persists that Falcon Lair is haunted.

The stables where Valentino once kept his four Arabian chargers had meanwhile been separated from the estate and converted into a single-story residence. Joel Schumacher, the Hollywood costume designer turned screenwriter and director, bought the building in 1984. Before making it into his home, he restored it as a stable. Although the original structure was intact, the interior had gone Beverly Hills: lacquer and paint hid what had once been unfinished wood: bookshelves,

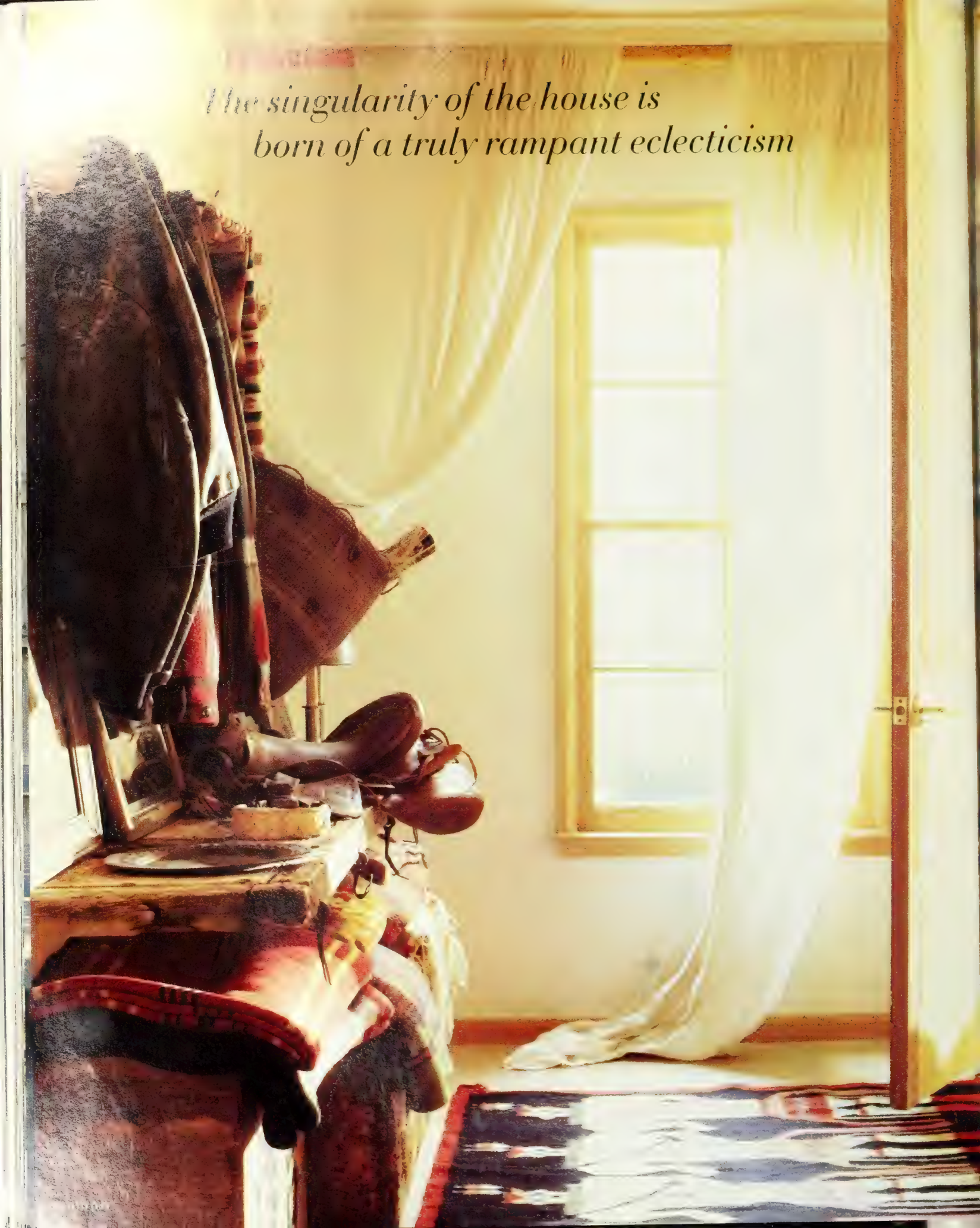
OBERTO GILI

"I wanted to feel as if I rode up to the house on a horse in 1922"





l California: Joel umacher, opposite, ands between pool and garden at a den door he found in Santa Fe. Above ght: Brown Jordan chairs, lined up at olside, are draped with serapes from Schumacher's llection. Right: The rance to the house, ich he first restored to its original state before remodeling.


The singularity of the house is
born of a truly rampant eclecticism



Southwestern bias: Schumacher keeps many favorite things, including a Mexican retablo, in the rough-hewn shelves over his desk in the living room. "I wanted to enjoy the house as I worked, to make it into a little oasis." • Opposite: In the guest room, a bomber jacket, saddle, old Santa Fe door used as a shelf, more blankets, and a Navajo pictorial rug.



Bold geometry: The guest room, left, holds an assortment of patterned rugs and pillows, old painted chests, an iron four-poster with chamois bedspread by Ralph Lauren. Opposite, clockwise from top left: Houseman Christopher Ely in skylit kitchen vestibule; entrance door to pool with cacti, native California grasses; in living room, more piles of blankets and rugs, a calfskin chair, and, through window, bamboo and ferns on the patio.

OBERTO GILI

HERS

Playwright **John Guare** is hopelessly messy; **Adele Chatfield-Taylor** is impeccably neat. An eight-foot service hall keeps their apartments apart and their marriage together





OBERTO GILI



HIS We decided to let HG photograph only the servants' quarters of our fabulous fourteen-story triplex that runs from the eleventh to the thirty-fifth floor of the enchanting new Zekkendump Towers on the island beside Ellis Island. You know that sign you see when you're sailing in on Malcolm Forbes's yacht from a fireworks display and you're in the brutal crosscurrent that flows around that island. (The island has the most fabulous history. It's where those immigrants who arrived on Ellis with leprosy were sent; their descendants are here to this day and run errands and keep the windows clean and bring up croissants.) Adele and I passed Fiona Zekkendump's review board and moved all our treasures—Precolumbian Impressionist/Avant-G Classics—and we live happily on Fiona's time-share plan between here and Fiona's mirror development in one of the newest gulags on the Nepalese border. We met Fiona in the laundry room, and she said she was going to get a place in the mountains. "The Berkshires?" we inquired. She looked at us aghast. "The Himalayas." So that's where we now spend half our time.

It wasn't always like this. Once we lived in squalor in the Village. I lived on Bank Street—in what had been John Lennon's apartment, and I would receive presents left outside the door virtually every day, the fans not knowing their idol had moved to the Dakota. Mid 1970s. I met Adele, who lived up the street. Love. Where would we live? Her apartment wasn't big enough for one. My apartment, ninety feet long, was only two rooms and hard for two people who did a lot of work at home to find, as they say, their own space. The large apartment next door to Adele's became available one magical night. I said farewell to Bank Street, and moved. Adele kept her apartment, but it's not as if we had two apartments. What we have is Adele's apartment and our apartment. Two apartments whose kitchens look across a service hall. Some people get disturbed by this. Adele's mother said, "Well, are you going to knock the walls down?" We pointed out there were no connecting walls—only a service hall. She said it made no difference, we should knock the walls down anyway.

A friend, Ledir Guerra (no relation, not

The Guare-geist on the rampage
In his living room, above, a modern Jefferson chair, curtains by designer Elisabeth Draper, and bronze baby shoes coexist in the effusion. Opposite: Everything has its place in Adele's living room where family pieces are arranged by design.

ERS

After I finally got married, my mother called me up one day and asked, "*Now* are you going to live with John Guare?"

"Certainly not," I replied, without hesitating. "Why let a little thing like matrimony ruin a big thing like good design?"

Frankly cohabitation has never really come up. John and I have known each other and lived happily ever after for a number of years, but we have never actually lived *together*. We have two separate apartments, side by side, in a nice old apartment building in Greenwich Village. Thanks to the building code and an eight-foot-wide service hall, they are architecturally irreconcilable, and we have come to think that this is the secret to life and perhaps to happy marriage.

I was there first. And over the years my apartment—a tiny one-bedroom thing that is less like a house than a ship—has become my favorite place in New York. It took years to find a spot for everything, but once it got organized, the last thing in the world I wanted to do was move—especially in with someone for whom chaos is an operational necessity.

So when I was faced with the problem of Where to Put John, this second apartment solution was arranged by the gods, who one Sunday afternoon sent my neighbor around to announce that she was moving out and ask if I knew of anyone who needed an apartment.

My advice to anyone in this situation is *annex*, don't move, and your troubles will be over.

The separate apartment not only gave John a roof over his head and a space to work, it also completely solved the problem of how to deal with the fact that he and I are so *different*, a fact that has always obsessed our friends.

Actually, in the overall scheme of things, our differences have turned out to be minor. We each happen to have the one thing the other really cares about (punctuality), and the rest has been negotiable.

When you get right down to it, we even have a few things in common. We both like clutter. We both like having lots of things around to read and lots of places to lie down and read them. We both like cats and dogs. And we both inherited our inventory of worldly goods from respective family attics (in other words we have not exactly

"I like home to be soothing, and John likes home to be entertaining"



OBERTO GILI

HERS & HIS

chosen what we have; it has evolved down to us). John's things happen to be dashing Victorian and mine anonymous traditional, but somehow the objects are not dissimilar.

So what necessitates the two separate apartments is not the *differences* in the stuff, but our *organization* of it. And in this respect we are worlds apart, because John



wants his organized like a three-ring circus, and I want mine organized like a reflecting pool.

To begin with, the apartments had to be different to fit us architecturally. John likes big rooms with miniature things in them—strange miniature people from electric-train sets, Victorian dolls (the heads of which he found floating in the ocean), a twentieth-century plastic Chinese medical doll and an eighteenth-century ivory Japanese medical doll, a toy piano, and Rose and Louise, our pugs.

I, on the other hand, like small rooms but crammed with normal-sized things—as many sofas and chaise longues as possible, piles of books, silver anything, old family photographs, a bust of my great-grandmother, and her teapot.

John works at home and likes to move from room to room. He often works in bed on one project, for example, which means that it must be covered with books, loose-leaf pages and notebooks, detective stories, Bic pens, rolls of Scotch tape, a hole punch, scissors, staples, *The New York Times*, the mail, his Rolodex, the telephone, and the pugs. For another project he might work *(Continued on page 210)*

an anagram of my name—I'm Irish, he's Brazilian), came to paint the apartment and ended up working on it with Adele for eight years. He rescued six abandoned doors on Columbus Avenue and divided one large room into two. For a kitchen with perennial space problems, he and Adele designed cabinets containing a refrigerator built in Brazil. We threw out a great old General Electric for a strange Brazilian box that promised to freeze things. It seems to do just that, but if you come here for dinner, I'd suggest you pass on the porkchops.

Adele is very neat, and I am not. She is an Austere Minimalist who has a lot of tchotchkes. I am a Collier Brother who has not yet hit his stride. I work on the dining-room table which I got for going to someone's house for dinner who had just bought an antique table and didn't know what to do with this one. I took it home in a taxi. I have a filing system that depends on disarray. Friends are afraid they'll be crushed to death during dinner by a pile of books.

When I was a kid, we lived for a period in the country as well as in New York City as well as at the beach where my father had a place on one street and my mother on the next. The house that Adele grew up in in Virginia was two houses put together with two front doors and two staircases. So having two apartments does not seem strange to us.

But that was then . . .

Now thank God for the Zekkendump Towers, where opposites connect. We see the sun setting behind Manhattan and think of those lonely, drippy days we lived in the Village and are glad that HG in conjunction with *Mad* magazine has started this feature of showing off homes designed to make you, the reader, grateful to live where you do. ♠



Two organizing principles at work Impeccable rows of Hermès scarves and jewelry, above left, are laid out for packing on her French bed. The antique bedspread is from the South. Right: Ordered chaos in his bedroom next door—books, papers, pugs, and clothes.

OBERTO GILI

actly where it is, sometimes for years at a time



'60s '90s

The youthquake euphoria and graphic punch of the 1960s are back. **Charles Gandee** reports

They say if you can remember the sixties, you weren't really there. But no matter how fuzzy your memory and no matter why, there are a sufficient number of signs now scattered throughout the cultural landscape to effectively bring back that turbulent time between Camelot and Woodstock.

Cynics might argue that a sixties revival was inevitable; that having snapped up the last boomerang-shaped coffee table and molded plywood chair the fifties had to offer, we now trudge dutifully on. But the current interest in the sixties is not limited, as it was with our acquisitive look at the fifties, to the memorabilia it offers. There is growing evidence that eager eyes now scan the rearview mirror to the sixties in search of inspiration, if not specific direction, for the nineties. A band of artists and designers appears intent on making its mark by reinvestigating, reconsidering, and reinterpreting that not-so-distant past. Predictably, and like the sixties itself, the products of their labors run the gamut from the welcome to the ridiculous.

Out on the streets, fashion's conspicuously rising hemline and renewed fascination with the sexy and sleek evoke fond—and precise—memories. No less riveting, though somewhat less exhilarating, is the use of vibrant color and pattern. Designer Stephen Sprouse has been mining the sixties vein since he first emerged in 1984. His current offerings include Day-Glo Mao-collared coats that Edie Sedgwick might have fancied and micro-mini sweater-skirts that would have worked for Ann-Margret in *Bye Bye Birdie*. As if to underscore the sixties motif, Sprouse drenched the entrance to his new Manhattan boutique in metallic silver paint. In Paris, Martine Sitbon recently sent bell-bottoms striding down the runway. The wide-eyed audience couldn't help but take note of the freshly ironed neatness of the models' hair as it streamed out of their Beatle caps. In Britain menswear designer Paul Smith conjures up Flower Power with shirts that sprout such quintessentially sixties flora as daisies.

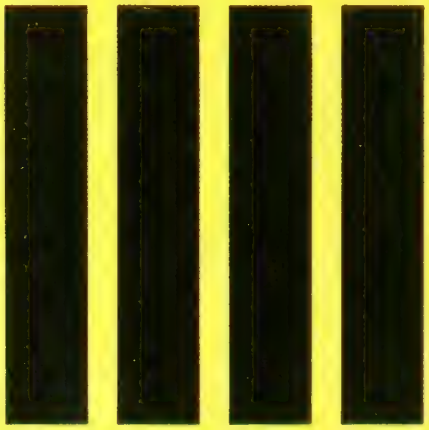
Back in Manhattan, Carolyne Roehm's variation on the fringed go-go dress took the over-thirty crowd back to the days of television's *Hullabaloo*, and Michael Schmidt's aluminum chain-mail sheaths no less emphatically recalled the time when Paco Rabanne wasn't just a cologne. Geoffrey Beene bills the jumpsuit as "the most modern piece of clothing of today" and predicts a future in which both men and women will wear the unisex uniform. Beene also looks to the



A clear view of the clean lines of the sixties. The Ghost chair by Cini Boeri and Tomu Katayanagi produced by Fiam for the Pace Collection provides a perfect perch for the resurgence of the decade's styles—dress, gloves, and stockings by Geoffrey Beene; jewelry by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Hair, Christiaan. Makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Styled by André Leon Talley.

ARTHUR ELGORT

"déjà vu has become de rigueur,"
one critic noted of New York's
more progressive galleries



'60s '90s

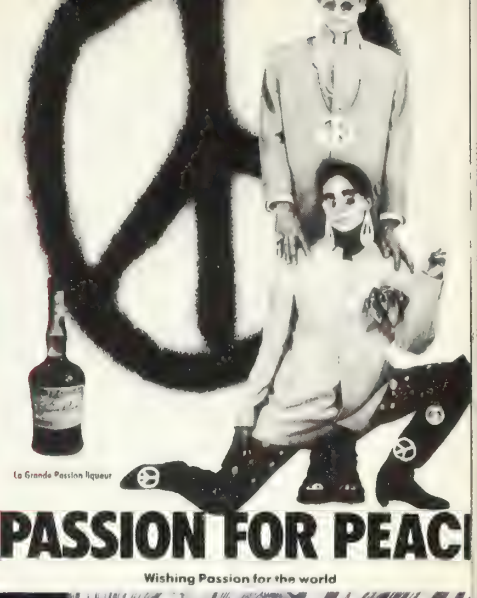
bold graphics of the sixties—''the polka dots, the stripes, the large-scale prints''—for their welcome clarifying effect.

''Déjà vu has become de rigueur,'' quipped one critic last November, referring to the reemergence of Op, Pop, abstraction, geometrics, and the minimal in contemporary art. They call it appropriation, and its practitioners are a brazen pack of young artists who have stolen the spotlight from the early-eighties Neo-Expressionists by stealing from the sixties. Philip Taaffe has focused on Bridget Riley's dizzying Op canvases, for example. Richard Prince, using a process he somewhat unimaginatively labels rephotography, aims his lens at commercial images from the period.

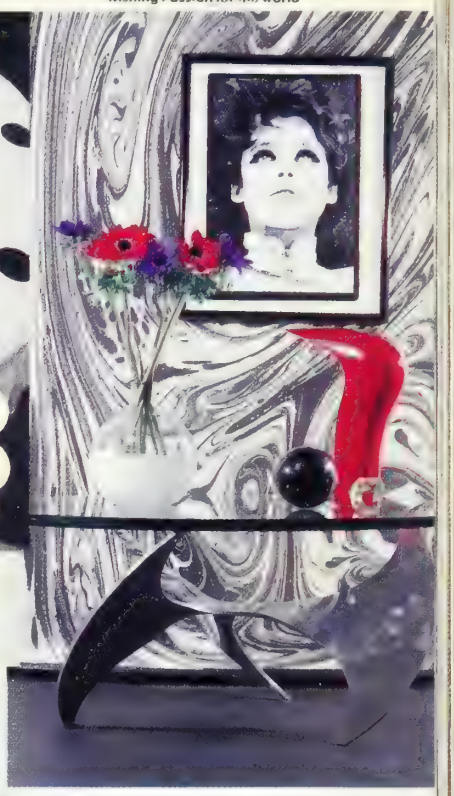
Now, as before, the fascination with popular culture lives. Jeff Koons picks up such artifacts as inflatable rabbits and Bob Hope statuettes, which he then casts in stainless steel. Haim Steinbach cantilevers neat boxes off gallery walls, which he then stocks with such objects as Bold detergent boxes: Donald Judd meets Andy Warhol. As if to drive the point home, Columbia University, in conjunction with the Sonnabend and Leo Castelli galleries in New York, recently mounted an exhibition entitled ''Similia/Dissimilia,'' which brought together 28 artists from the sixties and the eighties. Comparisons were invited.

Although the time it takes to raise a hem or cast a rabbit in stainless steel is appreciably less than the time it takes to design a room or construct a building, the winds of change do reach interior designers and architects. It just takes a little longer. It is too soon to tell whether the conversation-pit Michigan architect Gunnar Birkerts carved into the new Domino's Pizza corporate headquarters outside Ann Arbor or the Buckminster Fuller–like dome French architect Adrien Fainsilber erected at Parc de La Villette in Paris or the jazzy neon strips New Mexico architect Antoine Predock strung across his Albu-



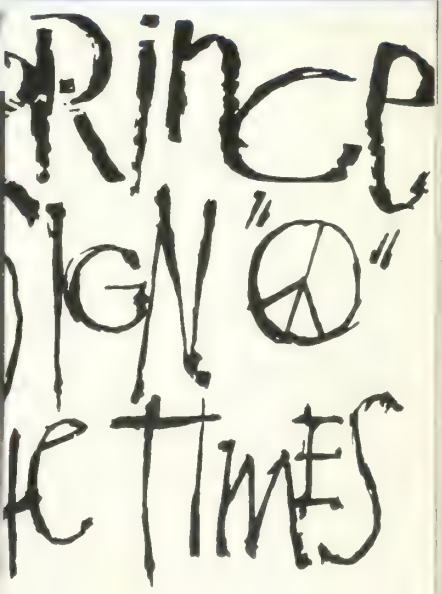












The rebirth of a new age. Opposite: Peter Halley's *Prison with Conduit,* 1986, detail, brings back Day-Glo geometry. Clockwise from top left: Joe Colombo's stacking chairs have become a sought-after icon. Nouveau Nehrus populate an ad for a French liqueur. A shrine to Edie Sedgwick created by Colleen Weinstein in her New York loft. Prince's peace sign. Eero Aarnio's Globe chair, now a hot auction item. Haim Steinbach's *supremely black,* 1985, is an ode to materialism and Pop aesthetics. A round bed in artist Mark Kostabi's round bedroom is covered with bold hand-painted polka dots, bringing sixties style full circle.


ostalgia, like memory,
ly selective. We pick and
hoose, reedit the script



New signs of previous times. The look of the Bouvier sisters, more potent than ever. Dresses by Carolyne Roehm, left, and Patricia Pastor for Perry Ellis. Handbags by Artbag, New York. Styled by André Leon Talley.

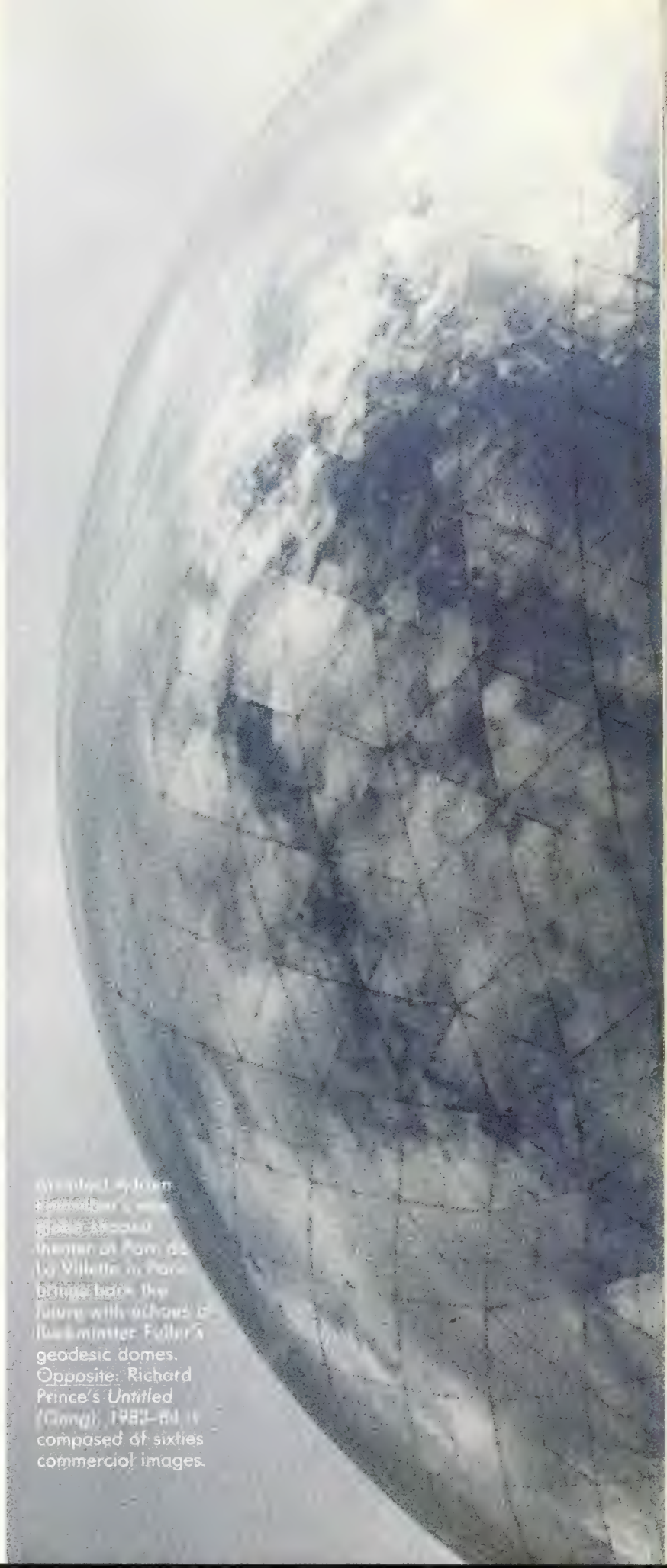
TOHRU NAKAMURA

PETER ARNELL

querque housing complex are isolated incidents or the promise of things to come.

Perhaps a more reliable source for gauging shifting currents in the design community is the annual Milan furniture fair. At last year's exposition convincing arguments for a second look at the sixties were presented not only by newcomer Maarten Kusters, who introduced a sofa Laura Petrie might have loved, but also by veteran Cini Boeri, who introduced a chair formed from a ribbon of glass which would have been at home on the set of Stanley Kubrick's 1968 classic *2001*. For a while the search for things sixties required some minor sleuthing. You had to look on the back of the Talking Heads' *Little Creatures* album, for example, to find the 1985 fab four all decked out in what looked remarkably like the 1967 Fab Four's unforgettable Sergeant Pepper uniforms. Or you had to stay up late and descend into the *(Continued on page 213)*

then	now
Jimi Hendrix	Prince
Batman	Max Headroom
Sydney Opera House	Louvre pyramid
Peter Max	Keith Haring
Aretha Franklin	Whitney Houston
Tiny Tim	Pee Wee Herman
Baby Jane Holzer	Princess Gloria TNT
Woodstock	Live Aid
Oscar Niemeyer	Arquitectonica
Op art	Neo-Geo
Pop art	Appropriation
2001	*Brazil*
Bob Dylan	Bruce Springsteen
Metrecal	Aerobics
Kenzo Tange	Arata Isozaki
Veruschka	Paulina
Whitney Museum	MOCA
Plexiglas	Crystals
Blow Up	*Blue Velvet*
Archigram	Richard Rogers
Surfing	Windsurfing
Hair spray	Mousse
Vietnam	Nicaragua
Jack Paar	David Letterman
Courrèges	Lacroix
Barbarella	*Mad Max*
The Grateful Dead	The Grateful Dead
Gilbert & George	McDermott & McGough
Joe Namath	Brian Bosworth
The Beach Boys	The Beastie Boys
The Bistro	Spago
Hell's Angels	Guardian Angels
Janis Joplin	Madonna
Rudi Gernreich	Marc Jacobs
Jacqueline Susann	Judith Krantz
Perry Mason	*L.A. Law*
Bridget Riley	Philip Taaffe
Arthur's	Nell's
The Graduate	*Wall Street*
Leo Castelli	Pat Hearn
Timothy Leary	Dr. Ruth
VW Beetle	Hyundai



Arata Isozaki's [illegible] theater at Port 61 by Villette in Paris bridge back the future with echoes of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic domes. Opposite: Richard Prince's *Untitled (Gang)*, 1983–84, composed of sixties commercial images.

AIMARD /RAPHO



BIRDS OF A FEATHE

Living with bi
can take off into
an obsession, as
Jennifer Conlin discovers



Editor Lisa Love with daughter Nathalie and the volatile Golly. Opposite: Perched over his custom-designed cage by Patrick Naggar, Inca surveys his realm.





Ten years ago Robert Woolley received a parrot as a gift. Suddenly the head of decorative arts at Sotheby's knew what to do with the four hundred pounds of Baccarat Art Deco mirrored glass he had collected. "I built an aviary," Woolley says matter-of-factly, referring to the fifteen-foot-long, six-foot-deep glass structure that now houses Rufus, his blue-and-gold macaw, and some eighty other birds.

Inca, on the other hand, can usually be found hopping down a lead staircase or sleeping in her custom-designed bronze and stainless-steel cage by Patrick Naggar.

Rufus and Inca are the feathered fortunate—pets who have become their masters' birds of paradise. For their keepers birds are a source of beauty and entertainment, and unlike other pets, they can speak for themselves at cocktail parties.

"I can talk, can you fly?" asks Golly, a parrot owned by Lisa Love, *Interview* magazine's West Coast editor. One of the five birds belonging to photographer David Bailey has learned to imitate perfectly the ring of a telephone.

Many parrots, however, are uncomfortable speaking in front of strangers. Zara Metcalfe, assistant to movie director Susan Seidelman, worries about her parrot Oscar's upcoming movie audition. "He may scream a lot when the lights are focused on him," says Metcalfe.

It is hard for artist Hunt Slonem to ignore the sounds of his birds—a flock of feathered friends. Their communal nest is a 3,000-square-foot loft on the fringes of SoHo, which they share with two humans, two cats, a monkey, nineteen fish, and a small hedgehog. Although Slonem spends close to $5,000 a year on fruit and vegetables to feed his birds, he says they pay for themselves by inspiring the images of birds that populate his paintings.

Though parrots usually run in the thousand-dollar range, Lisa Love got her parrot Golly for a quarter the usual price. "He hated everyone," recalls Love, although Golly now loves his mistress.

Magazine editor Babs Simpson knows too well the problems of a jealous bird. Her bird, Tico, had the habit of dive-bombing any man that showed more than a casual interest in his owner.

Designer Fernando Sanchez has never had a problem with his cockatoos, parrots, and parakeets becoming too possessive of him. On the contrary, Sanchez seems to be running a bird brothel out of his New York apartment. "They all become couples," he explains.

Like Sanchez, artist Annie Kelly has also found herself the owner of passionate and productive parakeets. "I bought a couple that spread like wildfire," says Kelly, who lives in the hills of Hollywood with her photographer/writer husband, Tim Street-Porter.

Yet even though birds may be living, breathing objets d'art for many of their owners, any would-be bird keeper should think twice before making the commitment. Birds may be beautiful, but they are never so decorative that they are only seen—and not heard. ♠





Top row from left: Tippi Hedren before bird behavior got totally out of hand; artist Annie Kelly and her pair of prolific parakeets in her Los Angeles garden; Audrey Hepburn takes a wary approach; photographer David Bailey is cuckoo for his cockatoo; Robert Woolley defers to Rufus.



(left to right): Philippe Halsman,
et-Porter, Philippe Halsman, no credit, Oberto Gili;
ow: Richard Rutledge, no credit, Oberto Gili, Philippe
. bottom row: Oberto Gili, Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Center row from left: Editor Babs Simpson protected—as usual—by the jealous Tico; Karel Appel's evocative 1971 painting *Bird Sitting on My Shoulders;* Hunt Slonem's loft mixes birds in art and life; *The Birds* maestro himself, Alfred Hitchcock. Far left: A narcissistic parrot is given free reign over designer Fernando Sanchez's apartment. Center left: Cartier-Bresson's classic document of Matisse's lifelong love of doves.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER



The feathered
fortunate are their masters'
birds of paradise who
live in a style to which
their owners have
become accustomed



An aviary of abundant paint and feathers fills the downtown loft of artist Hunt Slonem. Opposite: Zara Metcalfe with Oscar, whose prospective film stardom has ruffled his feathers.



THE PRIVATE EYE OF Steve Martin

Collecting art is the actor's offscreen passion and he is as obsessive in his pursuit of paintings as he is in polishing his craft. **Robert Hughes** talks with Martin about stalking his quarries one by one. It's not just any painting he's after, but the perfect example of an artist's work

GEORGE LANGE

The house does not look like much on the outside. It presents a closed, bland face to the street in Beverly Hills and makes no claim to style, which is just as well, given the usual mix of revivals—Hi-Concept Spanish Mission, Arbitrageur's Tudor, Poodlebox Château—that surround it. Its whiteness, one might think, is the white inexpressive makeup on a mime's face. No front garden or back one either: not the house of someone who likes mucking in among the phlox and antirrhinums. Once inside, one realizes why. If ever a householder was fixated on Culture at the expense of Nature, it is Steve Martin.

For his fans (and count me among them), Martin is the great living American clown. If anyone at work today invites comparison with Buster Keaton, it is he. In his work, precision and a razor-sharp wit are refracted through a strange distanced sense of banality and gooniness to produce a mode of performance unlike anyone else's. There is no standard Martin character for the audience to latch onto, nothing in common between C. D. Bales (his Cyrano de Bergerac in *Roxanne*) and Orin Scrivello, DDS (the maniac dentist in *Little Shop of Horrors*). But behind each performance there is a passion for regularity, for the obsessive practice of technique. His genius as an actor is one of refusal, and this extends to his life offscreen, which he shields as best he can from the extortionate pressure to act like a star and be a consumable personality. And he does have a passion offscreen: he collects art. So does every true philistine in America, of course, but Martin is an extremely serious, not to say fixated, collector. Not for him the scattergun habits of so many hunters in these cultural wetlands, with their huge mixed bags of current fashion. Martin stalks his quarries one by one and is putting together one of the best *small* collections of its kind on the West Coast. His ideal is connoisseurship rather than stamp-collecting. "I don't have a strong urge to complete a series," says Martin. "The worst fear I have



"I feel a need for the slightly edgy, different thing. America is full of collections on which enormous amounts of money have been lavished, and they all look the same because what is missing is the collector himself"

Roy Lichtenstein's *Ohhh . . . Alright*, detail; painting shown on page 214. More from Martin's collection on following pages and pages 214, 216.

...lection. I feel a need for ... edgy, different thing. America ... wall of collections on which enormous amounts of money have been lavished, and they all look the same because what is missing is the collector himself."

If one supposed the private life of a comedian would naturally be barnacled by weird, fanciful, or kitschy objects, one would be disappointed by the House of the First Amigo. Steve Martin's taste is so severe that it almost disappears behind the paintings; one can spend an evening in the house and scarcely remember a single piece of furniture the next day. No decorator has gone bananas in here. What isn't white is oatmeal-colored, and plain volume is all. Only Mary, the family cat, a hairy white Persian cloud ensconced on a small blue-checkered cushion, appears to be making some kind of textural statement. Martin does not go in for clutter, and things that might look like clichés in another setting—such as a basket of pearly, spiked, and speckled seashells from Africa and Australia—look exotic here simply because there are no other curiosities.

Steve Martin's education as an art collector began in the late sixties when he was majoring in philosophy at Long Beach State College in California. His income from TV writing—mainly scripts for the Smothers Brothers—enabled him to buy a few things, all long since gotten rid of: mostly contemporary work by California artists, including Ed Ruscha's print of the HOLLYWOOD sign, which he later sold in a fit of disenchantment with Hollywood itself. The habit of putting stray images on the wall turned into something more systematic in the early seventies, when Martin got curious about nineteenth-century painting and started buying the first art books in what is now a large and much-read working library. "My first experience as a collector," he recalls, "was very useful. I was had." He saw a painting in an antiques store on La Cienega Boulevard. The signature read John Everett Millais. The price was $750. "I thought the name sounded awfully familiar. So I ran back to the house, pulled out a book on Pre-Raphaelite painting, looked up Millais, and said, 'Holy smoke!' I ran back and bought it and took it home in triumph. Later I told an art-dealer friend about it, and he asked, 'Is it real?' " The question had never occurred to Martin. " 'I don't know what you mean,' I said." He took it to another dealer



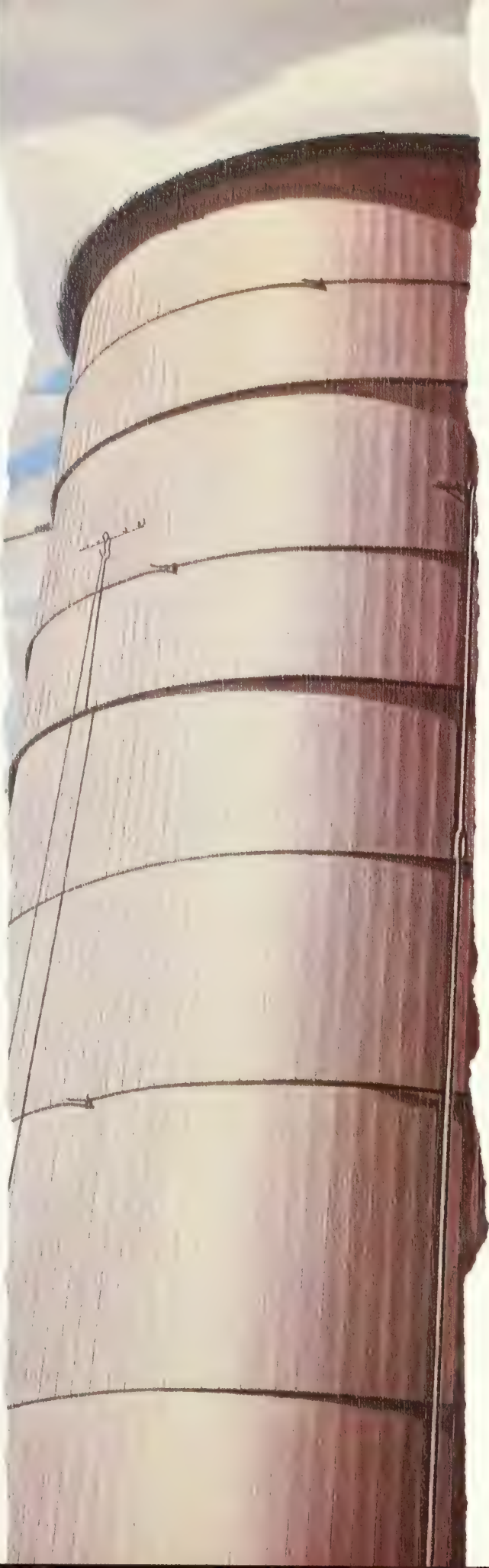
"Good pictures grow with familiarity. They're the last luxury. An intellectual harem. A painting on the wall gradually peels off its masks and addresses you over time, not in some sudden flash. It's a permanent conversation"

Yellow Calla—Green Leaves by Georgia O'Keeffe, detail. Full view, page 214.

who sent a transparency of the Millais to a colleague in London, Jeremy Maas, an expert on the Pre-Raphaelites. "Back came Maas's letter, and its first sentence began: '*This* old thing . . .' "

The much-circulated fake Millais was dumped, but the second dealer remained and became a fixture in Martin's life. He was Terry DeLapp, and over the years he helped Martin form the first stage of his collection. "Through Terry I got into nineteenth-century American painting. It was the mid seventies then—the prices were going up steeply, I wasn't earning enough, I was only just developing a feel for the stuff, so I never ended up with the paintings I could have gotten if I'd known more." What helped him develop an eye was working the college circuit between 1973 and 1976, "before I became a star." Every American college had an art library by then, and not a few of them had collections, great or small, in which good examples of sometimes out-of-the-way work by nineteenth-century Americans could be seen. "I was touring all over the country. In every college I'd hit the library each day before the show; I was so fixated on the stuff—the way I get with the banjo or juggling or any other skill, really obsessed by it—that I began soaking it up." The actor's retentive memory for lines worked visually, too. By the end of the seventies Martin had, as he self-disparagingly puts it, "a few good pictures and quite a few bad ones—not even bad ones by famous names but medium ones by people you'd need to be a specialist to have heard of—Edward Redfield, William Bradford." In fact, Martin's nineteenth-century collection was rather better than that. It included some fine work by Sandford R. Gifford and Inness, a Bierstadt landscape, and a delectable Winslow Homer oil, *Houses on a Hillside* (1879). The problem was that he had indeed come into the market too late to satisfy the picky instincts of a growing taste. There was no way Martin could hope to rival or even approach such long-developed collections of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American art as the Ganz collection in Los Angeles. The good work was getting thinner on the ground.

Martin sidled into collecting modern art in 1978 when DeLapp sold him a 1935 landscape abstraction by Arthur Dove. To quit the nineteenth century and enter the twentieth was not a clear-cut decision, especially since *(Continued on page 214)*



"I'm very slow coming to artists, and I've always missed stuff that other collectors get simply by buying more. The contemporary scene is so fast that I can't compete. I need to see something over and over again"

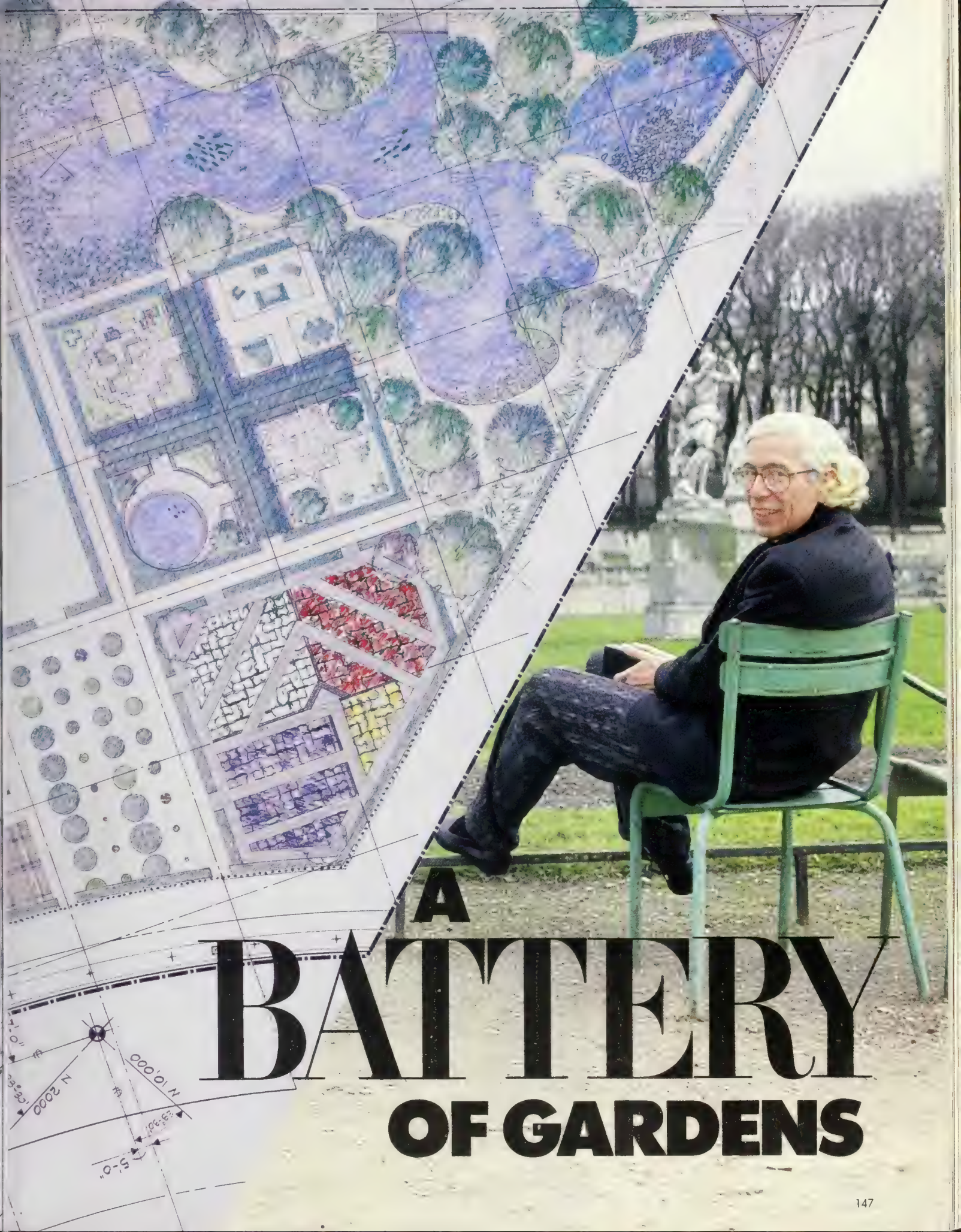


Charles Sheeler's *Silo*, detail. Full view, page 214.

Artist Jennifer Bartlett and architect Alexander Cooper collaborate on an ambitious urban garden for Manhattan's Battery Park City. **Rosamond Bernier** finds them in Paris as they complete the master plan



Bartlett and Cooper's plan, right, for three and a half acres of gardens at the tip of Manhattan (see key page 206).



A BATTERY OF GARDENS

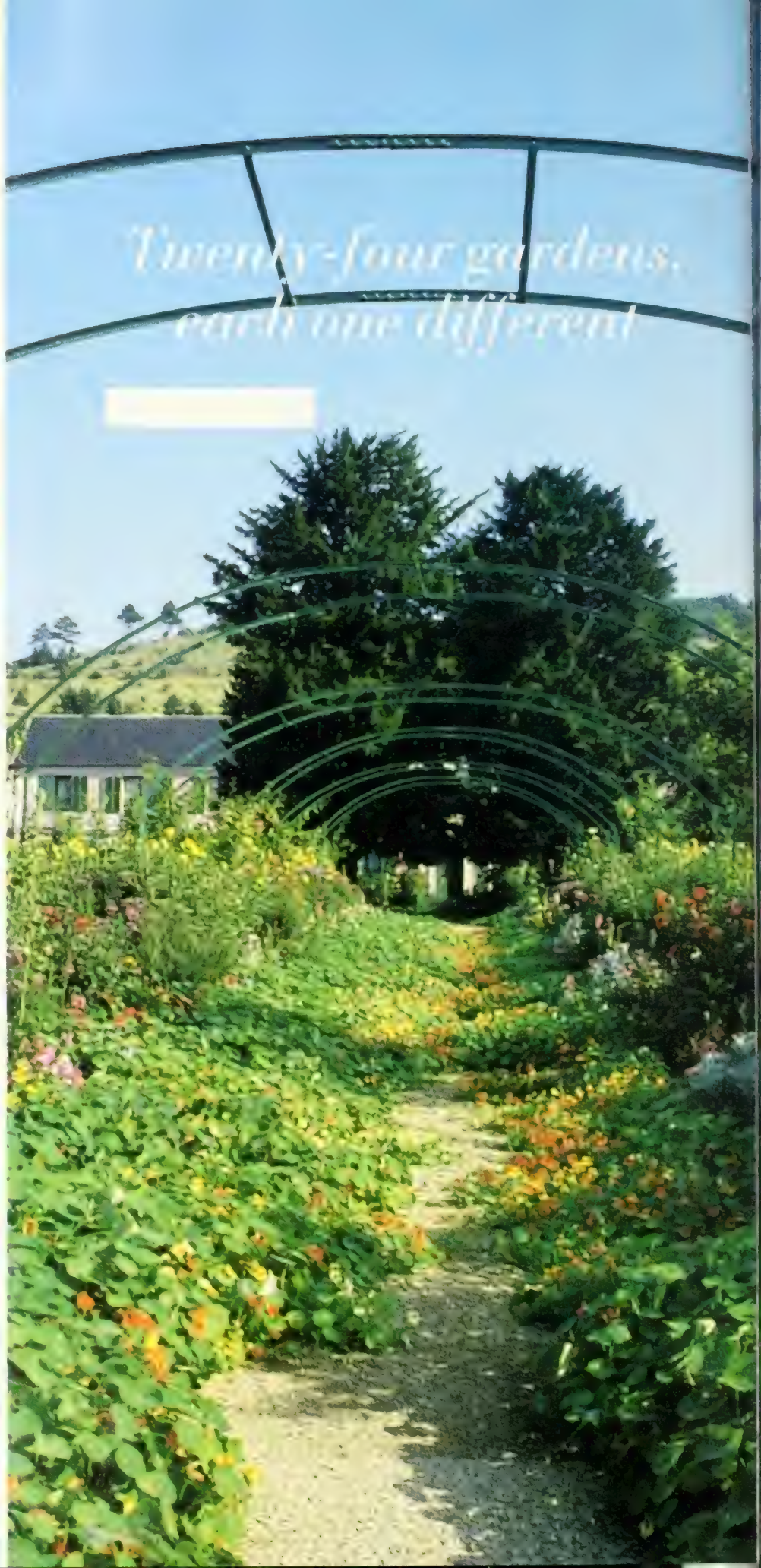
Twenty-four gardens, each one different

Not so long ago, the American painter Jennifer Bartlett and her husband, the German movie actor and writer Mathieu Carrière, bought a top-floor apartment in a landmark building in Paris. Located on a quiet street just north of the boulevard Montparnasse, it has a large flat accessible roof, huge and heady views of the city, and interior spaces on the scale of the grandest New York loft. Inside and out, it is a white-tiled island, in part her own making and in part the result of the pioneering spirit of Henri Sauvage, who designed the building in 1912.

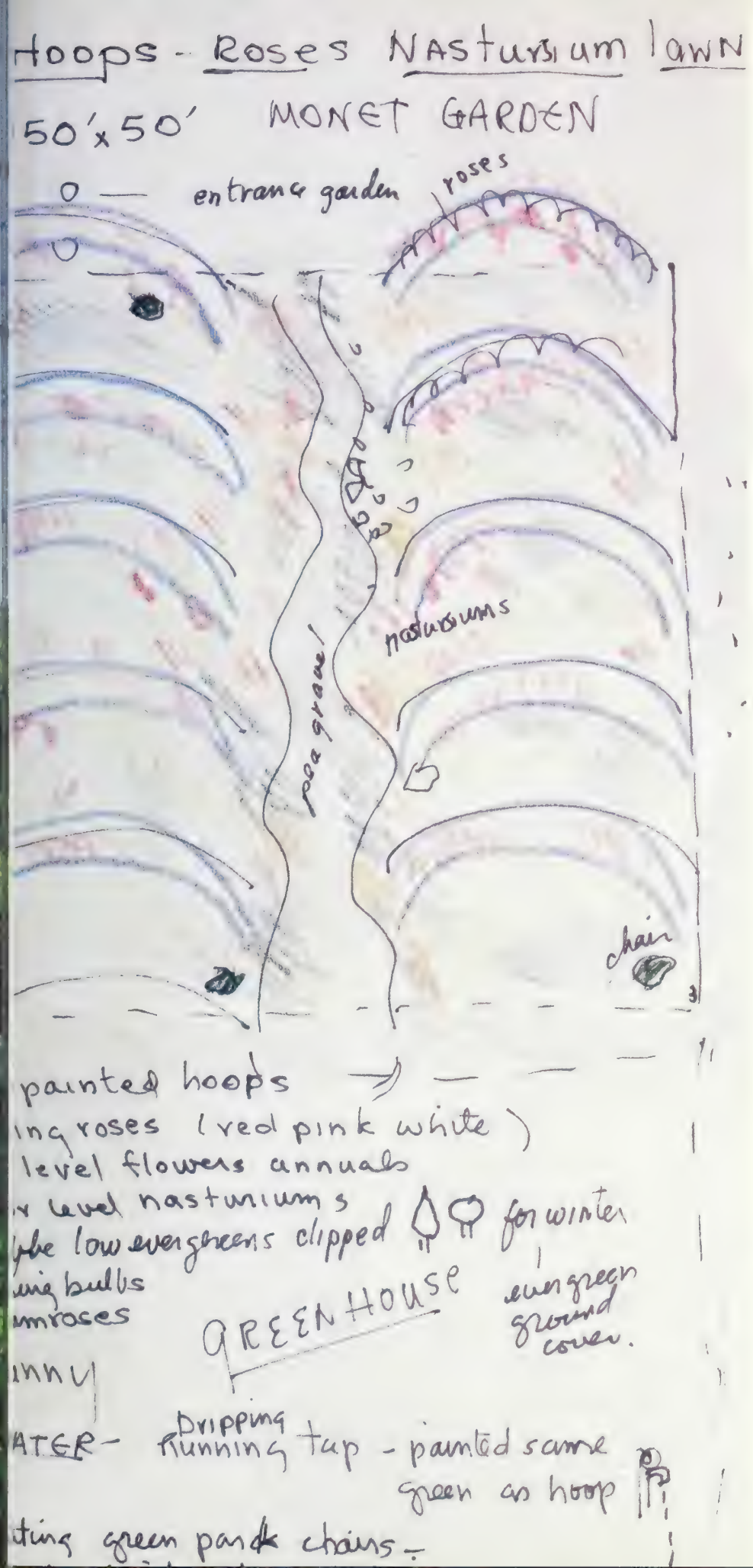
That she should be integrated into Parisian life has never been one of Bartlett's ambitions. Nourished by last-minute calls to Fauchon on the place de la Madeleine and fired up by hour-long use of the telephone line to New York, she pads around the apartment in black and voluminous costumes of Japanese design. When faced with a new problem, she goes at it with teeth that were always ferocious but have now been ground—metaphorically, that is—to a very sharp point. She may well, in fact, be the most pertinacious person we shall ever meet.

And that is just as well, given the scale, complication, and social importance of the adventure on which she stumbled almost by chance over a year ago. This is a three and a half acre garden she is designing with Alexander Cooper + Partners for the Battery Park City Authority, headed by Meyer S. Frucher. The garden will occupy unshadowed ground at the southern tip of Manhattan and is part of some fifty acres of open park space running along the Hudson River and New York Harbor. In every way an ambitious project indeed, the garden has a vital part to play in the completion of what Paul Goldberger has described in *The New York Times* as "far and away the finest urban grouping since Rockefeller Center, and one of the better pieces of urban design of modern times."

At the time when ideas for the site were being solicited from artists, she had barely heard of Battery Park City and knew nothing whatsoever about gardening. It is true that some of her best-known work is based on a hideous and perfunctory garden in Nice. But that garden was used simply as a point of departure rather than as something to be admired or studied, let alone perfect-



DAVID MASSEY



ed. A real garden is something different—something in which nature takes a decisive role. Trial and error through many a season are part of it. The great gardeners are often sly, provocative ancients with a long patience. Bartlett's methods are direct, headlong, and peremptory.

Besides, she didn't want to get involved. "I knew nothing about the Battery Park City project except that it was a kind of competition. I wasn't interested because I don't like to compete in that way with other artists.

"They kept after me: 'Please just come and look at the space.' There was quite a large budget. It was to be a collaboration from the start. I hadn't heard much about Alexander Cooper, the architect who'd been chosen. I really tried very hard to get out of it without being rude.

"When I finally went down just to look, there it was—a three and a half acre site right on the water with the Statue of Liberty behind it. It had been used as a helicopter pad. When I realized that it faced south and none of the buildings would cast a shadow on it, then I was sure—this *has* to be a garden. How many pieces of land are there in Manhattan that don't have shadows?

"So I went to a big meeting of the Battery Park City people and told them that the only thing I was interested in doing was a very complicated garden, which would cost an enormous amount of money and be very expensive to maintain. I went on and on like that because I just didn't care much what happened, and then I got a call to say I'd been chosen to do it. I learned later that they had all voted for me, not so much because they liked my ideas but because they thought I had plenty of them and would be flexible. Well, as we all know, I'm as rigid as the day is long. And *relentless*!"

What was being asked of her was not, as it happened, a solo act. Her ideas were not to be the only ones. As an ego trip, this

Garden Variety

Inspiration came to artist and architect from many sources. Bartlett's visit to Monet's garden at Giverny, opposite, helped germinate the sketch, left. Though not included in the final scheme, its ideas were the source for other gardens in the plan.

HERB GARDEN 30

trees w/ trunks around beds
cone garden

low stone WALL
w/ plants growing out

lavender etc

PLAID KNOT GARDEN

lily pond

stone

lavender etc

stone bench

stream RILL

stone bridge

hedge high. stone inside

orchard

water bird

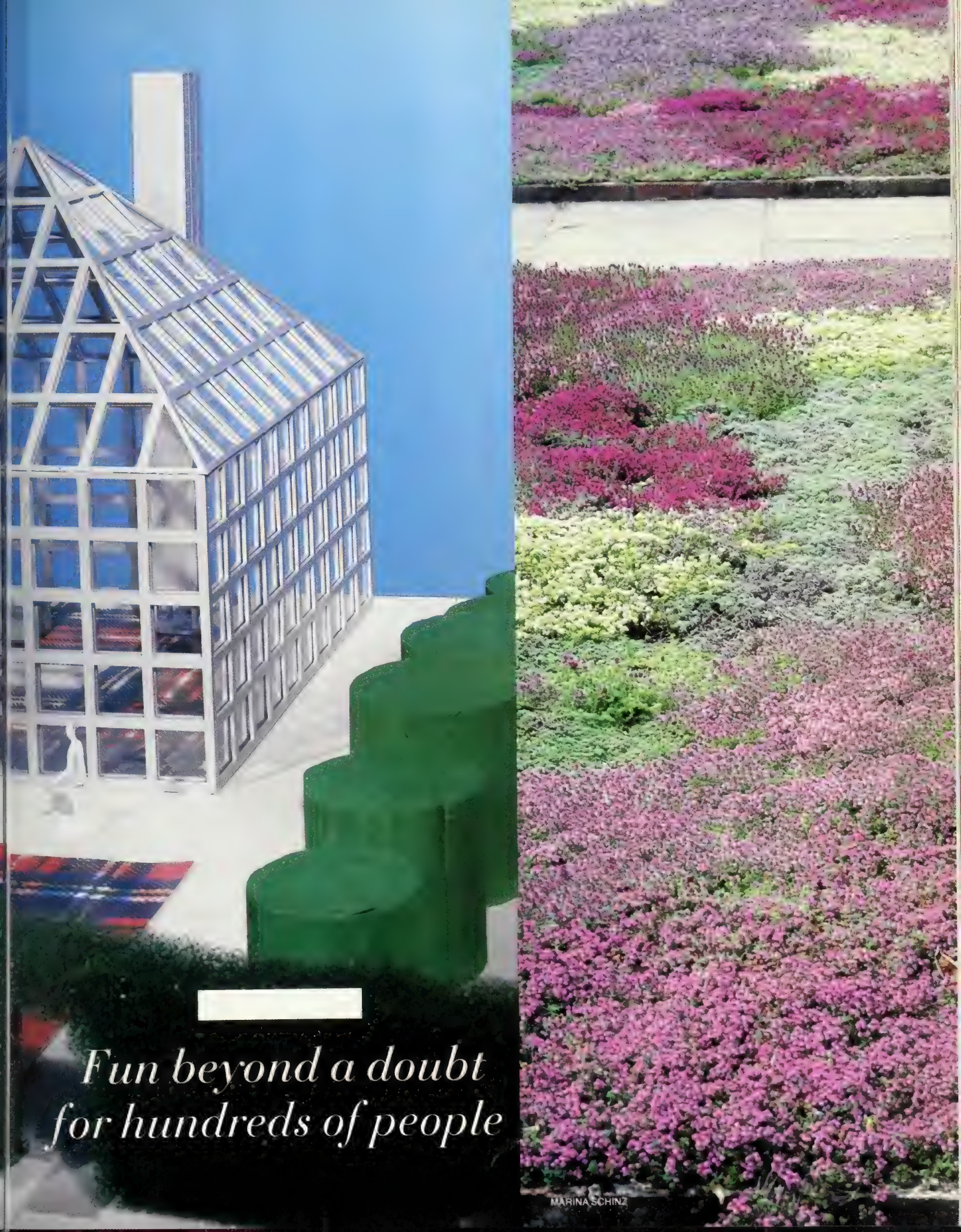
Maybe.
heque board
tyme & lavender
tone floor
see top

low stone wall - plants between cracks
stone paving - " " "
irregular free beds 4
plaid knot garden
stone benches coming out of wall exten

Garden Grids
A plaid tiled floor is planned for a glass and anodyzed-aluminum house that will serve as a visitors center. Left: Grids, a Bartlett hallmark, also turned up in an early sketch of an herb garden. Opposite: Thyme lawns at Sissinghurst, an inspiration for the Battery Park herb garden.






Fun beyond a doubt
for hundreds of people
MARINA SCHINZ



project would rank low. Nothing could be more complete or more mutually enhancing than her working partnership with Alexander Cooper, who has been a guiding presence throughout the development not only of the garden project but of Battery Park City as a whole. Anyone who had doubts about that should have seen them at the end of a recent two-day working session in Paris. Where others might have left the handwork to assistants, Cooper and Bartlett could be seen bent over large sheets of drawing paper, hour after hour, coloring away like diligent children on one-quarter-scale drawings that were due for presentation.

Houses of one kind or another play a large part in Bartlett's iconography, but in this case it was for Bartlett and Cooper together to design the sequence of houses—each quite different in shape, size, materials, and function—that will articulate the garden. At the outset is a granite guardhouse. Next comes a glass house—not a house for plants but a structure of glass and aluminum, with a fireplace and some loose seating, which will become a visitors information and events center. Even the maintenance building—the largest of them—will have a dandified element with its board-and-batten copper roof and siding and its interior all of plywood. At one end there will be a pavilion made of Cor-Ten steel with a glass-block roof down which will come a cascading waterfall.

A longtime admirer of Jennifer Bartlett's work, Alex Cooper was stunned by her determination to be involved with every last detail of the work: "She brought up questions I had not thought about since my student days. I rethought them, through her." Bartlett never shirks a question, old or new, but she realized that where gardens were concerned she was starting from way, way behind: "I'd never looked at a garden in my life. To me they were just an accompaniment to whatever building I was going to. So I called my friend Betsy Smith, the wife of the painter Richard Smith and a student of landscape architecture, and said, 'I want to educate myself.' She went out and bought me $4,000 worth of books. Within a day I was hooked. Obsessed! I liked everything so much—from three blades of grass growing through a piece of concrete to Le Nôtre's gardens at Versailles.

"After that I went to see gardens all over the place—Hidcote and Stourhead and Sissinghurst, Kew Gardens and the Chelsea Physic Garden in London, Courances and Bagatelle and Vaux-le-Vicomte and Giverny in France, Bomarzo in Italy, Nymphenburg in Germany, Wave Hill and Central Park in New York, Old Westbury Gardens on Long Island, among others. I wanted to put all that experience—every bit of it—and much, much more into Battery Park City."

With this in mind she and Cooper decided to have not a single garden but a series of 24 gardens, each one quite different from the other. Among others, there were to be—are to be—color gardens, hedge gardens, water gardens, an herb garden, a rose and perennial garden, a flower field, and a big orchard.

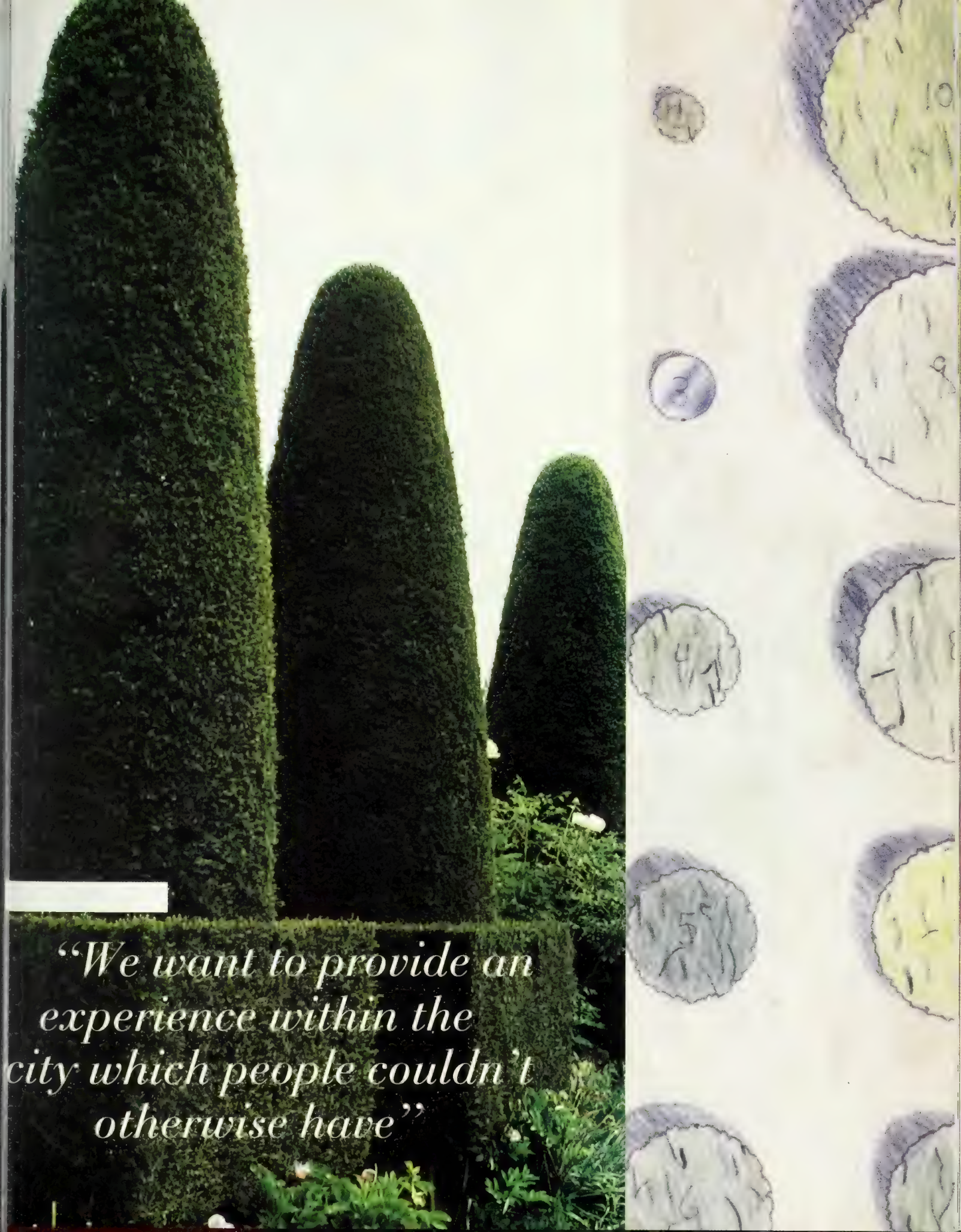
"I wanted something that was patrolled all the time and very well maintained, a protected space with incredible views which could be used all year round. We're not a museum of plants, like the New York Botanical Garden. We're combining plant material and architecture in a way that we hope will please people.

"That's why this project is not Jennifer's Garden. It's a true collaboration between Alex Cooper and me with a landscape architect, David Varnell, as a consultant and with Alex's associate, Richard Ashcroft, as the architect in immediate charge of the project. They've been wonderful to me and absolutely patient, to read a plan, to know what I'm looking at. When I give my ideas to Alex, he makes them better and finds solutions. Usually the solutions are technical and practical, and that's what *(Continued on page 206)*

Garden Power
Hidcote and its hedge gardens, right, influenced the Battery Park City plan. Far right: Detail of drawing for one of two hedge gardens flanking the glass house. Left: Pastels in Bartlett's Paris studio where she and Cooper made their final drawings.

THIBAULT JEANSON

MARINA S



"We want to provide an experience within the city which people couldn't otherwise have"



Striped [illegible] pony skin—[illegible] new downtown style. Shirt and yellow suit by Stephen Sprouse; Burlington socks. [illegible] cotton jacket [illegible] shoes by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards. Makeup by Hiromi Ando for Aarell & Associates. Hair by Tokyo for [illegible]

The Canal Bar

I like it because it has the right mixture of people you might want to have dinner with and people you might want to avoid. Anyone who would go to such a desolate neighborhood where there's the possibility of not finding a taxi to get out wants something a little bit more colorful than the usual soup du jour. Maybe the Canal Bar is interesting because it seems like it's at the end of the world.

Ross Bleckner

For those of us who learned how to use a knife and fork at Odeon and chopsticks at Indochine, Canal Bar is just like home—waitresses who look and act like performance artists, pony-skin walls, food like Mom would have made if she'd studied under Wolfgang Puck, and all the usual suspects in their booths.

Jay McInerney



ld diner on the edge of SoHo gives its stellar ung fans a new excuse to stay up la





JON JENSEN

Takeout Heaven?

Jeffrey Steingarten predicts that by the year 2050 home cooking will mean reheating at 325°

No man ever gave up cooking because he went back to work. Everybody knows that today's takeout mania has two causes—smaller households and working women. With the aid of a see-through plastic ruler I have projected the past 25 years of U.S. Census Bureau figures into the future, and the results are awesome.

Item: By the year 2050 everyone in America will be living alone.

Item: The average family size will be one person.

Item: All women older than eighteen will work outside the home.

Item: All women will be older than eighteen.

Item: Everybody will eat takeout food at every meal.

Will you be ready when the year 2050 comes? I recently devised a rigorous program of survival training, restricting myself to upscale carryout food for a full month. First I compiled a list of every crème brûlée joint and pâté mill in Manhattan, 96 when I stopped counting. Then I methodically ate my way through them. I have seen the future, and it gave me indigestion.

As a public service, I have distilled my month of feeding on the run into seven simple DOs and DON'Ts. Followed scrupulously, they can ease your evolution into the total takeout future that lies ahead.

DO something about your income. Eating will be extremely expensive in the year 2050. You will need an annual income of at least $513,644 in current dollars to get by. Grazing my way from one end of Manhattan to the other, I found that a modestly upscale takeout breakfast, lunch, and dinner costs $40 plus $7 for a taxi. Department of Agriculture figures show that the average upscale family of 3.2 persons spends 9 percent of its income on food. The yearly food bill for this family of 3.2 comes to $46,228, which calls for an income of $513,644.

> I recently devised a rigorous program of survival training, restricting myself to upscale carryout food for a full month. I methodically ate my way through every crème brûlée joint and pâté mill in Manhattan

DON'T flaunt your home cooking. If you are hopelessly out of step and insist on doing your own cooking, do it covertly and tell your guests it's takeout. An enterprising publisher has produced *The New Carry-Out Cuisine* cookbook with 300 recipes from 113 shops around the country so that you can "entertain your friends in the manner to which they have become accustomed."

DON'T go anywhere near a salad bar. There are two reasons for this rule. First is hygiene. The squalid tenements of imperial Rome looked like hospitals compared with a salad bar at the end of a busy day. Unique among modern food-storage methods, salad bars are unrefrigerated, uncovered, unguarded, and unregulated. There's no hard scientific evidence as yet, but any month now I expect *The New England Journal of Medicine* to run an article called "Salad Bars: The Silent Killer." The second reason is that salad bars may include cold-pasta salad. In most parts of Italy they don't even feed cold pasta to the animals. It is everything that pasta should never be: inanimate, slimy, tasteless, rubbery, and coated with congealed oil. Before the takeout mania struck, nobody even imagined making cold pasta—the hot variety is ready in a third of the time.

DON'T take reheating for granted. Interrogate every takeout chef, without mercy if need be, about the perfect way to warm up his masterpiece. If the answer is at all vague, leave the place at once. *Your* reheating should be the final step in *his* recipe. You are about to cool it to room temperature, refrigerate it until dinnertime, and heat it up again by a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, covered or uncovered, in an oven or a microwave or on the stove top at low, medium, or high heat for fifteen minutes to an hour. Responsible takeout chefs will adjust their ingredients and methods with this torture in mind. It's a scandal how few of them do.

Two places in Manhattan win my award for Excellence in Reheating Philosophy. Dinner from the Silver Palate, warmed for *(Continued on page 211)*





On a back alley close to the Pacific the house-studio of collector Teresa Bjërnson shines like a diamond in the rough among its neighbors. Opposite: The faceted skylights are visible from the beach one block away.

L.A. Angles

Against the gritty backdrop of Venice, California, architect Arata Isozaki creates a gleaming showcase for art. **Martin Filler** takes its measure





When great architects go to foreign countries to carry out important commissions, they often take on smaller projects that under other circumstances they might not accept. In and around Tokyo, for example, are two houses and a school that Frank Lloyd Wright designed when he journeyed to Japan in 1916 to build the Imperial Hotel. Now Los Angeles can claim a superb small residence by Arata Isozaki that came about as a happy by-product of the Japanese architect's labors on L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art, which opened at the end of 1986. After it was announced that the Tokyo-based Isozaki had been chosen for the MOCA job, he was approached by Teresa Björnson, an ambitious young patron of the arts. She proposed an extraordinary scheme: a

TIMOTHY HURSLEY



The main room is a huge gallery for strong works including, from left, a Mario Merz assemblage with motorcycle, Richard Long's *Mud Circle*, and a Robert Rauschenberg assemblage with bathtub. Fluorescent ceiling fixture, table, and leather-upholstered wooden pallets were designed by Klaus Rinke.



The house is entered through a walled courtyard with sculptures by Richard Long, foreground, and Klaus Rinke, left. The NO SHOES sign on the glass-paned door was done by the owner's friend David Hockney.







In the master bedroom, left, a maple bed thirty inches tall—the same height as similar tables in the gallery and dining room—designed by Klaus Rinke. Paintings are Ed Ruscha's *Miniature Girls* and a 1977 Andy Warhol, *Female Torso Triptych*. Flooring throughout the house is also maple, all laid in a north-south configuration. Top: Architect Arata Isozaki. Above: Collector Teresa Björnson in her dining room.

PORTRAITS BY MATTHEW ROLSTON

house for herself in Santa Monica and a guesthouse and studio in nearby Venice where her out-of-town artist friends could live and work for weeks at a time. Björnson has since asked Isozaki to design a weekend retreat in the Mojave Desert. First to reach completion is the Venice studio, which the owner has made her home and the repository of her distinctive collection of contemporary art. Her artist friends also use it just as she had intended: the British Conceptualist sculptor Richard Long was a visitor not long ago and while there created several mud paintings directly on the pristine white walls.

In stark contrast to the forlorn surroundings of the ocean-front community of Venice (which became popular with artists in the early eighties and has since grown fashionable), the pale gray stucco and glass-faceted Björnson house gleams like a diamond in a rough setting. The relatively small budget at the client's disposal forced Isozaki back to the geometric purity that has always been one of his strengths as a creator of architectural form, and the virtual absence of detailing in this simple scheme must be seen as a major factor in its success. Japanese architects like Isozaki are familiar with the demands of having to build in cramped urban settings much like the back-alley lot this house occupies. But what made Isozaki an especially intelligent choice was his experience in designing art galleries. He has completed five so far, with several more under way, and has an unusual sympathy for the place of art within an architectural context.

The Björnson house, rectangular in plan, is essentially an elongated stucco box with three pairs of symmetrical triangular skylights. These angle down from the flat roof almost like eaves, and the resulting "gable" of the north elevation reads like a pitched roof. The combination of these oversize windows, symbolic of the artist's studio, and the pitched roof, elemental sign of the house, neatly sums up what this structure is all about. Two thirds of its volume is given over to one vast gallery. Although four chamfered skylights cut its upper corners, this imposing room is a double cube, twice as long (48 feet) as it is wide (24 feet) and high (24 feet), a modern reinterpretation of a Classical architectural format. The harmoniously proportioned space possesses a commanding presence underscored by its Minimalist demeanor. Aside from a handsome wooden table and two chairs, the only furniture is a pair of leather-upholstered wooden pallets. There one can sit or, if so moved, recline while looking at works by Sam Francis, Richard Long, Mario Merz, Robert Rauschenberg, Ed Ruscha, and Robert Therrien. The more mundane functions of daily life take place in shipshape private quarters neatly fitted into the upper portions of the remaining third of the building. Those rooms are as meticulously but quietly finished as the rest of the house. The kitchen, baths, and bedrooms are of a spartan quality wholly unexpected in Los Angeles today. And although it is quite plain, the house is also subtly luxurious and more than a bit self-conscious in its simplicity. It is a private shrine to art, further evidence of the growing devotion in southern California to what has been called our modern religion. ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*





Lancaster BY-THE-SEA

There's a passion for color and decoration in this Tudor seaside house where ***Stephen Spender*** *visits with painter Mark Lancaster*

A room for art, with gilt-framed purple wall panels, boldly painted mantel, Parian ware bust, and china, bronze, and glass objects. Above the fireplace is a painting by Duncan Grant; on either side are Lancaster's own renderings, rimmed with painted pebbles, of Staffordshire dogs on the mantel with the sea outside. The seascapes at ceiling height, also by Lancaster, were done for the room.

ERIC BOMAN





A month ago I went to visit my friend the painter Mark Lancaster, whom I have known for more than twenty years, at the house he had recently acquired in Kent on the south coast of England. "Why did you come back to England?" I asked.

He smiled in his slightly enigmatic way and said, "I don't think of it as coming back. I think of it, rather, as the most recent stage I have arrived at."

I used the words *come back* because I thought of him as settled in New York, where he had gone to live and paint in the early seventies. He took a studio in Greenwich Village and, for ten years beginning in 1974, worked as factotum for Jasper Johns. Mark also designed sets, costumes, and lighting for over twenty of Merce Cunningham's dances.

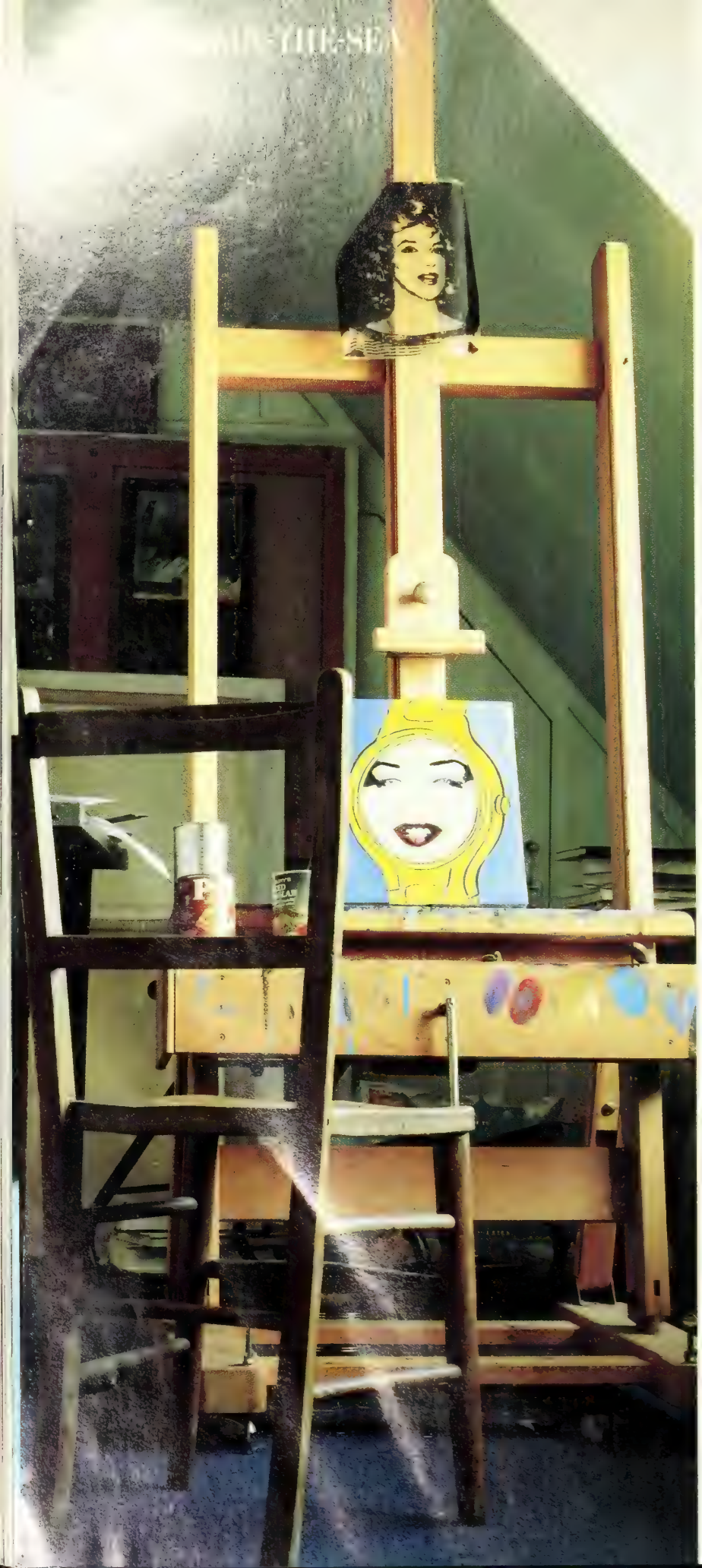
"Another reason why I don't think of this as *coming back,*" he said, "is because the country here is so completely different from Yorkshire, the part of England where I was born and brought up. I worked there for five years in the family business—textiles. I am the first member of my family in four generations, in fact, to have abandoned this business. And when I studied art, it was at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, also very different country from Kent.

"I saw this house advertised in a newspaper and was at once attracted to it, partly on account of its being in Kent. My family had gone to Kent for our holidays when I was a child. Apart from that there is something about the idea of Kent that appeals to me. The very name has a certain roughness that I like, whereas the name of the adjoining county, Sussex, has a coziness I don't like."

Mark Lancaster is right, of course, about Kent's roughness. Men of Kent are traditionally staunch defenders of England; their homeland is the nearest point of approach for continental leaders bent on invasion. In 1940, Hitler was expected to land here from sea and by parachute. The famous squat towers called martellos were built as watchtowers and fortifications against the threatened invasions of Napoleon.

Even the coatroom, opposite, with its 19th-century hall chair, Portland vase, and American clay pot is washed in color—an intense sea green. Above: A scene from Tudor seaside life, the conservatory has Lloyd Loom chairs and an American rocker.

It is the kind of house prosperous Victorian businessmen went down to for the summer



The house where Mark Lancaster lives with his friend David Bolger, an American painter—and also with their gigantic Great Dane and Weimaraner—stands near a martello tower. It is built of ragstone and has a Kent peg-tile roof. The façade that faces the sea has bay windows surmounted by a crenellated parapet. This makes the house seem, in a toylike way, to play up the theme of a coastal fortress.

"The earliest date to which we can trace the house is 1840," says Mark. "It is built in the style I call Tudor Seaside and is the kind of house prosperous Victorian businessmen went down to for the summer with their families, like the places rich New Yorkers have on Long Island. Such houses were found in a book of architectural designs. You chose the picture you liked best and said to the architect, 'I want you to build me one like this.' "

The house stares through large windows across a patch of lawn with wiry green grass and a wind-whipped tamarisk tree at the center, which looks like an irate turkey-cock. The lawn ends at a wall; two steps below it is a seafront where walkers exercise their dogs; beyond this is a pebbly beach with breakwaters thrusting into the waves.

I said to Mark: "Oscar Wilde insisted that the horizon seen from the English side of the channel looks like a line drawn by an angry governess with a ruler across a blank sheet of paper."

"Well, it could hardly seem less like that today," said Mark. "But it changes every time you look."

"I can't imagine your ever leaving here," I said. "There is something so final about a house that seems stuck collagelike against the sea. It is a terminus—not a juncture between arrival and departure."

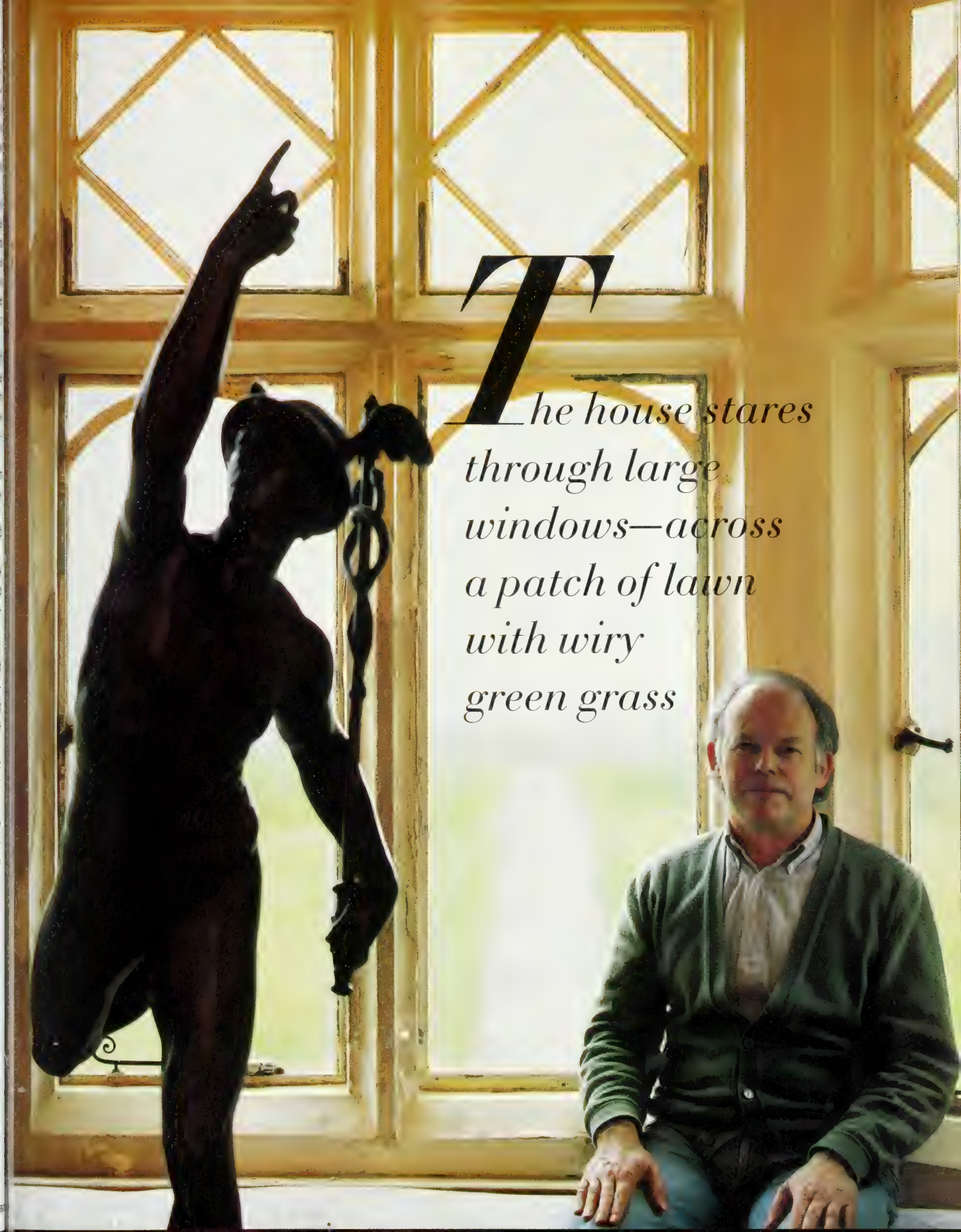
The interior is spacious and rather rambling. Upstairs, Mark and David have adjoining studios. On the walls of Mark's studio, where we were talking, I saw 150 small paintings, variations on Andy Warhol's famous image of Marilyn Monroe. Mark explained, "The shock of Andy Warhol's death got me going on these paintings. It seemed incredible. Andy was one of those presences that always stay with us. He helped me in America. I worked for Andy on my first visit there in 1964."

I said, "My own recollection of Andy Warhol was of his coming to dinner in London with us once, setting down his tape recorder under the dining-room table, and not uttering a word beyond the barest politeness the entire evening." Now I could not resist asking, "Did Andy ever show the slightest warmth?"

Mark replied seriously, "He was a very kind man, but I don't think of him as showing warmth. In all the time I knew

On the easel in Lancaster's second-floor studio is one of his *Post-Warhol Souvenirs*, a series of 150 paintings being shown at London's Mayor Rowan Gallery this spring. Opposite: Mark Lancaster, photographed on the window seat in the drawing room, which overlooks the sea. The sculpture is a 19th-century bronze cast of a 16th-century statue of Mercury by Giambologna.

ERIC BO



The house stares through large windows—across a patch of lawn with wiry green grass

I vividly remember his shaking my hand, for instance, not even patting me on the shoulder."

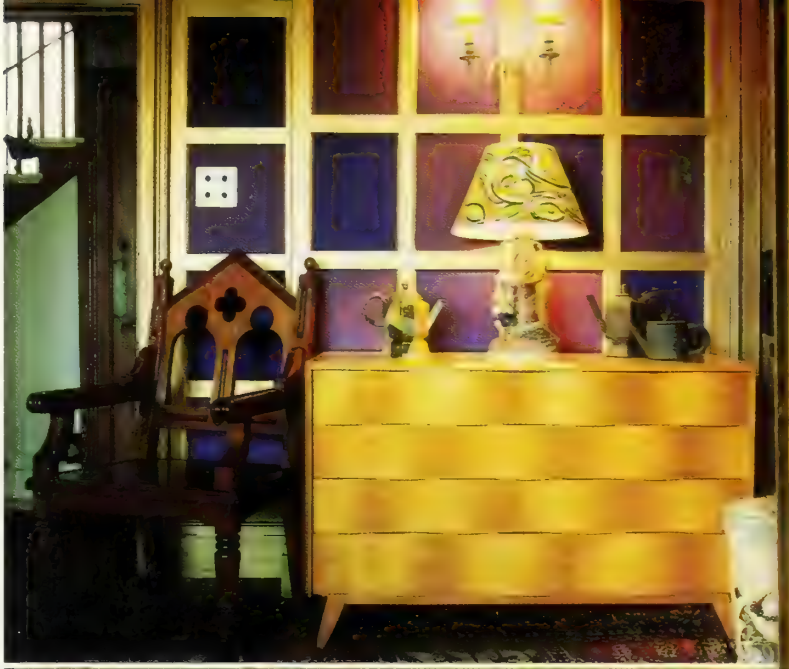
We went downstairs to the ground floor. Drawing room, library, and dining room seem to open onto one another. Light inundates these rooms—from the sky and reflected from the sea—so that everything appears to float in colored air like Turner paintings of interiors bathed in light that makes furniture seem like splashes of vermilion, yellow, and blue.

"When I started painting here," said Mark, "the subjects seemed given." In several paintings he has set what is the "given" inside—Staffordshire china dogs, for example. Sometimes he paints the picture frames on the canvas, ornamenting them with images of pebbles. In a few of the rooms Mark's pictures are hung high up on the walls near the ceilings and have the hallucinatory effect of making objects within seem framed.

Paintings are prominent objects throughout the house—notably in the drawing room where there are three Duncan Grants. The largest and most important is of Vanessa Bell, Virginia Woolf's sister. The drawing room also has an ornate Adam-style chimneypiece that's been decoratively painted by David Bolger. Mark calls the style of this chimneypiece "false Adam or Adamant." On top there is a Roman-style marble bust of Napoleon, flanked by Jiaqing vases and—outflanking them—two English majolica vases.

Plates, vases, teapots, pictures, statues, and busts abound. The bronzes are mostly nineteenth-century versions of ancient Greek originals. The ceramics are Chinese antiques as well as contemporary and early-twentieth-century works. One is reminded of what seems to be a contradiction between the collection Andy Warhol kept at his home, which scarcely any of his friends ever visited, and the works emanating from his Factory. But perhaps there is no contradiction here. An artist's taste may reveal itself quite differently in the objects he gathers around him and in the work that he creates.

In this house there is not the faintest trace of the hand of the decorator. This is a house chosen and a collection made, arranged, and embellished by two friends—with a gusto that makes the objects gathered here the elements of a work of art. ♠





Bloomsbury taste mixes with Victorian in this colorful and ornamental scheme. Clockwise from upper left: A 1986 table lamp by Quentin Bell, Virginia Woolf's nephew, sits on a Scandinavian satinwood chest; the drawing room's painted chimneypiece is "false Adam or Adamant," says Lancaster; a 1927 painting by Cedric Morris hangs above an Empire canapé; the pottery is Poole and Keith Murray Wedgwood; dining-room tables and chairs are turn-of-the-century pieces by George Walton; the sofa is covered in animal skins; an office cupboard holds books in the library.

An artist's taste











reveals itself in the objects he gathers around him

ERIC BOMAN



...st lives here. Lancaster's ... mix of furniture and ...ects includes three paintings by Duncan Grant (the large portrait of Vanessa Bell at center); an ornate giltwood table refinished by Bolger holding Mason's ironstone jars, c. 1840, and a 19th-century marble copy of a Hellenistic statue; below the table, Cantonese garden seats and, on either side, wire chairs by Charles Eames and upholstered Alvar Aalto chairs. On the Aalto coffee table is English artist Andrew Lord's *Cézanne Coffee Set*.

Plates, vases, teapots, pictures, statues, busts abound

ERIC BOMAN





Calling for Help

As more and more of us have less and less time, personal service may be the only way to get it all done

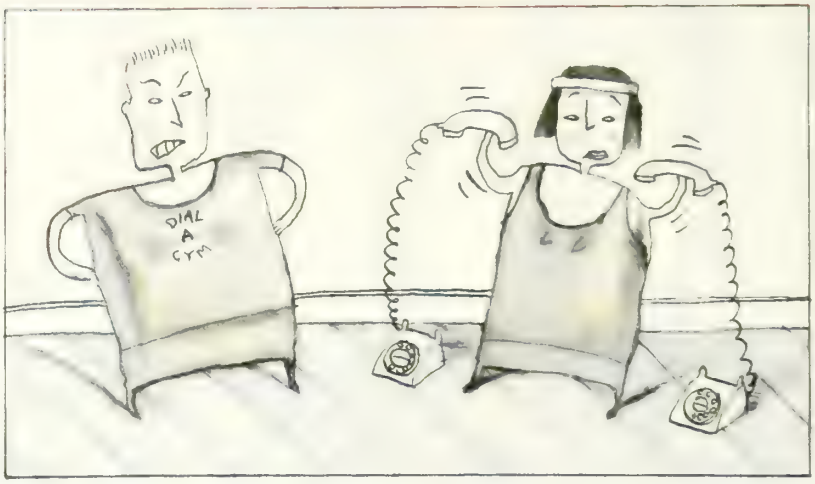
I have a friend—and don't we all?—who seems to have been put on earth expressly to make me feel incompetent. She's one of those serene, unflappably elegant women whose lives run like Vacheron-Constantin timepieces, smoothly ticking along while mine seems to lose more time each day. Despite a demanding job, she maintains a flawless figure and an immaculate apartment, serves exquisite little dinners at the drop of a hat, and never has so much as a sagging hem or ragged nail to betray her as merely human. How does she do it? Where does she find the time?

The answer is that she finds time where most people might not even care to look: the ungodly hour of six-thirty in the morning sees her beginning a workout with her home-fitness trainer. Once showered and dressed, she leaves a note for her grocery-shopping service, and her bills and checkbook for her financial organizer. On her way out she meets her floral arranger, who is on his way up to her apartment, arms laden with fresh-cut blooms for her dinner party that night.

Between crises at the office she arranges to meet her hairdresser and manicurist at home, sets up a later appointment with her seamstress—who's coming to review her hemlines in light of the return to bared knee-

CHRISTOPHER SHARROCK


More
Never settle for less.
"I looked for something different.
And found myself with More.
More cigarette. More pleasure.
Adventure has its rewards."
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



[illegible] Dido and Aeneas are shredding the Orientals.

When she returns home, her apartment has been transformed with bouquets of fresh flowers, her desk cleared, and her groceries stowed away. In the kitchen a trainee from the neighborhood cooking school is whipping up dinner for eight; in the bedroom her hairdresser waits, blow-dryer in hand. By the time the first guest rings the bell, all the elves have cleared out, leaving our heroine in triumphant possession of the field. All is calm. Even Dido and Aeneas seem content.

It used to be that everyone who could afford it had a housekeeper or a live-in nanny; nowadays the harried urbanite needs somewhere else to turn. The result has been an explosive growth in home services—limited in scope only by the imaginations of their clients.

Despite this fact, it's not always easy to find what you're looking for: even a good friend may become uncommunicative if she thinks you're trying to steal her precious sewing woman. But if your friends fail you, you can turn to a professional service broker who will be the middleman to find you reliable services. You can also consult the service directories that have sprung up in major cities around the country. In addition there are hundreds of small businesses that provide specific home services or combinations of several.

Many of the services you're looking for won't be listed in the yellow pages, so it pays to be imaginative. One woman I know found a college student to catalogue her private library. Another advertised at the New York School of Interior Design for an art student to organize her massive collection of family photographs. You can hire an art-installation consultant, but if all you require is someone with artistic sense and a good hand with a hammer, you could ask a gallery or art school for a recommendation.

For broken chair legs or scratches or burns on furniture, some craftspeople are willing to make house calls for light repairs or refinishing. If you have chandeliers, they need occasional cleaning; there are heavy-duty cleaning services to handle this, or you can ask a multiservice company to tackle it for you. Free-lance consultants and tutors can help those baffled by computers, VCR's, and other electronic gadgets that seem to have become an inescapable part of homelife.

Most major cities have one or two full-service companies that can arrange just about anything a client could reasonably ask. There are, for instance, excellent services that go by the unfortunate names of Rent-A-Wife, Rent-A-Mom, and Renta Yenta. For example, if you get bogged down around the holidays, Renta Yenta will find someone to trim your tree, provide carolers for a party, and even cook a traditional dinner for twelve. Similarly, New York parents faced with entertaining forty of little Serena's kindergarten cohorts will be glad to call on Marcia Cantarella of Mom's Amazing for help with this and other child-related dilemmas.

And today, the full-service building is making a welcome comeback, catering to its tenants' every need. Divna Vuksanovic, the resident concierge of the New York building on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive, will arrange to feed pets; water plants; receive deliveries; schedule and oversee repair people; pick up and deliver dry cleaning and laundry; cater a romantic dinner for two complete with flowers and wine; find a maid; send a gift basket; get tickets to the symphony, theater, or any sporting event; hire a limousine; organize travel; and buy your groceries. Similarly in New York a luxurious new condominium building at 60 East 88th Street offers every service found in a first-class hotel, even—Oh, luxury of luxuries!—turning down the beds.

Caroline Berry

Home Services

MULTISERVICE COMPANIES

F&L Associates (212/752-2879). Based in New York, F.&L. refer to themselves as an independent concierge. Their motto is "We Do Just About Everything."

The Intrepid New Yorker (212/534-5071). New Yorkers can count on Kathy Braddock to arrange for a wide variety of services in the home.

Merry Pop-Ins (312/235-1300). Chicago's Tom Bassman and his loyal staff will house-sit, tend pets, and care for your plants, but that's just the tip of the iceberg. Since 1949 he's also provided grocery shopping, unusual child care (including a "P.M. Package" of after-school help), and cleaning.

Renta Yenta (818/907-7807). Lila Greene and her staff will pick up your mail, water your plants, grocery shop, house-sit, and more, in all major cities.

Service Service (312/829-4559). Call Anne Jenkins, Chicago's "service broker," for help with almost any service request.

HOUSE-SITTING, PET CARE, PLANTS

Canine Feline HomeCare (312/248-3292). Chicago-based pet care in your home.

Chicago House-Sitting and Pet Care (312/477-0136).

Complete Bird Service (212/677-1631). In New York. Grooming and training consultations.

Leslie Dougherty (312/528-2209). Chicago cat therapist makes house calls.

Greene Valley Pet Care (213/453-2327) Suzanne Greene and George Kopek provide expert attention for pets, and plant care, in Los Angeles.

Pampered Paws (212/222-8041). Pam Sprospy of New York provides pet care in your home and delivers pet food, too.

Pet and Plant Nanny (213/278-3187). In Beverly Hills area.

Pet Tender (818/343-4308). Will look after your pets in the West Los Angeles–San Fernando Valley area.

Carole Wilbourn (212/741-0397). A cat therapist and author of *Cats on the Couch* and other books. Carole has traveled as far as Hawaii to make house calls on emotionally troubled felines. Her motto: "You have cat, I will travel!"

FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

Anthony (212/737-3303). This Upper East Side establishment provides New Yorkers with weekly floral installations, as well as special party flowers.

Arboritum Flowers and Plants (213 656-2700). Partners Dennis Tobin and Mark Rhoads do flowers for such Los Angeles clients as Bijan, Merv Griffin, and Linda Ronstadt.

The Crest of Fine Flowers (312/256-3900). Caters to what is still known in Chicago as the carriage trade. They will do weekly floral arrangements and special events.

Daniels & Ferrar (212/685-2878). Stacey

CHRISTOPHER SHARROCK


The Elegant Touch
Cristal
J. G. DURAND
France

[illegible] Lerat work out of [illegible] New York loft studio to provide exquisite arrangements on a weekly basis, with biweekly visits to refresh the flowers.
Designs by Jody (312/234-0625). Jody Elting not only does weekly installations and party flowers for Chicago-area homes, she'll arrange for party linens, china, and rental furniture and send out the invitations.
Feast of Flowers (212/861-8900). New Yorker Ripley Golovin designs beautiful fresh and dried-flower arrangements.
Heap O Fleurs (213/653-6923). Christie Mellor's and Gail Simmons's Los Angeles floral design studio does weekly installations and special events, using fresh flowers or their own home-dried ones.
Michael Fenner (212/219-0099). Discerning New Yorkers have regular accounts with Michael Fenner for exquisite floral arrangements year-round. He and his staff also plan and maintain plant installations and roof gardens.
My Son the Florist (213/935-2912). For seven years Wilbur Davis has been providing wonderful weekly arrangements for Los Angeles clients. He will also deliver loose flowers for those who enjoy doing their own arranging.
A New Leaf (312/642-1576). This Chicago florist does weekly flower installation as well as special events.
Stamens and Pistils (212/593-1888). Owner Asa Ige consults with you to find the best floral arrangements for your home.

GROCERY SHOPPING

Most multiservice companies will do grocery shopping (see above).
Groceries to You! (312/975-3518). In Chicago call Steve Martin for shopping at your preferred store. He delivers seven days a week anytime between 7 A.M. and midnight and will also do errands.
Grocery Express (415/641-5400). This all-delivery market, which provides groceries, fresh produce, and butcher-quality meats to clients in San Francisco, will be operating in the East Bay and Marin County next year. They deliver seven days a week between 8 A.M. and 10 P.M.

BILL PAYING/SECRETARIAL

Many multiservice companies provide secretarial, bill-paying services.
Dial A Secretary (212/348-8982). In New York, temporary secretaries for the home.
The Office Organizer (818/363-8444). In the Los Angeles area Deborah Sands will also come to your home to set up your filing system, do bill paying, organize your closets.
Private Secretaries (415/346-2157). Transplanted New Yorkers Staley Cayce Sednaoui and her partner, Reese Willis, provide secretaries from their hand-selected staff on a part-time, day-to-day, or temporary basis to San Francisco and the Bay area. They can help with bill paying, invitations, Christmas cards, errands.
Secretaries Only (212/685-3355). In New York.

ART INSTALLATION

If you have a relationship with a gallery, ask for help or referrals.
Peter Butterfield Art Services (312/475-3805). Expert arrangement of fine art works in the Chicago area.
Terry Dowd (312/342-1808). Terry Dowd does art installation for museums and galleries and will also come to your home in the Chicago area.
Carl Nardiello (212/242-3106). In New York, for home consultations on placement and installation.

PERSONAL COMPUTER/ELECTRONICS

Audio Video Salon (212/249-4104). Will do in-home consultations in New York City for people with VCR difficulties or those who wish to purchase a VCR.
The Equalizer (914/337-2677). In New York area, eleven years of consulting experience to help solve your PC problems.
Ted Shapiro (212/787-3132). Will help you and your children with Apple computer programs and problems in New York City.

FURNITURE REFINISHING/POLISHING

Furniture Refinishing and Polishing (212/477-4210; eve. 675-1545). In New York. Will do repairs and treat burns and scratches in your home.
Marshall Koral Pro Furniture Service (312/998-1355). Suburban Chicago. Cleaning, polishing, repairing of scratches.
Raphael (212/535-7267). A European craftsman who specializes in antique and hand-finished furniture.

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Merry Pop-Ins (see above). Provides many child-related services in Chicago.
Mom's Amazing (212/580-1495). In New York, Marcia Cantarella can organize a party for your child, screen prospective care-givers, and provide you with shopping lists for monthly meal planning.
Rent-A-Mom (312/275-0055). In the Chicago area Rent-A-Mom will supply short-term (four hours minimum) nannies for working parents who can't stay home with sick children.

HOME-FITNESS TRAINING

Daren Black (213/204-4609). Gives Los Angeles area patrons in-home workouts, designs individualized programs.
Body Design by Gilda. Gilda Marx's staff can bring workouts to your home. Call one of four New York salons to set up an appointment.
The Executive Body (212/242-3900). Nancy Burnstein, author of *30 Days to a Flatter Stomach*, will give personal fitness training in your New York home or office.
Tracy Frank (212/627-3534). In New York. Fitness instruction, nutritional counseling, massage. Frank and staff will bring services to you, also make personalized exercise videotape.
Natalie Miller (213/458-1515). Miller, a chiropractor, provides a wide range of personal fitness services in the Los Angeles area, including consultations for posture, back pain, nutrition, and massage referrals.
Pam Phillips Fitness (312/441-8041). Phillips and her staff provide custom fitness training in Chicago's North Shore.
Pam Seastone (312/327-3582). In the Chicago area she will come to you with a one-hour fitness training session.
Train with Laine (212/794-1134). New Yorker Laine Jastram will bring her full-hour workout to your home with exercises specifically aimed at your problem areas.

MASSAGE

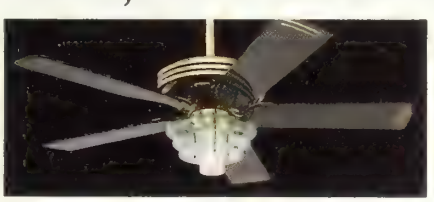
Anushka (212/355-6404). This New York salon offers home massage, body treatments.
Elizabeth Arden. Masseuses from the salons will come to your home. Contact the Arden salon in your city.
Chicago School of Massage (312/477-9444). Will provide massage therapists and referrals in the Chicago area.
Swedish Institute School of Massage Therapy (212/924-5900). Referrals in New York area.
Bryn Walsh (212/722-5173). Deep shiatsu massage in your New York home.

BEAUTY CARE

Roberto Bezjon (212/838-8524). Makeup artist Bezjon and his colleagues offer New Yorkers a package deal: facial, hairstyle, and makeup sessions, at home.
Robert Bracken (312/944-4311). Bracken, a fashion stylist at Jean Pierre Coiffures in Chicago, will do your hair at home.
Judith Davidson (312/944-4679). A makeup artist with Jean Pierre Coiffures in Chicago, Davidson will apply makeup at home for a special evening or give you a one and a half hour lesson in applying your own day and evening makeup.
Laura Geller Makeup Studios (212/307-1467). Geller will come to your home, sort through your cosmetics, then show you how to do day and evening makeup with your own cosmetics or her own line.
Karen Guzzino (312/326-4719). Manicures and pedicures in the Chicago area; day and weekend appointments.
Charles Ifergan Coiffures (312/642-4484). Hairstyling, manicure, and makeup for Chicago women facing a big evening.
Moi (212/877-6128). In New York, deep-peeling and facial treatments.
Nails on Wheels (213/649-5619). Bridget Stennis takes to her Volvo to give manicures



What do you mean, no one looks at the ceiling?



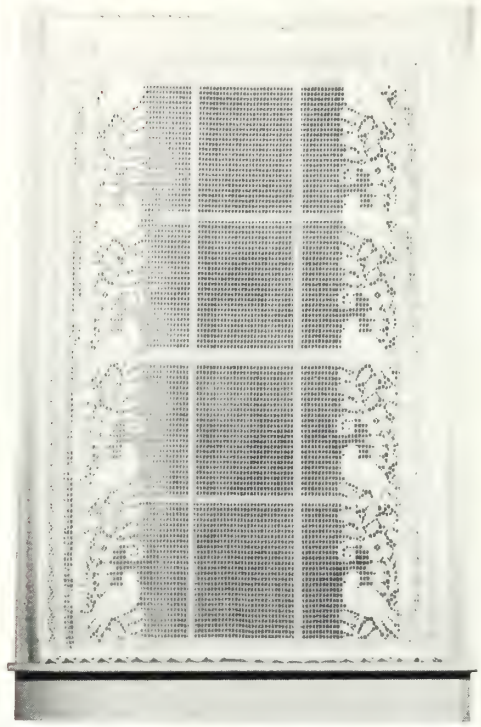
CASABLANCA FAN COMPANY

When you have no room for second best.

For the dealer nearest you, call (1-800) 423-1821. In California (1-800) 352-8515.

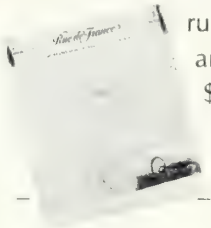
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

Rue de France



FRENCH COUNTRY LACE

Doves is a favorite design of the French and ours as well. To see a complete selection of our lace curtains, tablecloths, runners, pillows and more, send $2 for our full color **Spring Catalog.**



Name

Address

City

State/Zip

Rue de France

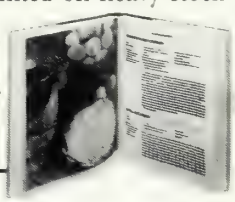
Send to: Rue de France, Dept. HG0488
78 Thames Street, Newport, RI 02840
Telephone: (401) 846-2084

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

HOW SWEET IT IS!



Introducing a new dessert book from GOURMET that's richer, sweeter and more mouth-watering than anything you've ever seen. With over 600 recipes, GOURMET'S BEST DESSERTS brings you 25 years of the best of GOURMET's dessert classics, from simple to spectacular, updated for today's new equipment and techniques. Plus an extra bonus! Almost 100 NEW recipes developed just for this volume! The book itself is a beauty: 576 pages printed on heavy stock and over 60 irresistible color photos. Order GOURMET'S BEST DESSERTS now, and give your dinners the fabulous finale they deserve.



TO ORDER
CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-922-4400

Or send your name and address with check, money order or credit card information for $29.95 each plus $3 postage & handling to

Condé Nast Collection, Dept. R23
P.O. Box 10850, Des Moines, IA 50336

NY, CA, GA, IL, MA, MI, CO, IA residents please add appropriate sales tax. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

and pedicures to her Los Angeles clientele. Flexible morning, evening, weekend appointments.

Pauline (212/752-2879). In New York treat yourself to a "spa day" at home. Pauline of F&L Associates will give you a manicure, pedicure, facial, and leg or body waxing and top it off with a makeover.

Garry Vesper (312/644-7074). A makeup artist at John Lanzendorf's Salon in Chicago will make house calls for special looks or a lesson in applying cosmetics.

CLOTHING ALTERATIONS/WARDROBE CONSULTING/CLOSET ORGANIZATION

At Your Service (818/881-2004). Wardrobe planning, personal shopping service for men and women in the Los Angeles area. They also do color consultations.

The Corporate Level (312/641-7100). Carson Pirie Scott & Company of Chicago offer two wardrobe consultations per year to members of their Corporate Level Club.

Terri D. (312/787-9600). Former model Terri D'Ancona and her partner Marlene Rubinstein are the owners of this Chicago boutique; they offer wardrobe consultations and closet organizing for their customers.

Ronni Eisenberg (212/877-3697). New Yorker Ronni Eisenberg, author of *Organize Yourself!*, is a professional organizer who will come to your home and help you clean out your closets and plan new efficient storage systems.

Mobile Cleaners (213/277-5632). In Los Angeles, home fittings, alterations, and tailoring; finished products delivered.

Ruth Nobel (212/254-9594). New Yorkers welcome Ruth Nobel into their homes for a variety of sewing services. She will also do wardrobe consulting.

SERVICE SOURCES

We Deliver: A Neighborhood Guide to Restaurant Menus and Services. A New York guide, published twice yearly. Available at grocery store checkouts and newsstands. $1.25.

Where to Find It, Buy It, Eat It in New York. Paperback guide updated yearly. Published by Gerry Frank, $11.95.

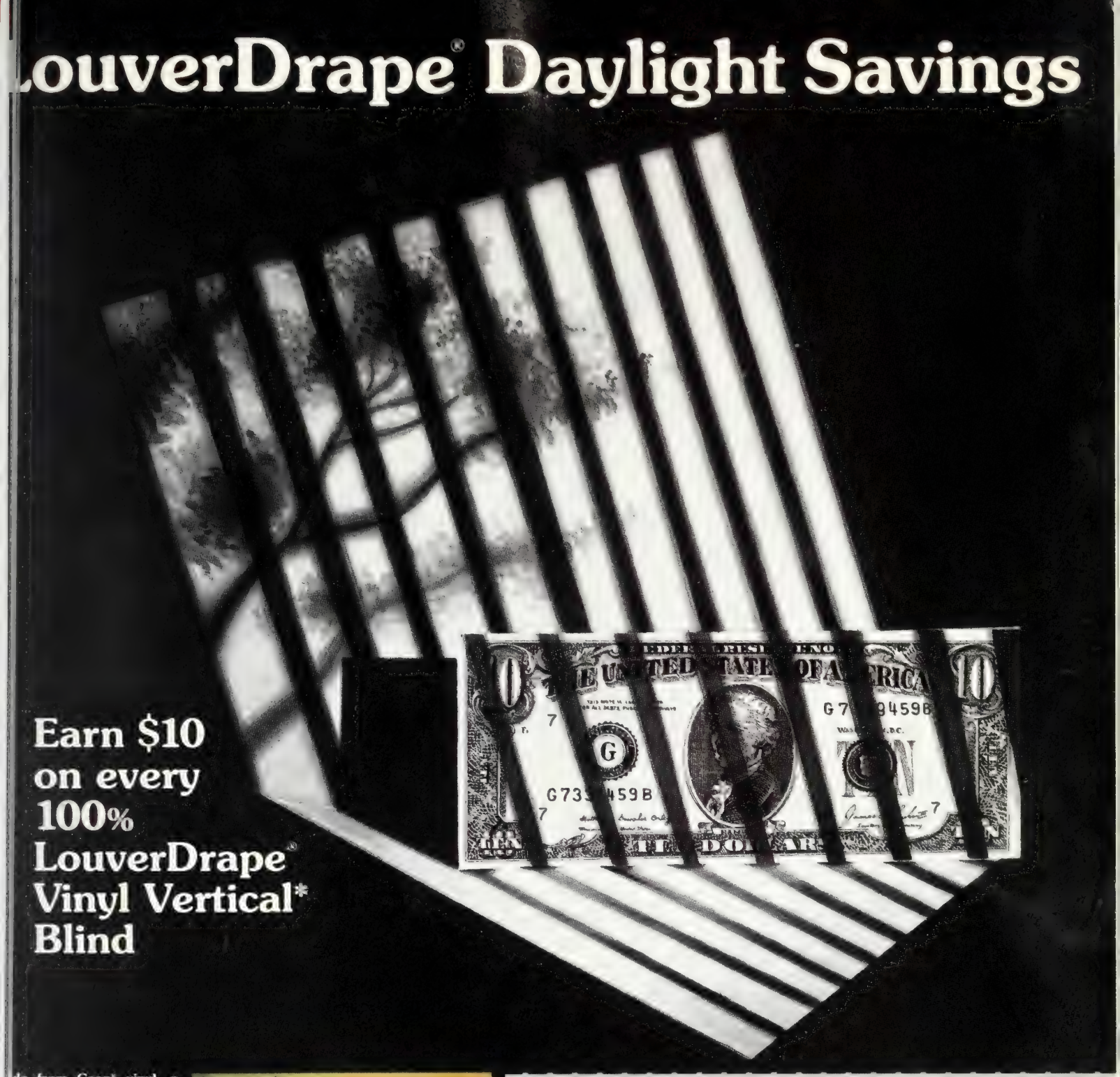
Necessities: A Directory of Selected Services by Kathy Kaplan. Chicago area. Glass Slipper Enterprises, $7.95.

Chicago Magazine's Guide to Chicago. Contemporary Books, $12.95.

L.A. Delivers: The Guide to Restaurant Menus, Stores, and Services That Deliver. Published twice yearly. $1.50.

Women's Yellow Pages. A guide to woman-owned businesses and services for women in Los Angeles and Orange County. Published by Leslie Stone, $4.95.

LouverDrape® Daylight Savings



Earn $10 on every 100% LouverDrape® Vinyl Vertical* Blind

de from Geon® vinyl, a duct of B.F. Goodrich Co.

rebate checks will be sent nyone that supplies copies eproductions of any of the uired materials. Neither verDrape®, the retailer, distributor, nor Feldman ociates assumes any re- nsibility for mis-directed, , or mutilated mail. Please w 4 - 6 weeks for delivery ebate checks. Only written uiries will be acknowl- ed. Offer valid to retail tomers only. Offer valid at ticipating dealers only. d where prohibited by law. uests must be received ore July 31, 1988. verDrape® reserves the t to reject rebate applica- s that do not comply with requirements. FA224-001A



LouverDrape®
AMERICA'S LEADER IN VERTICAL BLINDS

$10 **Earn a $10.00 rebate on every 100% LouverDrape® vinyl vertical blind (Price groups A&B) purchased between April 1, 1988 and May 31, 1988. To qualify, attach the following: Warranty Card(s) & sales invoice(s) (only originals will be accepted).**

Name _____
Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone No.(_____) _____ Dealer Name _____

Now, calculate the rebate you have earned using the chart below:

Number of vinyl vertical blinds purchased _____ X $10.00 = _____
(Limit five per household) Total Rebate Earned

Send your completed materials with original Warranty Card(s) and sales invoice(s) to: LouverDrape® Daylight Savings, P.O. Box 10009, Chicago, IL 60610-0009

All rebates are subject to the terms & conditions set forth in the offer. **0092051**

Creative Commodities

A tour uptown, downtown, and crosstown tracks the new wave of original wares in Manhattan

Before Ad Hoc, Turpan & Sanders (now D. F. Sanders), and the Museum of Modern Art gift shop redefined housewares, it was just a section in the local hardware or department store. Then came Zona (97 Greene St., 925-6750) and Clodagh, Ross & Williams (122 St. Marks Pl., 505-1774) with a range of inspired goods that moved far beyond the well-designed wastebasket. With the renaissance in the past two years of handcrafted, one-of-a-kind accessories for the home, more than a dozen new stores have sprung up in Manhattan to satisfy and spark the rebounding interest in the distinctive object. Shop hours vary, so call ahead. The area code for all numbers is 212.



ARCHETYPE
From March 24 for about a month, partners and designers Robert Gaul and Iris De Mauro will be presenting at Archetype their second annual work-in-progress show with thirty of their more than fifty artists represented. Everything at Archetype—glass, furniture, jewelry, lighting, ceramics—is handmade and one of a kind or a limited edition. And everything is chosen by Gaul and De Mauro to live up to the shop's name: the perfect example of a type or group. New at the shop are wool rugs by Vlasta Volcano and Robert Gaul and overscaled torchères and sconces of spun aluminum by Clement/Schlatter available in eight metallic finishes. (411 East 9th St., 529-5880)



CIVILISATION
We never knew cultural development could be so much fun until we got to Civilisation. There is no mistaking the art background of partners Evie McKenna and Mitchell Soble, who met in graduate school at New York University. In the mix of artist-made items that set one's mouth a-grinning and head a-spinning are ceramics by Californians Tom Garson and Susan Pakele, jewelry by Linda Hesh, baby photo albums by Kathy Troup Greenberg, "toys" by David and Susan Kirk, witty stick-figure candleholders by Acme Robots, and so much more that you will never get through it all. (78 Second Ave., 254-3788)



JERRYSTYLE
Down a few steps below street level and safely tucked behind bars lies the treasure of Jerrystyle. Owner and designer Jerry Van Deelen fashions furnishings—mostly light fixtures and accessories—from bits and pieces, manufactures new limited editions, and enhances his collections with special finishes and a variety of bulbs—gray, gold, and white—that make the shop glow. For that special something with classical overtones, Jerry's your man. (23 East 4th St., 353-9480)



JON NELSEN

From Nolte, top, horsehide chair by Eberhard Mueller; table, dish, and vase by Torsten Neeland. Above: Tables and tableware at Giles & Lewis. Left: A wood cabinet by Doug Redmond, candleholder, from Archetype.

SEE
Aside from its obvious message promoting thoughtful observation, SEE stands for Spatial Environmental Elements and is the creation of two architects, Leora Douek and Carolyn Walton. The furniture here comes mostly from Spain and Italy and is colored (as in black, white, and gray) and designed (meaning multifunctional) for urban living. A wood table by Robert Heritage and Roger Webb adjusts from cocktail to dining-table height. La Literatura bookcase by Vicente

SieMatic®



Kitchen Interior Design

Expect a certain elegance in the kitchen interior designs and you will experience SieMatic.

It's where design joins function in a total kitchen concept.

See a beautiful example in SieMatic's 1001 KL, a traditional style in high gloss, snow white lacquer with rails and knobs of gleaming brass.

SieMatic Kitchen Interior Design for traditional, contemporary and thoroughly modern living. Available through your interior designer or architect.

The SieMatic Kitchen Book of Ideas

☐ Yes. Send me the SieMatic Kitchen Book. 132 pages of kitchen interior designs, ideas and floorplans. I enclose $9.00 for the full color catalog.
The Kitchen Book, Dept. 04HG
Box F286, Feasterville, PA 19047-0934

Name _____

Address _____ Zip _____

City/State _____

Telephone _____

[illegible] features one unit of shelves that rolls neatly in front of another unit. And the discovery of the year is the Manhattan sofa from Germany which converts easily to a bed, though thankfully it bears no resemblance to a sleeper sofa. (118 Spring St., 226-0038)

NOLTE

Angela Nolte, with partners Randolph Nolte and Jack Bigio, is almost singlehandedly responsible for introducing post-Braun German design to the U.S. The furniture at Nolte is a clear representation of the modern aesthetic and the concept behind the store, "a balance between perfection and naturalness, between order and feeling." Nolte presents two shows a year of "absolutely functional" work by artists such as Thomas Wendtland whose steel cabinet on high legs is ruggedly elegant, Torsten Neeland (steel-frame chairs with hand-painted suede upholstery) and Alexander Vethers whose stone and steel screens are tough and original. (110 Wooster St., 431-0162)

URBAN BOB-KAT

Kathy Flora and Bob Flora are the design team behind Urban Bob-Kat, and custom-made furniture is the name of their game. The Floras draw up a sketch based on a model chosen by the client from those in the showroom and then have the piece made up in plywood or composition board, disguised by any number of the dozens of paint finishes and veneers offered. Wall and entertainment units are their specialty, so go to Urban Bob-Kat, please, to hide that big-screen TV. (130 Spring St., 925-7170)

WALLENGREN/USA

Henry Wallengren believes Americans do not do enough to support their own craft artists, and he is making every effort to ameliorate the situation at Wallengren/USA. Nine months ago he moved across the street to a space five times larger where he continues to mount monthly shows of mostly ceramic work intended for the collector of decorative art as opposed to the buyer of decorative accessories, a distinction of concern to this shopkeeper. Vessels predominate, though platters and chargers are an important part of the collection as are steel pedestals, aluminum-and-ebony consoles, and sculpture. (75 Thompson St., 966-2266)

DOT ZERO

Dot zero is the symbol used in mapmaking for point of departure. The stock of stuff at Dot Zero ranges from a mousetrap for $2.95 to a glass-and-steel table for $950. But it is especially worth detouring to this shop because owners Kevin Brynan and Harvey Bernstein followed the matte black road of good design by way of the fun house. For the nostalgia nut Dot Zero stocks the model kit of the Invisible Man, a mini movie viewer, Slinkys, Lava lamps, and astronaut ice cream. And for the too-serious gamesman and the class clown come basketballs painted to resemble the globe and dice the size of side tables. (165 Fifth Ave., 533-8322)

LAZY SUSAN

At the rate it is growing, Lazy Susan is perhaps a misnomer. Within the past six years seventeen stores in Japan and one in New York have opened, soon to be followed by a bigger and busier Susan on Madison Avenue. Although Lazy Susan's collection of glass from Italy, Austria, and Japan is handsome, the assortment of small gifts is the best reason to head to the automatic doors at Third and 62nd, where you'll find an unrivaled selection of kits (tool, desk, manicure, shaving, sewing, shoeshine) and cases (cigarette, card, powder). For the desk set there are all manner of pens, clocks, frames, organizers, and notebooks, and for the romantic, perfume flasks. (1049 Third Ave., 355-3663)

ROGERS-TROPEA

Just over two years old, Rogers-Tropea has already moved once to a larger location, the better to accommodate the patchwork of "American craft for urban living," which is its essence and subtitle. Owner Cynthia Rogers focuses on smaller home furnishings—"strictly American and extremely contemporary—meaning anything from high tech, Postmodern, or new wave to Memphis-inspired or post-tech Flintstones." Rogers predicts that articles such as end tables with built-in lamps by Todd Noe and spoons and cheese knives of sterling silver with semiprecious stones by Mardi-Jo Cohen are the "heirlooms of the future." (1357 Third Ave., 249-8310)

ATMOSPHERE

There is little reminiscent of Italy on the Upper East Side unless one stumbles across Atmosphere. Riccardo Sirignano, an Italian architect, and his American business partner, Jeffrey Mechanic, offer everything from small manufactured pieces (of which ninety percent come from Italy) to custom design (a wall unit Riccardo designed for the shop has been adapted for domestic use) to interior design. Atmosphere carries lamps, chairs, and bookcases by Zeus and the new Maarten Kusters sofa for Edra which was a bright light at the dim 1987 Milan furniture fair. Among smaller items, an oil-and-vinegar dispenser and canes that conceal a fishing rod or flask are particularly clever and well chosen. (1724 Second Ave., 996-3300)

CONTRE-JOUR

The "longevity" of Bill Roach's two and a half year old shop on a street famous for retail turnover attests not only to his astute eye but also to the clarity and beauty of his presentation. Within a small space he has neatly arranged handmade and machine-made objects in elegantly simple steel-and-glass cases from France. Old (silver-plate reproductions of the Orient Express coffee service) and new (candlesticks of hydrastone and metal by Da Vinci) mingle with the witty (a bee clock by Dan Schnur and a record clock by Tim Eames) and the newly classic (the Delta vase by Mart van Schijndel). (190 Columbus Ave., 877-7900)

AVVENTURA

If glass is your passion, there is no more indulgent spot to head for than Avventura. Aptly named, since owner Marc Hurwitz forsook law after discovering Murano glass on a trip to Venice, this store stocks all kinds of tabletop items including flatware and ceramics. But most of its rich wood display cases are devoted to glass—eighty percent Italian—from studios as well established as Venini to newcomer EOS. Avventura offers a bridal registry and prices so fair that customers have been known to buy a gift and tell the recipient it was hand-carried from Murano. (463 Amsterdam Ave., 769-2510)

GILES & LEWIS

The brevity of Giles Forman's philosophy toward his shop—"I like to buy"—accounts for the breadth of goods available at Giles & Lewis. Formerly a practicing physician, Forman now devotes himself to packing in a passel of designed and design-y objects encompassing furniture by Charles Jencks and Eliel and Eero Saarinen, objects from Swid Powell and Alessi, a smattering of appliances, and the uncommon: copper vessels by Cobre, snappy plexiglass bookends by Ron Fleeger, and a variety of tables by Christine Schilling, Jason Fort, and Will Stone. Not surprisingly, Giles & Lewis has run out of room at its present location and will be moving one block south. (464 Columbus Ave., 362-5330) **Heather Smith MacIsaac**



FINALLY, a modest yet meaningful Lands' End position in Swimwear.

(HIS, HERS, AND OURS)

Our first foray into the market was in men's swim trunks back in the 70's—your basic, no-nonsense trunks the men of that day actually swam in. They sold well, but in our preoccupation with marketing other Lands' End items, we took our eye off the swimwear business.

Then later (dare we put it this way?) we dipped our toe into the water once more by introducing a tank suit for women which—for reasons too painful to recount—was a disaster.

Clearly, it was time to regroup. Following a long dry spell, we decided to try again. We formed a committee of three: a men's buyer, a women's buyer, and the representative of a quality swimwear manufacturer. And contrary to the history of most committees, this one worked.

For men, it defined the Lands' End role as the source of the basic swim trunk, offered in a few sound styles, made of quality fabrics, in popular colors, and priced to reflect attractive value. Our catalogs bear witness to how well we've succeeded. (One trunk sells for just $12, believe it or not!)

For women, we were slightly more adventurous. But we wisely (we think) concluded that women don't come to us for swimwear that will put them on the cover of that national sports magazine. No. They want something slightly less incendiary, that attracts but also fits well and wears well. Something they'd be comfortable including in a typical two or three swimsuit wardrobe.

Our best expression of this philosophy is found in our popular tank suit—a suit whose v-neck and low back allow good sunning, and whose back cross straps stay in place dutifully even when you're swimming your hardest.

The mostly nylon fabric stretches easily for more comfort at ease and in action, and the ultimate in figure flattery. And our tank comes in a choice of sunny solid colors or stripes. The price? Well under $30. And our other swimsuit and cover-up options offer the same kind of solid value.

Obviously seeing is believing. You'll want to see what we're talking about in full color in our catalog. Free, of course. Simply dial 1-800-356-4444. Or mail the coupon below.

As to our position—in swimwear as in everything else we offer you—a product must measure up in quality. It must conform to a price that spells value. And it must justify our absolutely matchless, two-word guarantee: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

We honestly believe our current swimwear answers all three of our requirements. But then, as always, you are the Supreme Court.

We await your opinion.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End **Dept. HH-49**
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

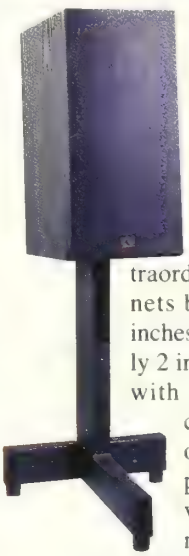
State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

Sound Design

At last home speakers you no longer have to hide behind the potted palms

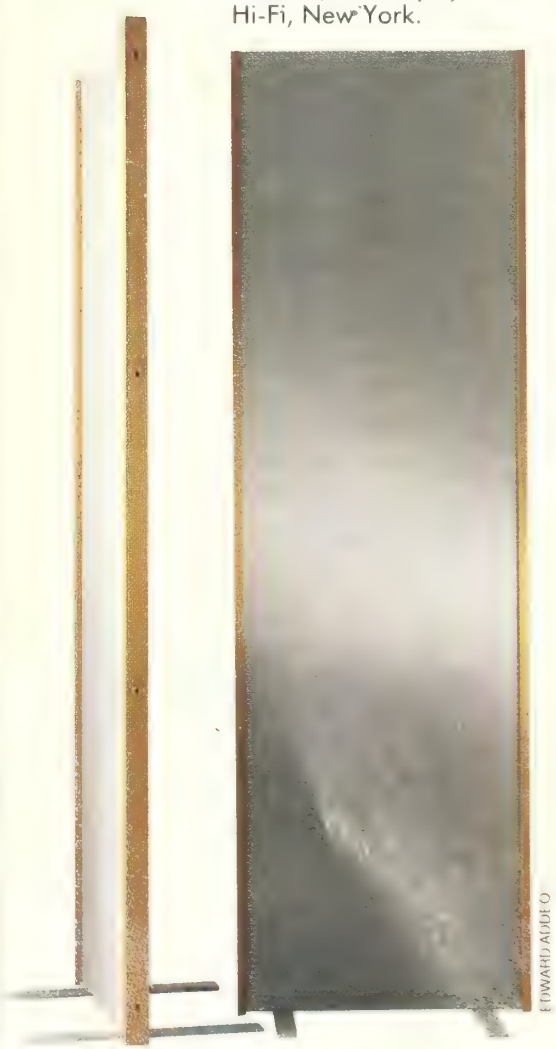
Speakers are surely the most vulgar part of an audio system. Their very name proclaims it. Like unwelcome guests unaware of their intrusion, they can inflict as much upon the eye as upon the ear. And they present a design challenge that has largely been solved by keeping them as much as possible out of sight. Today, however, with speakers available in many different shapes as well as materials and finishes one can obtain the best in audio without slighting aesthetics. The products of this new design awareness are not to be found in the average department store audio department or discount house. The finer home speakers are sold instead through specialized dealers and cost anywhere from $1,000 to well over $10,000. They require turntables and disc players and amplifiers of similar sophistication. I have chosen four designs, vastly different in price, size, appearance, and sound—but each deserving of consideration for a system more subtle than just plain loud.



The Magneplanar MG-IIIa ($1,995; Magnepan, 1645 9th St., White Bear Lake, MN 55110). These extraordinary speakers have no cabinets but are panels that stand 72 inches tall, 23 inches wide, and barely 2 inches thick, and come covered with off-white, black, or brown cloth. The tweeter—the source of the ethereally light and high-pitch frequencies—is a 60-inch vibrating ribbon two to three microns thick. The result is an intoxicating openness and clarity. Since they project sound backward as well as forward, these speakers are very sensitive to where they are placed, and the bass response can vary. But the result suggests that the room is creating the sound, not the speaker.

The Celestion System 6000 ($4,600; Celestion, P.O. Box 521, Holliston, MA 01746). This British-made speaker system—its squat industrial-chic appearance in matte black belying the refined definition and simplicity of the sound—may be one of the most unusual-looking ever designed. It consists of two speakers put together: Celestion's ordinary-looking but subtle SL600s—small box speakers with cabinets made of black aluminum honeycomb—resting atop the System 6000's bass speakers, which are about a foot and a half in each dimension and weigh 76 pounds apiece with bulbous black-grill hemispheres protruding from the black metal frame. These speakers are expensive indeed,

A Meridian M30, right. Below: The Magneplanar MG-IIIa, courtesy Lyric Hi-Fi, New York.



EDWARD ADDEO



Gadget Update

Quick Measure
The folding yardstick may soon go the way of the rotary phone with the arrival of Digitape, an ultrasonic measuring tape that fits in your hand and measures from 1½ to 33 feet. Point Digitape toward a hard surface, push a button, and a digital measurement appears within .5 percent of accuracy. Under $40 at all retail stores.



Wheel Control
Once cars came not only with radios but also with telephones and CD players, a central control board was inevitable. The Blaupunkt/Rinspeed "intelligent steering wheel" ($995) has 24 buttons to control any number of Blaupunkt accessories. You can dial a call, select a CD cut, or change stations—and keep control of the car.



Distributor: USA
STROHEIM & ROMANN, INC.
155 East 56th Street
New York, NY 10022
Dial: (212) 691-0700

Distributor: CANADA
SAMO international fabrics
320 Davenport Rd.
Toronto, Ontario
Tel. (416) 920-3020

Headquarters: JAB JOSEF ANSTOETZ
P.O. Box 529
D-4800 Bielefeld 1
West-Germany

require two amplifiers to drive them, but are so revealing and musical that they are the ones against which I now measure all others—my reference system. Most subwoofers that reach as low as these are boomy, indefinite, and hyped, as though imitating the strident beat of a disco. These speakers, however, are well mannered, modest, and stirring in an uninsistent manner. They are designed to acoustically dissolve the boundaries of the room. Celestion will even provide a custom computer printout displaying ideal sonic placement. These are not for the faint-hearted or budget-minded. They commit one to an elegant audio system and are among the speakers that define the state of the art.

The Thiel CS 2 ($1,550; Thiel Audio Products, 1042 Nandino Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511). If there were any justice, these speakers by a small American designer would displace scores of other models on dealers' shelves. Their appearance (similar to the higher priced and more sonically thorough Thiel CS 3.5) is unassuming: a 39-inch pillar of wood with a diagonal slice taken off the front. These speakers do not offer the bass of the Celestions or the expanse of the Magneplanars, but they are sweet and accurate and open, offering a clear window on the music. They create extraordinary imaging with the instruments arrayed before one in three-dimensional space as though each were a real object played by a real body, voices full and human, with no artificial emphases. In the high-end audio world the Thiels are known as a best buy.

The Meridian M30 ($1,950; Madrigal, P.O. Box 781, Middletown, CT 06457). These compact English-made speakers—15 by 7 by 12 inches—have some of the virtues of the Celestion's upper range and a surprising amount of bass, but they do sacrifice a bit of sonic transparency as the price for their small size. They can be placed on stands or shelves and are "active" speakers—they contain their own amplifiers and are themselves plugged into power lines. This means that a minimal system requires only a CD player (like Meridian's 207) with appropriate outputs plugged into the speakers. They are thus surprisingly versatile and flexible.

There are other small speakers worthy of note, such as the ProAc Tablettes ($595), and other grand systems that perfectionists must hear to believe, such as the new $10,000 Infinity IRS Beta system with its four five-foot towers of polished wood. These speakers, like those mentioned above, make demands on interior design, but no one could ever think of them as vulgar. **Edward Rothstein**

Train At Home For A Career as An Interior Decorator.

You can get started in this challenging field at home in your spare time

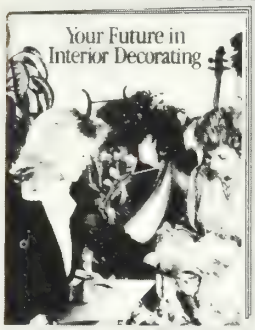
If you would enjoy working with colors and fabrics... choosing beautiful furniture and accessories... planning dramatic window treatments... and putting it all together in rooms that win applause - then you may have a good future as a professional interior decorator.

You'll earn money, of course - spare-time or full time. But you'll also be rewarded in other ways - working in fashionable places, meeting fascinating people - and, best of all, finding a profitable outlet for your creativity.

Let the Sheffield School of Interior Design help you get started. Unique 'listen-and-learn' program guides you - step by step - with the voice of your instructor on cassette.

You will be surprised at the low cost. Mail the coupon now for the school's illustrated catalog. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Sheffield School of Interior Design



FOR BEAUTIFUL FREE CATALOG, CALL (800) 526-5000 OR MAIL COUPON,

Sheffield School of Interior Design
Dep't. HG48, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me your CAREER GUIDE & CATALOG without charge and obligation. No salesman will call.
☐ Under 18, check here for special information.

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Water-Lilies in your garden



Lilypons catalogue features everything needed for your garden pool, including the pool.

Lilypons Water Gardens

Please rush my colorful new Lilypons catalogue. $5.00 enclosed.
California (30¢), Maryland (25¢) and Texas (35¢) residents please add tax.

104 Hougar Road
P.O. Box 10
Lilypons, MD 21717
(301) 874-5133

104 Lilypons Road
P.O. Box188
Brookshire, TX 77423
(713) 934-8525

104 Lilypons Way
P.O. Box 1130
Thermal, CA 92274

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



DECORATING WITH ORIENTALS BY THE PEOPLE WHO WROTE THE BOOK.

If you want to know more about the unequalled impact of adding an oriental to your home, why not come to the company that knows more about it than anyone.

Pande Cameron, leading importer of hand-made orientals from India can help you weave your way through this important decorating and investment decision. In fact, we've just taken everything you need to know about oriental carpets and rolled it into one magnificent portfolio. Prepared with the help of seven of the country's top decorators, our new booklet is an invaluable source of decorating ideas.

So why just sit in the dark when there's a dazzling decor just waiting to be created? Send for the Pande Cameron booklet. And if you want to decorate like the experts, simply take a page out of our book.



PLEASE SEND ME THE NEW, 44 PAGE, FULL-COLOR PANDE CAMERON PORTFOLIO.
I ENCLOSE $5 (U.S. FUNDS).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

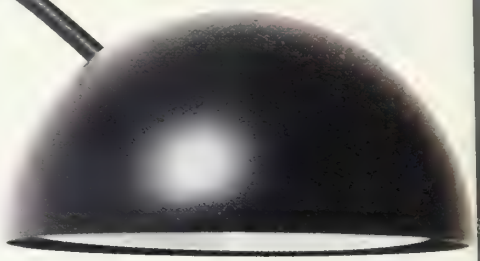
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Pande, Cameron & Co. of New York
Dept. HG58
200 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016



Working Wattage

The desk lamp takes off in a variety of new shapes



Not so very long ago the modern desk seemed to have only one kind of light—some variation on the drafting lamp. But then, in 1972, Richard Sapper produced his now-classic black model, and a steady stream of designer lamps with halogen bulbs followed. What about today? Is it simply a case of "if I am to be fashionable, only a slick black lamp will do"? Not at all. Current designs vary in both shape and material, and there is a multitude from which to choose. Here is a small selection that can change the look of your workplace. **Amicia de Moubray**



Lamp by Mario Villa, top, 26″ high, $500 from Gallery of Applied Arts, NYC. Above: Tolomeo, 47″ high, $335 by Artemide; for nearest dealer, call (516) 694-9292. Below: Gobbo, 18″ high, $169.95 from Lee's Studio, NYC.





Torch lamp, 27″ high, left, $250 from Furniture Club, NYC. Center: Lamp by Eileen Gray, 17″ high, $1,600 from George Kovacs, NYC; Pacific Showroom West, San Francisco. Below left: Loop lamp, 34″ high, $350 from SEE, NYC. Below: Precipice, 31″ high, $660 from CyMann Designs, NYC; Boyd Lighting, San Francisco.





Background paper: Gold, Silver, Copper No. 208, $70 a panel (40″ x 108″) from the Moondust collection by Anya Larkin Ltd., NYC. Terra-cotta tiles (4″ x 4″) from Country Floors, NYC and L.A.



MICHAEL MUNDY

for the fine homes of the world



poggenpohl®

The ultimate in kitchen and bath cabinetry

To explore the possibilities of redefining the kitchen or bath as a lifestyle reflection, we invite you to send $ 7.00 for full color catalogs to: Poggenpohl USA Corp., (HG) 6 Pearl Court, Allendale, New Jersey 07401, Tel.: (201) 934-1511, Tlx.: 710990 9206, Telefax: (201) 934-1837
Poggenpohl cabinetry manufactured by Fr. Poggenpohl GmbH, West Germany. Est. 1892.

The Canyons of L.A.

Multimillion dollar properties, bohemian bungalows, architectural landmarks—the canyons have it all

Canyon living can be treacherous. A few days of rain can trigger mud slides of epic proportions. Once everything dries out, it's time for the summer fire season when raging Santa Ana winds can bring a sense of impending apocalypse. Milder misfortunes include poison oak and coyotes that howl during the night and devour neighborhood cats by day.

Still, the canyons of Los Angeles have considerable allure. They tantalize with the concept of country living in the city. They tempt by offering some of the region's most enchanting architectural treasures. They seduce with prices that are considered a value compared with those on flatter terrain.

The canyons slice through the rugged Santa Monica mountains—starting at the westernmost point with Topanga Canyon—which rises above the Pacific Ocean. They run to the east along Sunset Boulevard (Santa Monica, Rustic, Mandeville, Sullivan, and Kenter canyons), curve through Bel-Air (Stone and Beverly Glen) and Beverly Hills (Benedict and Coldwater), and wind down in Hollywood (Laurel, Nichols, Beachwood, and Bronson). Except for the scruffy outreaches of Topanga, known to some as Woodstock West for its large ex-hippie contingent, the Westside canyons have the higher-valued properties as a rule.

Small lots in Benedict Canyon have recently sold for $2 million and up

SANTA MONICA RUSTIC/MANDEVILLE

Once considered wild, uninhabitable, and inaccessible, Santa Monica and Rustic canyons have attracted hearty individualists and a Who's Who of Hollywood luminaries. Will Rogers built a weekend cabin and polo field above Rustic—which looks just like it sounds—and by 1928 he had the mettle to sell his house in Beverly Hills and move to the Rustic area permanently. (His estate is now a state historical park.) The rich and famous are still drawn there—agent Jeff Berg, rock star Kim Carnes, television producer Steven Bochco, actor Jeff Bridges, painter Sam Francis, to name a few—and the abundance of gated electronically guarded estates testifies to the continuing attraction of privacy.



Furthermore, the area has a cultural past. Gordon Davidson, artistic director of Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum, and his wife, Judi, recall the day seventeen years ago when they first stepped into their two-story English-style house in Santa Monica Canyon—which they have since embellished with "very modest" remodeling by Frank Gehry. "There was something kind of wonderful and mysterious about it," recalls Davidson. It turned out that not only did the house once belong to John Houseman, Davidson's mentor, but in the 1930s and '40s it was the residence of actress–screenwriter Salka Viertel, who regularly hosted Sunday salons for the likes of Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Christopher Isherwood, and her dear friend Greta Garbo. "All those ghosts were in the house," says Gordon.

Then there are practical considerations. "It's freeway-close, you can walk to the beach, it's got the best air in town," says designer–builder Brian Murphy, who has built some twenty houses in the canyons, most in Santa Monica and Rustic. "The flats have all been built up, so that leaves only the steep hillsides for new construction. But the more severe the site," grins Murphy, "the more severe the solution."

Indeed, one of the great attractions of Santa Monica and Rustic canyons is that since the thirties so many famous architects have come to live and work there that the canyons are known as Architects' Alley. "There's so much Modern of significance," says architectural historian Robert Winter. "Neutra, Harris, Abell, Kappe." Ray Eames still resides in the house her husband, Charles, designed in Santa Monica Canyon; and architectural critic Charles Jencks lives nearby in a house designed by Charles Moore's firm, Moore Ruble Yudell. Raphael Soriano built in the neighborhood, as did Craig Ellwood. Eero Saarinen, working with Charles Eames, designed his only house in southern California there. Nearby Mandeville Canyon offers less architectural excitement but is zoned for horses, and many of the homes sit on ranch property. The larger ranch houses sell for upward of $1.2 million. Cliff May, the canyon's renowned resident ranch architect (see HG Notes, page 39) has put his own estate, Mandalay, on the market for $20 million.

STONE/BENEDICT/COLDWATER

For sheer elegance there's Stone Canyon, in Bel-Air, without doubt the most consistently expensive gulch. Bursting with bougainvillea and the music of chirping birds, Stone is composed entirely of estate properties and the eleven and a half acre Bel-Air Hotel. Realtor Stan Herman is asking $6 million for his one-acre English-country mansion with

RICHARD CLINE

LOOK WHAT JUST CAME INTO BLOOM.

Introducing the new look of Softique® tissues.

Now every box of lightly scented Softique tissues blooms with a beautiful new array of flowers. So go ahead, pick Softique. Because you can never be too soft on yourself.

Kleenex® BRAND
Softique®
LIGHTLY SCENTED TISSUES



from Telly Savalas," Herman points out. The house once belonged to Jane Allyson and Dick Powell and later to Frank Sinatra and Mia Farrow.

Today, however, buyers of Los Angeles real estate are less interested in a house's Hollywood bloodline. These days it's merely a curiosity, not a selling point, if Bruce Willis slept here. "It's only recently true, but people are more interested in the architectural importance of a house," points out Crosby Doe, whose firm, Mossler, Deasy & Doe, specializes in buildings of architectural significance, such as a mauve-pink Lloyd Wright house that had a waiting list of buyers and was snapped up by director David Lynch. Doe sold Frank Lloyd Wright's Storer house at the mouth of Laurel to producer Joel Silver in 1985. "Everyone," says Doe, "wants a famous architectural house."

In Beverly Hills, Benedict and Coldwater canyons take on a different personality. Coldwater is a "through" canyon, meaning you can drive straight through it to the San Fernando Valley, where many movie and television studios are located. Consequently it attracts the Hollywood contingent—and a fair amount of traffic. Home of Roger Moore, Charlton Heston, and Twentieth Century–Fox chairman Barry Diller, Coldwater is bumper to bumper at rush hour.

Nearby Benedict, which also has its share of cars, claims Cher, Jacqueline Bisset, Kate Jackson, and, at its base, the Beverly Hills Hotel. Pia Zadora and her husband have recently bought the Pickfair estate in Benedict, the fabled love nest of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks from Lakers owner Jerry Buss for just under $7 million. (Buss paid $5,362,500 for it in 1980.) Down the road the Marshall Field department-store heir, Ted Field, paid $6.5 million in 1986 for Green Acres, the mansion built by silent-screen star Harold Lloyd on nearly five acres. Originally 22 acres, Green Acres was subdivided in the seventies, and speculator houses built on lots facing the busiest stretch of Benedict have recently been selling for $2 million and up.

Longtime Benedict residents bemoan its growth and development and the congestion that has come with it, but actress Barbara Bain, for one, says she'll never leave: "I've lived here for nineteen years, and I love it." Her 1922 English Tudor, one of the oldest houses in the canyon, is approached by a private lane and has a breathtaking view of the city. "I can see the sunsets, and having grown up in the Midwest, I love the dynamics of the land."

There's one catch to living in the canyons of Beverly Hills: you may not really be in Beverly Hills. About halfway up both canyons the address technically becomes Los Angeles, even though the mail gets delivered by the Beverly Hills post office. Besides a serious dip in prestige, living above the dividing line in the Beverly Hills post office area does not include access to the acclaimed Beverly Hills cops or the school system. "But," says Joyce Rey, general manager and cofounder of Rodeo Realty, "there are those people who *want* to be up the canyon and prefer the privacy," she explains. Merv Griffin recently paid an astonishingly low price of $4.7 million for a 157-acre lot atop Benedict in the Beverly Hills post office district.

LAUREL/NICHOLS/BEACHWOOD

Laurel Canyon, extolled by Joni Mitchell in "Ladies of the Canyon," and neighboring Nichols Canyon are bargains compared with Beverly Hills. It's still possible to buy a tiny prewar shack jammed against the hill for $200,000, and prices go up from there. The roads are tangled, the gardens unmanicured, and the houses offer a feeling of seclusion and a lack of pretension, that is, if you can ignore the satellite dishes studding the mountain. New stars like Michael J. Fox buy first homes in Laurel. Artist David Hockney has long roosted above Nichols.

Actress Susan Ruttan of television's *L.A. Law* recently bought a typical Nichols-style house, an adobe hacienda built in the forties, which she describes as "having a lot of oops." What she means is—Oops, the walls don't quite meet. Oops, the archway into the kitchen is short. Oops, the fireplace in the living room is off-center. But, she says, "it's a house that suits me. It's not perfect. It's casual."

Farther east is Beachwood Canyon, and it's not likely to be found on many maps of the stars' homes. Beachwood has traditionally attracted studio technicians, history buffs, and eccentrics, for it is one of Hollywood's oldest neighborhoods, lying in the shadow of the landmark HOLLYWOOD sign, originally erected to lure buyers to the real-estate development undertaken there in 1923.

In Beachwood the narrow roads wind around like those in the mountains above Nice, while the architecture is such a charming hodgepodge—Hansel and Gretel cottages, medieval castles, classic Italian villas—that the entire canyon looks as if it belongs on a studio backlot. Price tags hover around $375,000. That's a bargain for the hills, even when it rains. **Betty Goodwin**

A Canyon Sampler

From Stan Herman & Associates (213) 274-9494

Coldwater Canyon $12,500,000
72 acres overlooking city and Beverly Hills reservoir. Two bedrooms plus maid's, beam ceilings, wood floors, lighted tennis court, and pool. Also zoned for horses.

Coldwater Canyon $975,000
Country house on one acre. Master suite with his/hers marble baths, steam room, spa. High-beamed ceilings, French doors, two fireplaces, two bedrooms plus maid's, four baths, central air-conditioning, security system.

From Fred Sands Estates (213) 858-6766

Benedict Canyon $1,995,000
Estate on 1.37 acres with three houses created by artist–builder Ron Robles: a ranch dwelling and two guesthouses, one with two-story art studio. Includes several large loggia patios, four fountains, koi pond, aviary, view of the canyon.

Benedict Canyon $1,595,000
European villa has living room with 14-foot ceilings, fireplace, and French doors overlooking the city. Formal dining room, gallery with bar area, library; master suite with marble bath, trompe l'oeil cabinetry, steam shower, whirlpool tub. Also gourmet kitchen, tiled pool, maid's quarters, and separate guesthouse.

Benedict Canyon $1,395,000
Gated two-story hilltop estate by California architect Marshall Lewis. Decks off living, dining, and breakfast rooms. Black-bottomed triangular pool and spa. Three bedrooms, gourmet kitchen, music room with wet bar.

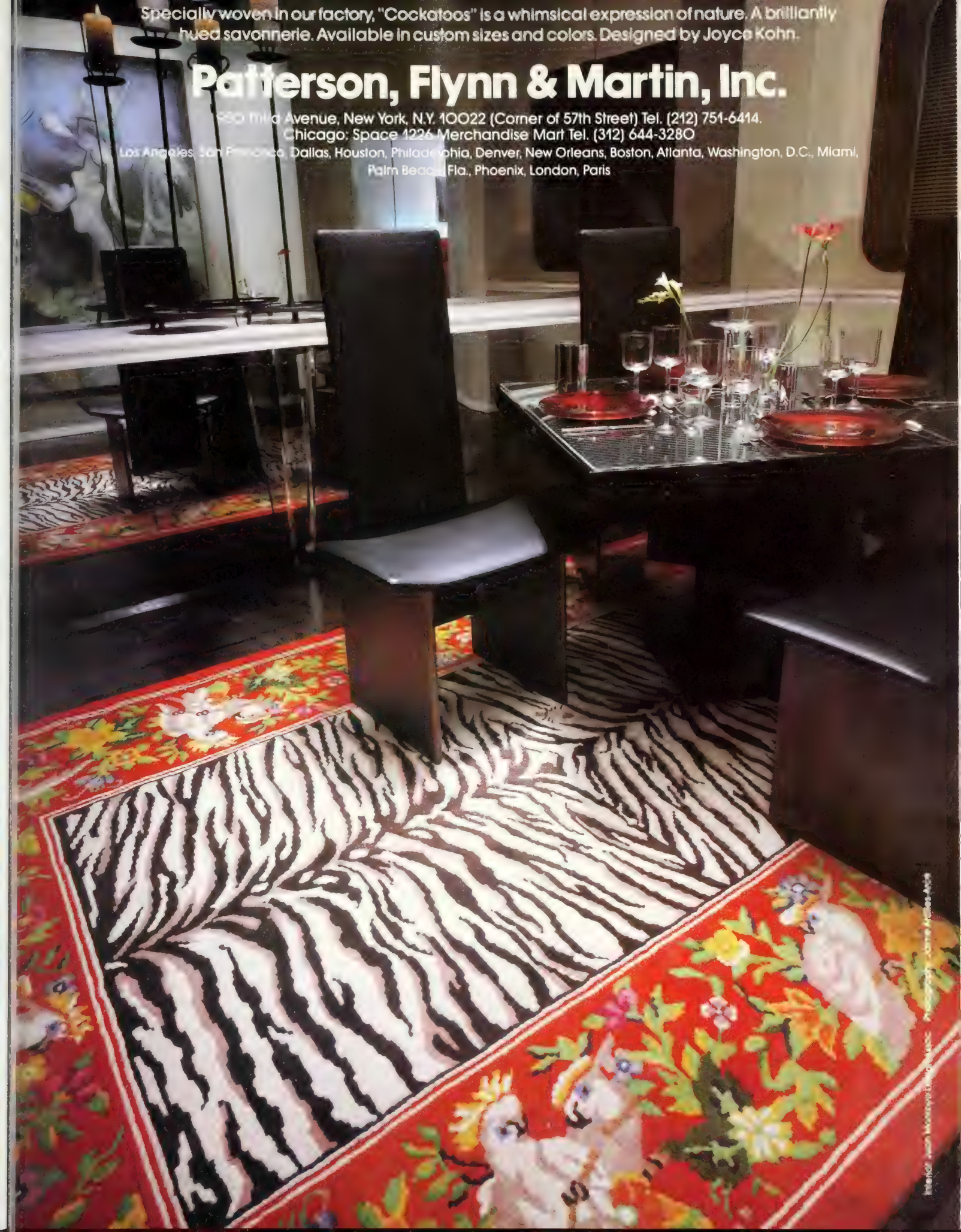
From Rodeo Realty (213) 858-8777

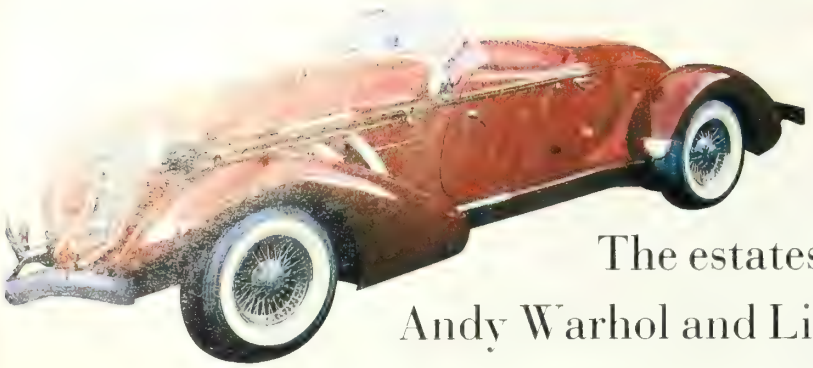
Stone Canyon $3,200,000
New travertine villa with slate mansard roof. Two-story bronze stairway, entry and living room with slab marble floors. Six bedrooms plus maid's room, eight marble baths, family room, kitchen, library, granite drive. Terraces, fountains, pool, and spa.

Benedict Canyon $2,450,000
Grand two-story English custom-built house with sweeping staircase. Five bedrooms, 6½ baths; formal living and dining rooms; pool, spa, gated drive and three-car garage.

Topanga Canyon $1,595,000
On approximately ¾ acre, one-story house designed by Cliff May with four bedrooms, family room, den, study, maid's room. Tennis court, pool, and space for horses.

Laurel Canyon $1,200,000
New Orleans–style mansion with grand entry, high ceilings, custom woodwork, and crown molding throughout. Six bedrooms, den, three fireplaces, pool, spa, city view.

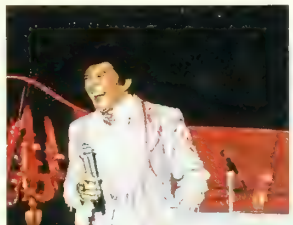

Specially woven in our factory, "Cockatoos" is a whimsical expression of nature. A brilliantly hued savonnerie. Available in custom sizes and colors. Designed by Joyce Kohn.
Patterson, Flynn & Martin, Inc.
Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (Corner of 57th Street) Tel. (212) 751-6414.
Chicago: Space 1226 Merchandise Mart Tel. (312) 644-3280
Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, Philadelphia, Denver, New Orleans, Boston, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., Miami, Palm Beach, Fla., Phoenix, London, Paris



Celebrity Sales

The estates of two idiosyncratic collectors—Andy Warhol and Liberace—go on the block this month

Mounted outside the boardroom in Christie's Park Avenue headquarters is a Charles Addams cartoon from *The New Yorker*. In it an elderly woman addresses a butler while a gentleman, one guesses her husband, lies facedown on the parlor floor. "Perkins, you call my lawyer," the caption reads, "and I'll call Christie's." An exercise in black humor, perhaps, but also a reminder that since the eighteenth century—long before the auction fever of the past few years, the eight-figure paintings, the Wall Street–Tokyo new-money collectors who buy and sell Renoirs like children trading marbles—Christie's and rival Sotheby's have managed, catalogued, and disbursed the contents of many great estates of Europe and America. Addams may have exaggerated a bit, but he did not exaggerate much. The day after Sam Spiegel died on New Year's Eve, 1986, Sotheby's experts were on hand at the house, and in one week had inventoried an estate spread over four continents. (If this seems grimly precipitous, it does not seem so to the heirs, especially charities, whose funds are at the mercy of insurance representatives and tax assessors.)





CHRISTIE'S

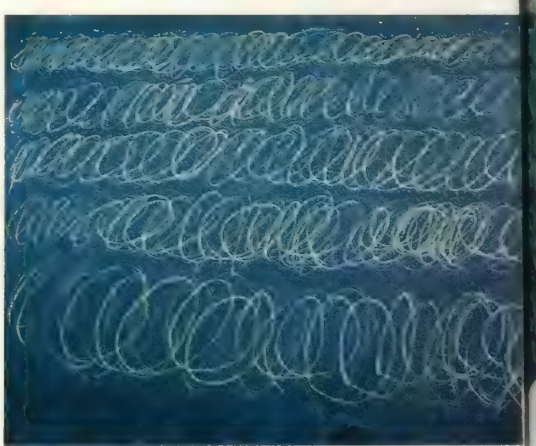
Mr. Showmanship, left, and from his collection a 1977 Auburn Speedster, top, and, below, Louis XVI commode.

The past few seasons have seen some fabulous collections come to the block: at Christie's that of the Henry McIlhenny estate and of the Doheny library, at Sotheby's that of Baron Lambert. But none of these are as extensive as the sales this month when both Christie's and Sotheby's showcase the extraordinary collections of two celebrities of our age. From April 9 to 12, Christie's, in association with Butterfield & Butterfield of San Francisco, will host the sale of Liberace's estate at the Los Angeles Convention Center for the benefit of the Liberace Foundation for the Performing and Creative Arts. In New York from April 23 to May 3, Sotheby's will have their sale of the estate of Andy Warhol—the most extensive single-owner sale the house has offered in New York—for the benefit of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. Although both sales are exceptional not only for the number and quality of lots but also for their provenance, they do not differ in kind from the old-fashioned estate sale.

In the case of Liberace, an eclectic buyer and compulsive collector, there are 2,500 lots scheduled (the McIlhenny sale of last year pales at a mere 936 pieces), from the contents of five homes in Las Vegas, Hollywood, Lake Tahoe, Malibu, and Trump Tower in New York City. The performer was known as an avid bargain hunter who frequently traveled incognito to antiques and garage sales because he feared his identity would inflate prices. An indiscriminate buyer, he bought to please himself and often purchased less-than-perfect items he would later fix himself. "If you had suggested years ago that Christie's would present Liberace's estate, I'd have said, 'I think not,' " says Christie's representative Jane de Lisser. "But this illustrates how the firm has moved into the twentieth century. Some of the pieces are unbelievable—and there's so much of it. When we came into the houses for the first time, we found cupboards and closets absolutely jam-packed with things, many of them still wrapped." In addition to what he called his "happy-happies," the collectibles of which the performer was so fond, the



SOTHEBY'S



Two works included in the Andy Warhol estate auction at Sotheby's April 23–May 3: Jasper Johns's *Light Bulb*, top, is estimated at $40,000–$50,000, while Cy Twomblys, *Untitled*, above, may fetch $300,000–$400,000.



Send $1.00 for Color Brochure (H-7) Directional, P.O. Box 2005, High Point, NC 27261
New York: NYDC, 200 Lexington Avenue Chicago: 1720 Merchandise Mart and Principal Cities Nationwide

The Ralph Lauren Home Collection is available at:

POLO RALPH LAUREN:

AUSTIN, BEVERLY HILLS, BOCA RATON, BOSTON, CHICAGO, COSTA MESA, DALLAS, DENVER, HOUSTON, KANSAS CITY, LA JOLLA, MANHASSET, MIAMI, NEW YORK CITY, PALM BEACH, PALM BEACH GARDENS, PHOENIX, PRINCETON, SAN ANTONIO, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN JOSE, TULSA, WASHINGTON, D.C., WINTER PARK

B. ALTMAN
BELK'S
BLOOMINGDALE'S
BROADWAY SOUTHWEST
BULLOCK'S
BURDINES
CRESCENT
DAYTON/HUDSON
DILLARD'S
M. EPSTEIN
F&R LAZARUS
G. FOX
FILENES
FAMOUS BARR
FOLEY'S
FREDERICK & NELSON
FROST BROS.
GOLDWATER'S
HAHNE'S
HECHT CO.
HESS
HIGBEE'S
I. MAGNIN
IVEY'S
J.W. ROBINSON'S
JACOBSONS
JOHN WANAMAKER
JORDAN MARSH
JOSEPH HORNE
KAUFMANNS
L.S. AYRES
LIBERTY HOUSE
LINEN'S ET AL
LORD AND TAYLOR
MAAS BROS.
MACY'S
MARSHALL FIELD'S
MAXFIELDS
MEIER & FRANK
METTLERS
NEIMAN MARCUS
NORDSTROMS
PRIVATE LIVES
PROFFIT'S
RICH'S
SUMMERHOUSE
THALHIMERS
WOODWARD & LOTHROP

sale features several custom pianos, including a Bluthner concert grand that employs four strings for each note and is the last of its kind in existence; a Baccarat crystal table reputed to have belonged to the Maharaja Bahadur Shah II of India; several custom automobiles; and, of course, many of Liberace's famous outfits. The sale is estimated to bring $3 to $5 million and will be the final, and perhaps grandest, performance of a grand personality of whom it was said, "If he loved something, he bought it."

By contrast, Sotheby's sales of the Andy Warhol collection over ten days in New York will show a side of the artist rarely glimpsed even by those who had known him for years. "When I first stepped into the house," recalls Robert Woolley, Sotheby's vice president and head of the decorative arts department, "the word that came to mind was *unexpected*. Everything was so un–twentieth century. And this from the man who started Pop Art. People will be surprised." The sales, expected to bring in excess of $10 million, involve all of Sotheby's departments except Judaica, and lots include important American Federal furniture, folk art, Art Deco furniture, Wiener Werkstätte and Puiforcat silver, French art glass, antique wristwatches, American Indian art, and, of course, works by Warhol's contemporaries.

"Andy possessed an innocent but canny eye which kept him always ahead of the game"

Like Liberace, Warhol was a bargain hunter who bought as he pleased. His eclectic taste, however, was combined with a passion for quality. Warhol would buy the absolute best examples of a period—especially nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century art and furnishings—but as soon as other collectors began to show interest he got out. According to his friend, critic John Richardson, who has written an introduction to the sale catalogue, "Despite the seemingly haphazard nature of the collection, there was a very definite pattern to the way Andy acquired. He possessed an innocent but canny eye which, coupled with the fact that he paid no attention to the dictates of fashion, kept him always ahead of the game."

In Warhol's house, hip-deep in merchandise, 26 departmental experts and four full-time specialists inventoried the more than 3,000 lots over several weeks. Sotheby's has not stinted on publicity either: besides viewings in their New York showrooms and at the Warhol residence, the auction house has mounted a traveling exhibition appearing in Los Angeles, Chicago, Frankfurt, Cologne, London, and Tokyo. Sotheby's is betting people will line up to view—and buy—the relics of Pop's patron saint. "He had a special eye," notes John Marion. "It's fascinating to people to see the fruit of a lifetime of collecting."

Indeed this seems to be the nut of estate sales: heirs seek liquid capital, collections seek new homes, and buyers seek the benefits of the collector's acumen. To this end, both Sotheby's and Christie's employ specialized estates departments whose job it is to identify and cultivate potential clients, and, once the estate is to go on the block, they also coordinate appraisals and inventory items. "We are most often contacted by the executors of an estate," says Andrea Krahmer, assistant vice president in Estates and Appraisals at Christie's, "but when we become aware that an important collector has passed away or is disbursing his collection, we will contact the executor and present our services." These services include an estate tax appraisal or an insurance appraisal. If after the appraisals the owners wish to auction pieces, specialists will determine what can be sold and whether the estate will be split among the house's specialized sales or, in exceptional cases, sold together as a single-owner sale. "We're looking for quality, rarity, works of art that will bring the best results at auction," says Warren Weitman of Sotheby's, "but there is no arbitrary cutoff in value." Andrea Krahmer agrees: "I tell potential clients that no estate is too small. I'm pleased to have one $2,000 bracelet. It's the personality and the quality of the pieces that matter." Sometimes a real find turns up. Not long ago a drawing in the Paul S. Ames estate at Sotheby's was discovered by expert Marc Rosen to be by Egon Schiele. The work, *Sitzender Halb Akt*, previously attributed to the French artist Pascin and valued at $2,000–$3,000, was sold in November 1986 for $55,000.

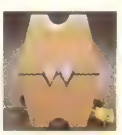
In all, it takes four to six months of research, inventory, and cataloging to bring an estate to the block. Both Christie's and Sotheby's see over a hundred estates a year and catalogue thousands of artifacts from other people's pasts. "The property affects you," said Andrea Krahmer. "You become familiar with the family, the executors. You see photographs, *(Continued on page 203)*

"THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR CONVENTIONAL THINKING.

AND THEN THERE'S MY HOUSE."



If you approach home design from a slightly different angle, you're cut out for Marvin windows. Each one is painstakingly crafted by hand from Ponderosa pine to fit not only the design of your home, but your way of life. So for a house that says you've arrived, choose windows that are a departure. For a free idea book, write Marvin Windows, Warroad, MN 56763; call 1-800-346-5128. (In Minnesota, call 1-800-552-1167; in Canada, call 1-800-263-6161.) Or see your local Marvin Windows dealer.



MARVIN WINDOWS ARE MADE TO ORDER.

It's charming, disarming, wicked, witty, eccentric, electric, brainy, bold. Best of all, it's yours to try now—before you send a cent.

A twice-in-this-century opportunity

From 1914 to 1936, a celebrated magazine epitomized the art and wit of a now-vanished age. Then—not long ago—The Condé Nast Publications presented the new *Vanity Fair.*

Vanity Fair. It's a daring and dauntless revival of wit. A lavish and luscious resurgence of flair. A stomping ground for legions of legends—in their most revealing photographs and least restrained interviews.

Its pages are sprinkled with humor, gossip and scandal. Studded with what's notable, quotable, dashing and dapper. Decked out in some of the most talked-about covers printed today.

The best and the boldest pictures and prose

The best writers in the world are writing for *Vanity Fair.* You'll find people like Norman Mailer, Gail Sheehy, William Styron, Stephen Spender, Dominick Dunne, James Atlas, Anthony Burgess, Garry Wills, Nora Ephron, Bob Colacello, Jay McInerney.

The best photographers in the world are packing the pages of *Vanity Fair.* You'll find scores of portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Richard Avedon, Deborah Turbeville, Irving Penn, Duane Michals, Bruce Weber, Horst, Snowdon.

The most provocative personalities

You'll enjoy perky, quirky, uninhibited profiles of some of today's most remarkable people: Dustin Hoffman. Imelda Marcos. Malcolm Forbes. Jack Nicholson. Jay Leno. Linda Ellerbee. Benazir Bhutto. Keith Haring. Keith Hernandez. Kathleen Turner. John Fairchild. John Updike. Ann Getty. Wallis Annenberg. Jessica Lange. Samuel Beckett. Sam Shepard. Torrie Steele.

And—now—just $12

Vanity Fair. It's filled with secrets. Surprises. Beefcake. Cheesecake. Fashion. Passion. Travel. Arts. And with this special offer, it's all yours for $1 an issue—that's an almost-absurd $1 a month!

How to try your first issue

Just send in the card (or the coupon) and have some fun with your first issue. Then pay us *after* you've taken a look.

You'll pay only $12 for one full year (12 issues). That's $12 *less* than the $24.00 other people pay at the newsstand—which is like getting six issues *free.*

To say "Yes" and to try your first issue, fill out the postpaid card attached or mail the coupon below.



I want to try VANITY FAIR

☐ **YES!** Please start my subscription. I'll get one year (twelve issues) of *Vanity Fair* at the lowest price of $12.

I'll save 50% off the newsstand price and I'll also have this guarantee: I can cancel my subscription and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues at any time during the course of my subscription.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

This offer limited to U.S.A. and its possessions. Your first issue will be mailed within 8 weeks.

Mail to: VANITY FAIR, P.O. Box 5228, Boulder, CO 80321 413H

jewelry, personal mementos, which are inventoried even if the family keeps them. With a grand person it's especially poetic—McIlhenny, for example, was a great host, and everything spoke to that. Often it's sad, too. But as one collector said, he was just the caretaker of these pieces, and it is exciting to see a collection disbursed to a new generation of buyers. It's a stand against mortality."

Certainly the sale of a great estate or collection is a memorable event, an odd combination of public reputation and private life in the form of a lifetime of accumulated artifacts. Their appeal is undeniable. This month Liberace and Andy Warhol will join the Windsors, McIlhennys, Goulds, Spiegels, and others whose lives have been catalogued for posterity. "Some sales will stay with me for the rest of my life," says John Marion. "There's certainly an emotional reaction for me. It's bittersweet—sweet because the pieces are passed on and loved, bitter because the owners aren't around to enjoy them." Their presence, however, endures. Especially, as in the case of Liberace and Warhol, when the proceeds from the estate sales will benefit the arts for many years to come.

David Lisi

April Sales

Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco
CA 94103; (415) 861-7500
April 9–12: Liberace estate
April 20: Contemporary paintings, California painters

Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
April 6: Chinese works of art
April 9–12: Liberace estate
April 11: Silver
April 14: Magnificent jewelry
April 23: English furniture
April 26: Photographs

Christie's
8 King St., London SW1Y 6QT
England; 839-9060
April 14: Important English furniture
April 22: Important old-master paintings
April 27: Jewelry
April 29: Bernasconi Collection: 19th-century Italian paintings

Christie's
Palazzo Massimo Lancellotti, Piazza Navona
114-00186, Rome, Italy; 654-1217
April 18: Furniture, objets d'art, porcelain
April 19: Old master and modern prints, watercolors

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
April 6: Americana
April 13: Important estate jewelry
April 13: American paintings
April 27: Fine English and Continental furniture, decorations, and paintings

Grogan & Company
890 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
MA 02215; (617) 566-4100
April 21: Copley Society art auction: work by living artists
April 23: 1940–50s sale: retro furniture, objects

Guernsey's
136 East 73 St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 794-2280
April 23: Carousel auction in San Francisco: fairground-related material

Hart Galleries
2311 Westheimer Rd., Houston, TX 77098
(713) 524-2979
April 8–10: Antiques and objets in Austin
April 29–31: Antiques, objets

Morton Goldberg
3000 Magazine St., New Orleans, LA 70115
(504) 891-8421
April 30: Estate sales, French and English furniture, decorations

Rosebery's
3–4 Hardwick St., London EC1R 4RB
England; 837-3418
April 26: Ceramics and glass, silver and jewelry

Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
April 6: English pottery and porcelain
April 7–8: Chinese works of art
April 13: Important silver
April 18–19: Magnificent jewelry
April 23–May 3: Andy Warhol estate

Sotheby's
34–35 New Bond St., London, W1A 2AA
England; 493-8080
April 11: Oriental manuscripts and miniatures
April 13: Islamic art, carpets, and textiles
April 14: Jewelry
April 20: Old-master paintings
April 28: Architectural drawings

Swann Gallery
104 East 25 St., New York, NY 10010
(212) 254-4710
April 14: Books: Zeitlin & Ver Brugge inventory: history of science and medicine
April 21: Early printed books



And adds the elegance of custom craftsmanship to your home. Our historically accurate designs, encompassing American and European styles of three centuries, complement any style.

Products include mouldings, chair rails, niches, domes, medallions and more, created in attractive, durable, easy-to-install modern materials. Finally, Something Beautiful Comes Easy.™

Please call for your local dealer, or send $5 for our color catalogue.

Focal Point Inc.

Dept. HG/P.O. Box 93327
2005 Marietta Rd., NW/Atlanta, GA 30318
(404) 351-0820

Power Trip

William Hamilton finds there's much more to jeeps than four-wheel drive



The first of man's creations to cause me infatuation was the jeep that suddenly appeared on the neighboring ranch. It was something a boy could behold and understand. It was open, like a tractor, but not as deformed-looking. It was so satisfyingly square and jaunty and male with its heroic war record and unadorned mug that I believed it might possess a soul.

Swinging in and out of a jeep was nothing like interring yourself in that bourgeois female monstrosity, the family car. A jeep presented a man as gallantly as did a horse—with none of the horse's hateful unpredictability. People did, of course, turn over in jeeps and break their necks, but not because the jeep smelled fear in the saddle or saw a stick in the road and decided it was a cobra. You had to make a jeep turn over on you, which isn't the same as spending the whole ride trying to make a horse not turn over on you.

Its power was so great and silent it seemed political or possibly criminal

Another jeep quickly showed up in my childhood, a yellow Willys postwar model regularly driven into town by my mother's friend Mrs. Mildred Kreider. Mrs. Kreider inevitably piloted this newcomer wearing white gloves, a silk dress, spectator pumps and upon occasion a hat, a hat with a veil ("Mildred's little touch of Newport" was how my mother explained this costume). I imagined this yellow jeep to be quite embarrassed when the older khaki one passed by carrying a keg of nails in the back or a freshly killed four-point buck.

These two jeeps, the neighbor's war veteran and Mrs. Kreider's postwar Willys, so clearly a male and a female of the same species, would seem to have bred prolifically, producing all manner of mechanical descendants, from the stunted postal worker you see feeding rural mailboxes to the lordly Range Rover in which a friend of mine who is, in fact, a landed English lord invited me for a look at his landed lands. He drove very fast. The power was so great and silent it seemed political or possibly criminal. The interior of the Range Rover was luxurious and finished, but it still retained something of its warrior forebear's bare-iron purpose. He turned off the road, causing a herd of cattle to part before us like the Red Sea opening to the Israelites. Hills and gulches began to rise and fall before us like the North Atlantic in a storm. We shot through a mud wallow without a slip and up a wet grass hill as steep as a wall. I was grinning like an idiot to affect confidence from the passenger seat. When I looked over at the pilot, I was startled to see his lordship on the phone.

This Range Rover of my friend's is the expensive descendant of the descriptively named Land Rover, founding sire of the British branch of the Jeep family. Like the khaki and epaulets of safari wear, the Land Rover was a veteran mustered out of the martial past into the glamour and swagger of African adventure. They introduced a whole new world of reference to four-wheel-drive fantasy, a spacious safari and sheep-station vision still full of adventure but disconnected from war.

As Land Rovers first nosed onto movie screens, with props like Mount Kilimanjaro in the background, engineers in America successfully crossbred the jeep with the station wagon. Boys of all ages began to feel the pull of four-wheel drive, and market researchers in Coventry, Detroit, and Osaka noticed. Aren't males basically hunters, warriors, and explorers sublimating their way through a technological age? Of course we want Broncos and Blazers. We buy Wranglers, Wagoneers, and Cherokee Chiefs for primordial reasons. We crave Pathfinders, Eagles, Troopers, Vistas, and Raiders. The Daihatsu Company didn't call their four-wheel-drive vehicle *Rocky* only to refer to terrain. Neither the original bare-bones jeep nor the leather-upholstered Range Rover transports mere physical cargo.

In *Society as I Have Found It*, the self-created nineteenth-century socialite Ward McAllister describes how he rented herds of sheep and cattle from neighboring farmers for a half day to imply to his guests at Newport that he had more acreage than he really possessed. Today a mud-splattered Range Rover in the country-house driveway might serve the same purpose: only with four-wheel drive can the vast interior of these landholdings be penetrated.

A sheriff in West Hollywood tells me four-wheel drive is becoming as essential to the local psychosexual foppery as leather and studs. These Hollywood jeeps are immaculate objects not even intended to suggest lands or expeditions. They are as ornamental as city cowboy boots, totems as remote from their original purpose as is a bishop's crosier from herding sheep.

Instead of the obsolescence and oblivion awaiting the rest of World War II's surplus, the jeep is proliferating, diversifying, and flourishing all over the world. I knew this would happen the moment I saw my first one. Who could resist such a mischievous, off-the-road appeal—such a flaunt and outrage to the domestic order represented so oppositely by the sedan your mother drove? ♠

ANDREA SELBY

SMALLBONE

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH CABINETRY



Smallbone make kitchens, bedrooms and bathrooms to order in the authentic English tradition. Here a linen press with open shelves and glazed wardrobes have been hand-painted in ivory and highlighted in rose pink.

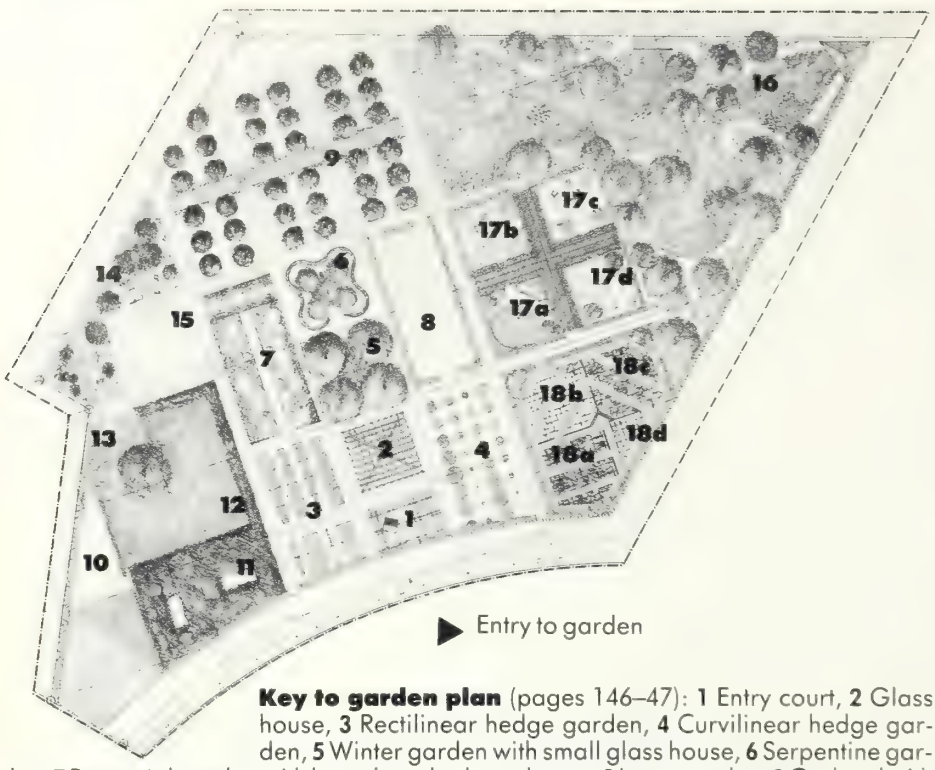
SHOWROOMS: EAST COAST: 150 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10155. TELEPHONE (212) 935-3222
WEST COAST: 315 SOUTH ROBERTSON BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90048 TELEPHONE (213) 550-7299

Please send $10.00 for your 48 page full color Smallbone Catalog of Kitchens, Bedrooms and Bathrooms with this coupon to:
Smallbone Inc. 150 East 58th Street, New York, NY 10155 or telephone **(212) 935-3222**.

Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____

HSG/4/88B



Key to garden plan (pages 146–47): **1** Entry court, **2** Glass house, **3** Rectilinear hedge garden, **4** Curvilinear hedge garden, **5** Winter garden with small glass house, **6** Serpentine garden, **7** Perennial garden with barrel-vaulted rose house, **8** Lawn garden, **9** Orchard with water path, **10** Copper maintenance building, **11** Linden bosque, **12** Reflecting pool, **13** Stone and sand beach garden, **14** Alpine garden, **15** Flower field, **16** Lily pond with waterfall pavilion, **17a** Fountain garden, **17b** Herb garden, **17c** Topiary garden, **17d** Fragrance garden, **18a** Blue garden, **18b** White garden, **18c** Red garden, **18d** Yellow garden

(Continued from page 152) really interests me. I can even look at a drain now, in detail, and see the implications of it and know what the problems are.

"We wanted to provide an experience within the city which people couldn't otherwise have. I wasn't quite sure how to do it, but as always, when in doubt, I used a grid. Fifty feet seemed the smallest unit we could work with, so we chose that. I monkeyed about with it and tried to get a center and an entrance to the garden and go on from there." In the garden, as in everything else that Jennifer Bartlett has done, there is evidence of emotional drive that is the more powerful for being so subtly coded. A garden has to do with plans, long nurtured, that may or may not be fulfilled. To anyone who knows how to read it, it has universal implications. As Bartlett puts it, "I work from the kinds of things that make me weep in movies. I was the only person I knew who liked *Out of Africa*. I liked it and wept because it dealt with the frailty, the mutability, the poignancy of what happens in nature. The passage of time will always set me off. So will slow decay, lack of permanence, and the fact that everything is dependent upon something else."

The project is also full of the instinct for play. Fun for Bartlett, fun for her colleagues, and fun beyond a doubt for the five hundred or so people who can visit free at any one time, it is nonetheless a place of fierce feeling—all the fiercer, perhaps, for not being forced upon anyone. Even the seating has deep intentions behind it.

"We're going to have every kind of seating. Wooden benches, marble benches, deck chairs like in St. James Park in London, and chairs that you can drag around and put where you want. We don't want everything bolted down. I certainly didn't want to start with the idea that there would be vandalism, that the human being is basically a malicious, threatening presence."

The big orchard has been conceived in the same free-spirited way. "It will be all crab apple trees, with grass and wildflowers underneath. In spring when the blossoms come, the grass will grow high. Then, when the apples come, the grass will die down and need to be cut. In each of the square components of the orchard we'll have a seating area with Adirondack chairs, the kind that you'd ordinarily find in an orchard.

"One thing I always wanted was a grotto with a waterfall coming out of it. Alex didn't like the idea, but he didn't say no. It stayed in the plan for a year and a half, but finally he did say that it would be smelly. And when he described it as being like some sort of urinal in a railroad station made up of Disneyland rocks, it became truly horrifying to me.

"So then I got the idea of having a building there with a waterfall coming out of it instead of a grotto. It will be much cheaper, much more efficient, and much easier to build. The waterfall—twenty feet wide—will cascade down the glass roof of the building."

An outsider is not always welcome in a professional situation, and this project is no exception. "The landscape professionals don't like what I'm trying to do. When I gave a lecture at Harvard about our project, the president of the Battery Park City Authority, Sandy Frucher, got four phone calls the next day asking, 'How can you let this woman out?' I had told the audience not to give in too much to the client. You could compromise on 25 percent if you had to, but beyond that you just didn't have a project. They thought that was terribly radical.

"But our client—and in the end Sandy Frucher is our client—is wonderfully supportive. One thing I've learned about Alex and Sandy is that they are consummate negotiators. Negotiation is alien to me. So it is fascinating to watch the way they get things done by compromising as little as possible."

Some of Jennifer Bartlett's ideas are peculiar to herself. Who else would commission tiles patterned after three Stuart tartans? They correspond to Bartlett's long-running passion for plaids, which in turn relates to her even longer-running passion for the grid. But then the entire garden project, so unlikely at first thought and so endlessly and subtly provocative in its ramifications, seems destined to end up as a place where—and here I quote from what Carter Wiseman said in *New York* magazine about Battery Park City as a whole—"battered New Yorkers can now feel good about themselves." As for those who will grow old along with it and witness its well-thought-out mutabilities, one can only envy them. ♠ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

Photographs of all plan drawings and model by Dan Cornish/ESTO

CORRECTION: The following credit was omitted from Duane Michals' Four Seasons, HG March 1988: architect Frederick R. Gorree renovated the house and laid out the garden.

"Blues & Grays"



The finest solid pewter Collection of Civil War figurines ever produced . . ."

In commemoration of this tumultuous period of the Nation's history, Classic Collections have produced "Blues and Grays," a magnificent action packed Collection of ten Civil War pewter figurines which salutes – with respect and in loving memory – our ancestral heroes who gave so much to ensure that every American would become a free citizen of the world's greatest and most powerful democracy.

The "Blues and Grays" Collection consists of General Robert E. Lee with four soldiers of the Confederacy and General Ulysses S. Grant with four servicemen of the Union. Each figurine stands 4¾" tall and is cast in pewter, skilfully finished and antiqued by hand – old-fashioned craftsmanship emphasizing the detailed perfection.

The brilliant realism of each of the pieces pays tribute to Englishman, Ronald Cameron, who, for many years, has been recognised as one of the world's leading sculptors of military figurines.







The "Blues and Grays" Collection assembles on a unique turntable display unit with a polished wooden base and a rotating deck covered in rich red velvet. The turntable, 15" in diameter, provides a beautiful focal point. Available only direct from Classic Collections, it will be sent to you FREE, along with your third piece or as part of the complete Collection should you decide to purchase the entire set.

To acquire the Collection, please mail the Subscription Application. The demand for "Blues and Grays" will be exceptionally high. All orders will be fulfilled in strict rotation so please send your Subscription Application without delay.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Post to: Classic Collections of Delaware Ltd., Suite 1, 5615 Silver Ridge Drive, Stone Mountain, Atlanta, Georgia 30087.

Please enter my subscription for "Blues and Grays."

please mark box

☐ I wish to purchase one figurine per month at $70.00

☐ I wish to purchase one every other month but be billed $35.00 each month

☐ I wish to purchase the entire Collection outright at $700.00

If you wish to pay by Visa, or MasterCard, please state your number and expiry date.

Prices are guaranteed for the entire Collection. I understand that as soon as my first piece is shipped I will be billed. As a subscriber, I will be sent, free of charge, my unique turntable display unit with my third figurine.

Signature. . . . . .

Mr/Mrs/Miss . . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

City/State . . . . . Zip. . . . . .

*Plus $5 per sculpture for shipping and handling. State Sales Tax will be billed if applicable.

Royalty

(Continued from page 112) wants to entice to Regensburg, and above all to her husband's childhood friend, Count Pierre de Malleray de Barre, who is currently in charge of refurbishing Schloss St. Emmeram and an antler-studded hunting lodge nearby, as well as Schloss Garatshausen on the Starnbergersee in Bavaria, and the vast machicolated pile, Schloss Taxis, deep in the deer-hunting forests of Swabia.

The early-nineteenth-century fastness of Taxis is more to my romantic taste than Regensburg. It consists of four separate buildings: one for the princely family, one of vast suites for princely guests, one of less vast suites for less princely guests, and one for the princely army that no longer exists. I love Taxis because it looks much as it must have at the beginning of the Biedermeier period when the family did it up in the height of fashion. Johannes's artistic grandmother, an Austrian archduchess, made a few artistic touches, including a wall of memorabilia in the form of her palettes, but the subsequent incumbent, Prince Franz Joseph, Johannes's uncle, never changed anything. If curtains, carpets, or wallhangings fell into disrepair, they were not replaced, simply thrown out—sad for those who treasure the patina of age. The result in certain rooms is a hint of Neoclassical minimalism, which is decidedly relevant to today's taste.

Great or small, the period interiors at Taxis evoke nothing so much as the nineteenth-century watercolors of rooms in German and Russian palaces which the recent reissue of Mario Praz's *An Illustrated History of Interior Decoration* has greatly helped to popularize—above all, those watercolors that portray Schinkel's sublime interiors for the Prussian court. Best are the rooms where colors are of the palest: white on white, white and gold, white and yellow. Even the objects at Taxis come in a gamut of white: alabaster urns and opaline vases and Neoclassical busts of Habsburgs and Wittlesbachs carved in marble of porcelain whiteness and set on columns of honey-colored scagliola. White muslin curtains, which would formerly have been chastely bordered or fringed with a touch of gold, are looped back to reveal distant forest views—romantically beautiful but redolent of *Giselle*'s menacing Willis.

Against wall after wall, in enfilade after enfilade, rows of stiff little Empire side chairs are reflected in floors that are kept waxed to a looking-glass sheen. Chandeliers of ormolu and rock crystal are likewise reflected to infinity thanks to misty mirrors hung opposite each other. In virtually every room a measure of coziness, albeit conceptual, is provided by huge white porcelain stoves, which are never lit since the family only visits Taxis in summer.

In these eerily unspoiled rooms it is all too easy to envision Johannes's forebear, Karoline, queen of Bavaria, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting busy at their embroidery frames. Witness the fruit of their diligence: the queen's magnificent set of white-and-gold chairs in the White Drawing Room, each inscribed on the back with the name of the lady responsible for the woolwork, each a riot of gentian, morning glories, and fritillaries. Underfoot is a no less colorful expanse of needlework that must have put a fearful strain on noble old eyes and noble old fingers. What a sleeping beauty of a palace Taxis is! All the more of a shock, therefore, when Gloria races in, dressed from top to toe in studded leather (North Beach Leather, of course), brandishing a mean-looking electric guitar. Tonight the handsome harp with which Johannes's grandmother entertained her guests will not be heard. The chandeliers, I know from experience, are going to shudder to the beat of rock. Yes, there is such a thing as a time warp.

"Let's have a drink," Gloria says. "Goldie is still out shooting." Goldie? Johannes, of course. "I call him that because of all the gold chains he wears." Could it be that Johannes—notorious for such pranks as silencing a tycoon's tedious wife with a squirt of Binaca down the throat—has finally met his match? For better rather than worse, it seems that the Thurn und Taxis are now a *folie à deux*. Gloria's energetic outgoing nature and constant desire to distract and divert provide a perfect foil for her husband's sardonic humor. Johannes's outraged victims too often forget that he and his father both spent time in Hitler's concentration camps. Hadn't they always made a point of saluting anyone wearing a yellow star?

As dusk falls, the "guns" return from the butts, and I wander down the dimly lit corridors of the castle. Outside each bedroom is a huge old-fashioned coat tree on which guests hang their muddy shooting clothes. Wet loden signifies the Germans; Burberrys and tweeds the English; L. L. Bean the Americans. A snappy Austrian outfit can only belong to Honeychile Hohenlohe. On the coat tree outside Gloria's door, a maid has arranged a bouquet of multicolored dresses by Lacroix for her to choose from. In the spooky Gothic darkness they glow like giant Japanese lanterns.

At Taxis, anachronisms manifest themselves at every turn. That's not one of Johannes's ancestral carriages you see lurking in the depths of a coach house; that's a Cadillac of the fifties—all chrome and fins and fenders—which Gloria has just added to her collection of automobiles only slightly older than herself.

Wonders never cease. When it's time to extricate myself from the Thurn und Taxis time warp, I ask Willy, the majordomo, where her highness is to be found. "In her study," I am told. By now I know what to expect, but, as usual, I'm wrong. Gone is the eye-catching, ear-splitting guitar. Gloria's hair is no longer teased into Mephistophelian horns but demurely brushed into a Buster Brown bob, and she is seated in a Neo-Gothic sitting room of early Victorian prettiness surrounded by three angelic children—the picture of Biedermeier bliss. ♠

Hollywood Western

(Continued from page 121) a leather-and-chrome Mies bench was sandblasted. "It now looks like pigskin and rust," Schumacher laughs. "It's much more interesting."

Though dominated by Southwestern and Native American art and design, the house's singularity is born of a truly rampant eclecticism. Within a few square feet one can see a coffee table made from an old jet-engine casing, a donkey saddle serving as a magazine rack, a Russian rug, an Indian chief's blanket, and an English brass table. "And in the dining room I have a zebra skin with a Persian rug and a Navajo rug on top. That's my philosophy—throw it all together and it will work. As long as the individual pieces are pure, you can mix textures and patterns at will."

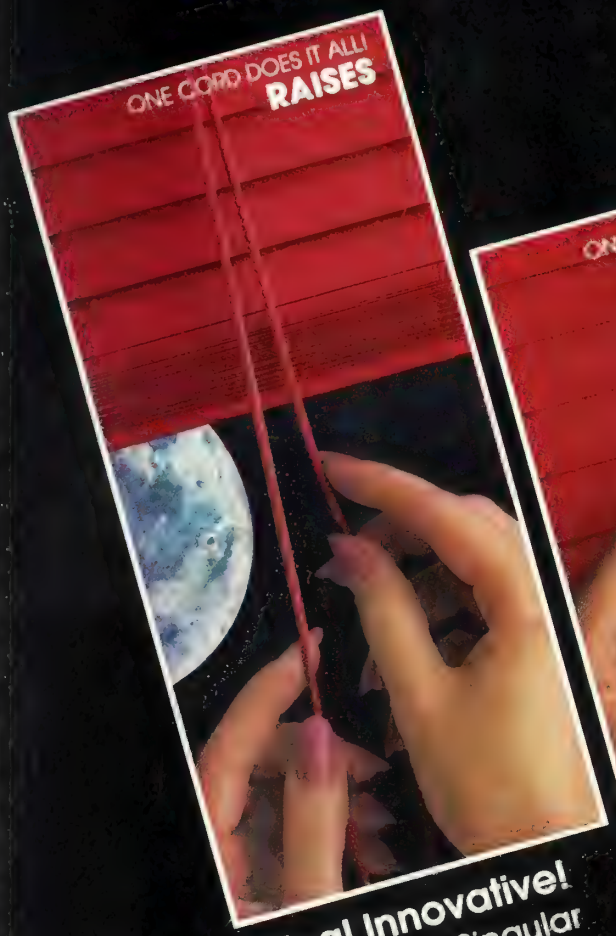
It follows that the house has almost no closets or cupboards; everything is openly displayed, including the owner's papers and desk, placed at one end of the living room. "A lot of writers hide themselves away in strange dark little rooms. I wanted to enjoy the house as I worked, to make it into a little oasis. This is a gentle house, and I think it's because animals lived here." And the ghost of Valentino is now absent. In the one unhappy year the star spent at Falcon Lair, riding provided rare moments of tranquillity. "That's something I learned very quickly in this business," Schumacher adds. "Stardom is a very dubious honor." ♠

INTRODUCING
THE SINGULAR SENSATION

BALI® Ultra™

MINI AND MICRO® BLINDS

featuring the **All-In-One™** Control Cord







New! Exciting! Innovative!

That's the Bali® Ultra™..."The Singular Sensation"! What makes it so sensational is the patented **All-In-One™** Control Cord. All-In-One means that one cord raises, lowers and tilts the blind.

Smoothly... easily... precisely!

The Bali® Ultra™ Custom made... Over 130 decorator colors.

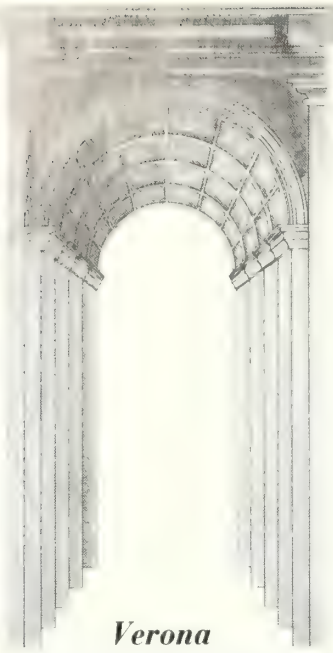
You've got to try it to believe it!

For more information on the Bali® Ultra™ write to: Bali® Ultra™ Blinds, Box 3922, Dept. C, Schaumburg, IL 60168-3922. Or call toll-free, 1-800-433-7138.

© 1987, Carey-McFall Corporation
U.S. Patent Nos. 4,372,432 and 4,433,765 and patents pending

BALI®
THE NAME TO LOOK FOR IN BLINDS.™





Verona
5-9 May 1988

ABITARE
IL TEMPO

International Review
of Classic Furniture

The best production of furniture and textiles floors and lamps doors and windows fittings and decorative objects

Concurrent Events

Shows

"Il piacere di abitare"
by Adolfo Natalini

"Genius loci"
by Ugo La Pietra

Conferences

"I modi dell'abitare"
"Il disegno della comunicazione"
Organization Assarredo/Federlegno-Arredo
by Cristina Morozzi

Patronizers
Camera di Commercio di Verona
Unione Européenne de l'Ameublement

Organized by

Ente Autonomo Fiere di Verona
Viale del Lavoro, 8 - 37100 Verona

Spazio Comunicativo - Bo

Secretarial Office
SAIEC srl
C.P. 63 - 40050 Funo
Centergross - BO - Italy
Tel. 051/861923

Press Office and P.R.
SAIEC srl
Via Masaccio, 19
20145 Milano
Tel. 02/4814293

His & Hers

(Continued from page 126) on the dining-room table. And for a third project he might work on the Jefferson chair in the living room. Only the pugs and Rolodex travel with him; otherwise, everything stays exactly where it is, sometimes for years at a time.

I am interested in historic preservation, and my colleagues and I are thought to be in our business because we cannot bear to throw anything away. But John makes us all look like a bunch of amateurs. He accumulates not only important things; every day he tears articles out of the newspaper, reads dozens of books at once, and writes notes to himself. He is able to navigate through this sea and even live in it.

I like nice square classical stuff that has belonged to other people, and I also like high tech—computers, answering machines, speaker phones. I like flowers and piles of books. But most of all I like whatever is lying around to be organized. And neat drawers and closets are my gods.

To John a closet is like a jack-in-the-box—not only stuffed as though the authorities were on their way but stuffed with surprises that jump out at you when you open the door: books, socks, manuscripts, Christmas tree ornaments, beach towels, and undelivered wedding presents.

I like home to be soothing, and John likes home to be entertaining. I like to walk in and find things as I left them—sofas freshly plumped, books glossy as pastries waiting to be undone, the cats, Jack and Lil, languishing in their places.

John likes to be surprised—and his apartment senses it. Tables and chairs look as though they are about to jump up and start doing the Virginia reel. Music blasts. Telephones ring. Guests and packages arrive. Rose and Louise run around in circles and bark. Every surface sprouts, winks, or dodges. The room swims and so do I. So I go next door.

In truth, I spend a good deal of time in John's apartment. But John seldom visits mine. It is too small, too pink, and too neat. When he does come over, my things and I go on red alert—the pictures plaster themselves to the walls, the rugs lie flatter, the chairs crouch down, and I hold onto my hat. We all fear that the *Guare-geist* will cause us to fly into a heap.

So the two separate apartments produce for the most part domestic bliss. And thanks to our respective safe havens, we have learned to compromise. When we have a dinner party, John now dresses for dinner (not black tie—clothes), and when I set the table, I no longer burst into tears—John just pushes everything to the south end, and I work with the north.

Only in certain matters have we had to go to extremes. One has to do with *The New York Times*. When John has finished reading it—which takes him about forty-five seconds since he is the fastest reader on earth—the newspaper looks like a pup tent. But he likes to read it first so he can spring the news on me.

I like to read the paper, too, but I am unable to face it unless it looks like a freshly ironed shirt. So after a complete standoff (''What's the difference? I'll *tell* you what it said''), we have taken two subscriptions to *The New York Times*, and there is no longer any problem. He reads his and destroys it, and I read mine and it looks untouched by human hands. And then, at about the same moment, both copies wind up in the service hall—the simplest of architectural devices—which is the agent for this marital bliss. ♠

Decorating Editors:
Dodie Kazanjian and Beatrice Monti della Corte

Takeout Heaven

(Continued from page 156) twenty minutes *uncovered* in a conventional oven at 325 degrees F., least resembled last month's meat loaf. Barry Wine at the Quilted Giraffe gets around the problem by designing his takeout for consumption at room temperature. He stuffs his individual four-layered "bento boxes"—a version of those cunning Japanese lacquered lunch boxes—with composed salads of fish and meat and five tiny desserts. Some of the best takeout I've had.

DON'T ever order familiar food. If you bring home a tub of cassoulet from the place around the corner, you will probably be disappointed. Finding the best cassoulet in town can take months. With unfamiliar food you won't get caught up in endless comparative judgments. The novelty alone will delight you, at least the first few times.

In search of the unfamiliar, a friend and I recently voyaged aboard an astonishingly spotless and silent subway train to the thriving Russian émigré community in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn. All the signs and posters were in Cyrillic, except for an enigmatic billboard recruiting applicants for the job of Los Angeles deputy sheriff. A man furtively sold faded jeans and denim shirts for cash as though he were back in the black market in Odessa. Food was everywhere. Respecting my mother-in-law's guiding principle, "Never shop for food on an empty stomach," we devoured a half-dozen piroshki sold on the street—deep-fried yeasty egg dough the size of a shoe, filled like jelly doughnuts with spiced meat, potato, or cabbage—and then, down the block, some hot *ponchik,* which were identical to piroshki except they were down the block.

With unfamiliar food the novelty will delight you, at least the first few times

After two hours of shopping in several vast carryout places where English only got us into trouble, we returned to Manhattan, our shopping bags stuffed with thirty paper-wrapped treasures, none of whose names we knew. Half turned out to be inedible, but ten became our feast. We began with eggplant à la russe on dark bread, spicy Hungarian salami, smoked herring (the Russians smoke everything that moves), and marinated sardines, glittery silver skin around a blood-red interior. Soup was a dark, rich meat broth flecked with green and crammed full of diced tongue, ham, and sausage. Our main course was the skin of a chicken lined with strips of tongue, smoked pork, and chicken forcemeat rolled and baked; several cold eggplant dishes; and coils of sausage—herbed chicken or spicy pork—glistening with the tomato-flavored broth in which they were baked.

There is no telling whether a Russian would have enjoyed the meal as much as we did. Our ignorance had its own rewards.

DO organize each day around a little challenge or contest. Two that always work for me are, How fast can I get my hands on an honest five-course meal? and How many *navarins de faisan aux pieds de cochon* can I locate in a 24-hour period?

One day I posed the simplest challenge of them all, Where can you get the best smoked salmon in town? Wary of shopping on an empty stomach that bright Saturday morning, I dashed down to the Grand Palace on Mott Street in Chinatown, a Hong Kong–style restaurant the size of a regional airport, where the staff tirelessly wheels about steaming carts of Chinese dumplings, pastries, soups, and roasted meats. As the plates piled up around me, I reviewed my notes and reminisced about an earlier salmon quest near the windy coast of northeastern Scotland. We were taking lunch with Lord Meldrum of That Ilk, a man of varied parts—laird, president of the Scottish Ballet, innkeeper, and world traveler. In a confidential voice, I asked him where we could locate the best smoked salmon. Would he send us to some tiny smokehouse clinging to a desolate rock in the Outer Hebrides? He thought for a moment and replied, "Have you tried Zabar's?"

For a New Yorker the answer is not so simple. Zabar's is a serious contender among seven or eight serious contenders. I sketched out the day's route on a paper napkin, paid the cashier at the Grand Palace, and hailed a cab. The driver, an elderly Chinese man, agreed to ferry me around Manhattan for as long as it would take, and we were off. First stop was Dean & DeLuca in SoHo, my favorite food shop when the staff is in a good mood, where I found three types of salmon and picked up a jar of Chinese caviar inexplicably labeled Tsar Nicoulai. Then off to Russ & Daughters, an ancient Lower East Side establishment where fat Gaspé and leaner Scotch salmon beckoned and where I learned that "Nova" is rarely from Nova Scotia anymore—it's usually just tarted-up Pacific salmon.

The route through midtown made me yearn for garden-variety gridlock, as did the lines at the reliable William Poll and the excellent but grotesquely expensive E.A.T. Fatigue lifted temporarily as we sped through Central Park to the Upper West Side and Barney Greengrass, the fabled Sturgeon King. Then on to the superb selection at Murray's Sturgeon Shop and its luscious, silky, pink Norwegian flesh. I owed the cab driver so much by now that I no longer feared he would tire and abscond with my shopping bags.

We took a breather, double-parking in front of Zabar's, New York's most famous food store. To fortify myself for the perils ahead, I ate the little tub of sweet, aromatic herring salad I had bought at Murray's, and then plunged into Zabar's. My number at the fish department was 89 and they were serving 21, which gave me time to survey the astounding houseware bargains, take another ticket and get waited on at the prepared foods counter, enjoy two complimentary chocolate truffles, absorb the insults of a hundred elbows, and step outside to check on my taxi driver, who was consoling himself with a mimeographed religious tract. When 89 was called, though, the service was attentive and wise, and I emerged with salmon from Ireland and Nova Scotia and a few pounds of creamed herring. Lord Meldrum of That Ilk may or may not be correct about where to find the best smoked salmon, but nobody beats Zabar's creamed herring.

As the sun dropped into the Hudson River, I stopped at Petrossian, a branch of the Paris-based purveyor of foie gras, caviar, comfit, and salmon (wild Norwegian, smoked in France) and then settled back for the ride home, crowded by shopping bags, momentarily too tired to eat.

At a red light my cabdriver turned and asked if I had heard about the City of God. I wondered if this was a new salmon smoker that had eluded my research, but his mind was not on fish. Gesturing with his religious pamphlet, he explained that the City of God is twelve miles in width and breadth and height and is wrought of pure gold and transparent as glass, with gates of pearl and walls of jasper. All who dwell therein have four-bedroom apartments. They do not eat, neither have they need for food.

The winners of my contest, by the way, were both Norwegian, one from Murray's and the other from Petrossian.

Finally, *DO quit your job.* Searching out the finest takeout food will become your full-time occupation in the year 2050, more than cooking ever was. Americans will become a lonely race of Mesolithic hunter-gatherers prowling the darkened city streets, wallets honed and sharpened, ready to pounce on the unsuspecting pint of pasta primavera and snare the slow-footed slice of *pâté de campagne.* You will scarcely have time to eat. ♠

HOUSE & GARDEN'S

BEST IN DECORATION

IT'S THE BOOK YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED: THE MOST STUNNING INTERIORS CREATED BY THE WORLD'S TOP DESIGNERS FOR SOME OF THEIR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENTS—AND FOR THEMSELVES.

Since 1980, House & Garden has been guiding readers through the fabulous interiors created by the leading designers around the world. Now they've chosen the best ...the most beautiful...the quintessential statements of great taste and high style. ..and put them all together in their own design masterpiece: House & Garden's BEST IN DECORATION.

House & Garden's BEST IN DECORATION will take you from an ancient Marco Simone castle to a post-modern Chicago penthouse, from John Maurer's cozy New England cottage to Jacques Grange's lushly romantic house in Paris

More than 250 photographs will show you the furnishings and architectural details, magnificent antiques and priceless collections. And you'll learn from the owners and designers themselves how the special magic of each environment was created

BEST IN DECORATION is House & Garden's own celebration of the triumphant achievements of design in our time... a labor of love...and a stunningly elegant production:

To order your First Edition copy for only $35.00, write to:
CONDÉ NAST COLLECTION
P.O. Box 10850
Des Moines, Iowa 50336, or

CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-922-4400



A stunningly elegant production
- 304 pages printed entirely in full-color lithography
- bound in fine-woven cloth covers
- measuring a large nine inches by twelve inches.

Send order to
CONDÉ NAST COLLECTION
P.O. Box 10850
Des Moines, Iowa 50336

Please send me _____ copies of HOUSE & GARDEN'S BEST IN DECORATION at $35.00 [illegible] * [illegible] postage and handling for each copy.

My check or money order for $ _____ [illegible]
(check one)
☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

My credit card number is _____ Expiration date _____

Signature _____
(required for credit card orders)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Residents of NY, CA, GA, IL, MA, CO, IA, MI please add applicable sales tax

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

87R10

'60s/'90s

(Continued from page 135) depths of Manhattan's Palladium, where in the shag-carpeted basement you could bask in the black light and Day-Glo paint of artist Kenny Scharf's period playroom. Nowadays, searching for the sixties is a cinch.

Like the patchouli oil that wafted through those days, whiffs of the sixties can be overwhelming. Even the peace sign has recently been put back into circulation: Prince appropriated the riveting icon for the poster announcing his new film, *Sign o' the Times*, as did the designers of a print ad for a French liqueur, adding a pair of defiant youths in Nehru jackets to hammer home the point. And just as Marshall McLuhan predicted, television is doing its part to spread the news throughout the global village. The jarring chords of Lennon and McCartney's "Revolution" have been called into service by Nike. After the commercial there's Kate and her B-52s sporting beehives on MTV and—hey hey!—a return engagement by the Monkees. In Hollywood the assault on Vietnam has escalated visibly with *Platoon*, *Gardens of Stone*, *Full Metal Jacket*, *Hamburger Hill*, and *Good Morning, Vietnam*. We must also add the Barbie doll to the list of sixties revivalists, since that perennial bellwether just sold out in a special Feelin' Groovy model.

For a truly blinding flashback, however, nothing quite matches last August's Harmonic Convergence, a two-day event requiring 144,000 people to convene—as all nine planets came into alignment—at specified "power points" around the world and hum. Yes, hum. Could it be a new dawning of the Age of Aquarius?

If you thought you were safe from the sixties at home, think again. At such dealers as Have a Nice Day and HaRry in Los Angeles and at Artery and Full House in New York, business is brisk in Joe Colombo plastic stacking chairs and Werner Panton swiveling cone-shaped dining chairs. Sotheby's recently set the value of a sixties inflatable clear-plastic armchair with poufs at $732, and at Christie's the auctioneer's gavel didn't fall until the bids had rocketed out of the $1,200–$1,800 range the catalogue listed for Eero Aarnio's space-age Globe chair. For those who prefer a more gradual reentry into the sixties, there is Zürich architects Trix and Robert Haussmann's Pop benday-dot porcelain place setting for Swid Powell. Guess who's coming to dinner? Roy Lichtenstein.

Nostalgia, like memory, is highly selective. We pick and choose. We reedit the script. We study the detail, not the big picture. What is being remembered and revived from the sixties is the surge of optimism and creativity that erupted in the early years when Eisenhower went home to his farm in Gettysburg and the youngest elected president in U.S. history ushered in a new day as different from the old as Jackie was from Mamie. It was a time when anything was possible, when we were heading for the moon.

Perhaps we should chalk up the allure the sixties currently holds for so many to the sobering experiences of the Me Decade and Reagan Era. We used to snicker at the idealism of the early sixties, but with Washington's scams and Wall Street's scandals, that snicker might be changing to envy. A breath of fresh air would be most welcome now, and the sixties might not be such a bad place to look for the open window. There was an exuberance about that youthful age which could come in handy as we head toward the next. ▲

Credits for '60s/'90s
Page 130—Courtesy Sonnabend Gallery
Page 131—Clockwise (from top left): Courtesy Kartell; Courtesy *Paper*; Jean Kallina; Courtesy Laura Hyman Publicity; Courtesy Christie's; Courtesy Jay Gorney Modern Art and Sonnabend Gallery; Jean Kallina
Page 134—Barbara Gladstone Gallery

Bring your home to Pella

We'll design a Pella Sunroom to fit your home and your budget.

Dad can relax. Enameled aluminum exterior cladding needs no painting.



Slimshade® blinds between insulating panes. What could be easier to keep clean?

Choose Heatlock or Sunblock™ glass to save energy. Saves fabrics from fading, too.

Free Pella Idea Book
Please send my free 20-page book of Windowscaping™ ideas for Pella wood windows, doors, sunrooms and skylights.
I plan to:
☐ build
☐ remodel
☐ replace

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Phone_____
This coupon answered in 24 hours.
Mail to: Pella Windows and Doors, Dept. C03D8, 100 Main Street, Pella, Iowa 50219. Also available throughout Canada. ©1988 Rolscreen Company.

The Pella Window Store®
Windows, Doors, Sunrooms & Skylights











Top from left: David Hockney, *The Room, Manchester Street*, 1967, 95 × 95 inches; Georgia O'Keeffe, *Yellow Calla—Green Leaves*, 1927, 42 × 16. Above: Charles Sheeler, *Silo*, 1938, 20 × 19; Roy Lichtenstein, *Ohhh...Alright*, 1964, 36 × 38. Left: Cy Twombly, *Untitled, Bolsena*, 1969, 78 × 94.

(Continued from page 145) most dealers and auction houses in the seventies still treated the period 1870 to 1930 in American painting as one unit, a slide area between the historical and the modern. "You start to look at the edges of any period you're interested in—you creep forward." His next painting was a ravishing 1927 Georgia O'Keeffe still life of yellow calla lilies. At that point Martin realized that "nineteenth-century pictures of similar quality were too hard to get—I was offered fewer and fewer that I really liked. Little did I know that good twentieth-century work was even more difficult to find." But he was able to secure some outstanding pictures: in particular, a 1938 Charles Sheeler of a silo, one of the works that sum up the whole enterprise of Precisionism and its relation, in Sheeler's painting, to photography, and more recently a rare 1916 Synchromist work by the pioneer American abstractionist Stanton Macdonald-Wright.

A penny dropped from heaven—at least as far as the 1950s and '60s were concerned—during a visit in 1978 to the Centre Pompidou at Beaubourg in Paris. Looking at the huge abstract paintings hanging in its contemporary galleries—a Kline, a Noland target, a Georges Mathieu—he realized that the rhetoric of size built into postfifties painting actually had meant something: "The idea of the big picture dominates everything from 1945 for twenty years. Unfortunately people still think 'big picture' means 'good picture.' Now they're painted large as a matter of convention. But in those days size was very much part of the impact; the abstract canvas claimed importance with size, so you had to wonder what it was delivering. Kline, Diebenkorn, and Twombly painted big for a reason—you wouldn't want a little piece, which does not represent what they were about, though they did paint beautiful small paintings. Well, that was the beginning of my intellectual gearshift into modern painting."

Martin's collection was still mainly nineteenth century and early Modern in 1979, when he moved into his present house in Beverly Hills. The paintings "looked like postage stamps on these large white walls. I was sitting in the living room one day thinking about Beaubourg and my belief in the relation between size and postwar painting, and I thought, 'God, this room would look great with eight-foot paintings in it.' " This thought had, to put it mildly, occurred to other California collectors by the end of the seventies, but the striking thing about Martin's collection is the care with which he pursued the exemplary work. Cyril Connolly, in one of his weary epicurean moods, remarked that there is only one moment in the life of a peach when it is perfectly ripe. Something of this belief, applied to the careers of artists, seems to have hovered at the back of Martin's mind—he is only half-joking when he calls his large Helen Frankenthaler, *Acres* (1959) "a beautiful picture but just a month too late." His ideal is "a painting that epitomizes a certain moment," and in the area of the sixties Color Field he found one in his Kenneth Noland target, *Flutter* (1960), with its hard tight ultramarine bull's-eye surrounded by halos of white, blue, green, pink, and pale ocher.

The Noland and the Frankenthaler are Martin's only Color Field paintings. Abstract Expressionism, of course, he almost missed completely: by the late seventies the prices of major de Koonings, Rothkos, or Newmans, let alone Pollocks, had gone so far through the ceiling as to be inaccessible. There were two exceptions: Philip Guston and Franz Kline, both relatively underrated figures. Martin was able to secure a 1952 Guston, a dense but airily woven palimpsest of gray and rose strokes, and a Kline, *Rue*

The luxury of time.



In the tradition of the elegant Meissen clocks of the 18th century, a luxurious heirloom clock for today.

Porcelain. Once known by European royalty as "white gold." So rare. So precious. The ladies of every court in Europe willingly paid fortunes for every single piece. Especially prized were the Meissen boudoir clocks. With charming sculptured figures and delicately painted flowers.

Now, The Franklin Mint creates a timepiece just as lavish. Crafted of the finest white bisque porcelain. Crowned by two embracing cherubs. Garlands of hand-painted roses. Rich accents of 24 karat gold.

The fine quartz movement imported from Europe. Classic Roman numeral face and elaborate brass hands.

Priced at $175. A lovely gift box provided at no additional charge. Available only from The Franklin Mint.

Shown approximately actual size of 7" in height.

Timeless elegance in fine porcelain and 24 karat gold.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my commission for *The First Embrace* clock. I need send no payment now. When my imported clock is ready to be sent to me, I will be billed for a deposit of $35.* Then, after shipment, for the balance in four equal monthly installments of $35.* each.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3 for shipping and handling

COMMISSION FORM
PLEASE MAIL BY APRIL 30, 1988.

SIGNATURE
ALL COMMISSIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS

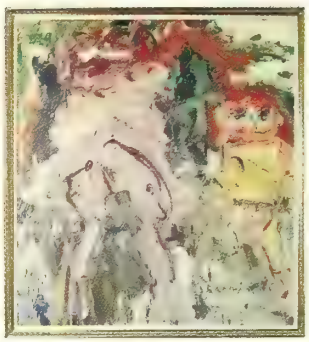
CITY/STATE/ZIP

11106-6

The Franklin Mint













Top from left: Arthur Dove, *Sunset*, 1935, 24 × 33 inches; Richard Diebenkorn, *Albuquerque #24*, 1952, 66½ × 47½ Above: Willem de Kooning, *Woman and Child*, 1967, 52½ × 48; Richard Diebenkorn, *Ocean Park #67*, 1973, 100 × 81; Charles Demuth, *In Vaudeville: Soldier and Girl*, 1916, 11 × 8½. Left: Alfred Leslie, *Warm Left*, 1959, 60 × 66.

(1959), a thunderously gestural black-and-white image from his last years. Then came two more painters related to Abstract Expressionism—a big Cy Twombly and one of the best of Richard Diebenkorn's magisterial series of Ocean Parks—and a 1967 de Kooning woman with a child. These five paintings in particular, Martin still feels, key the collection. "Every time you buy anything later, you wonder: Can it hang next to that Kline?" Good pictures grow with familiarity, but once the quarry is in the house there is a certain risk of boredom and deflation. "The more difficult a painting is, the longer you can live with it," says Martin. "The more layers, the more onion. Time is built into paintings. They're the last luxury. An intellectual harem. A painting on the wall gradually peels off its masks and addresses you over time, not in some sudden flash. It's a permanent conversation. And a painting addresses you differently on a private wall from the way it does in a museum. If you first saw that Kline on a museum wall, you might think, What a violent, furioso sort of image. Only by spending time with it do you realize the subleties that contradict the impression of violence."

Hockneys in southern California collections are as common as pigeons in Central Park, but there are not many better Hockney paintings than the two—and two only—Martin acquired, the huge *Room, Manchester Street* (1967), a portrait of his fellow English painter Patrick Procktor standing like a mildly awkward wading bird in sneakers between the high windows of his Regent's Park studio, and the small study for one of Hockney's well-known California images, *The Little Splash* (1966). Martin was also one of the first American collectors to get the point of the great English realist Lucian Freud. He bought Freud's *Naked Girl* (1966) in a London gallery in 1985.

Like any collector, Martin is haunted by the "ones that got away." "I couldn't afford Bacon when his prices were three hundred grand, and now that they're two million I still can't. I never will. The same with Frank Stella and I guess with Anselm Kiefer." But "if you had all the money in the world," he reflects, "it wouldn't be much fun; you'd have no parameters. I buy things because they're the best I can get, not because they're the best there are. If you had all the money in the world, I suppose the trick would be to arbitrarily limit yourself to one hundred paintings."

Martin has not collected much from artists his own age, except for a fine "bad painting" Neil Jenney, *Saw and Sawed;* it balances the same painter's *Acid Story*, a meticulously painted *paysage moralisé* he bought and has promised to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, where he is a trustee and has endowed a gallery. He also has an early airship and three paintings by Bryan Hunt and several works by the Texan painter John Alexander. "I'm slow coming to artists, and I've always missed stuff that other collectors get simply by buying more. There are one or two Eric Fischls that are just so beautiful, but I don't have them, and I certainly don't just want *a* Fischl because his work is often sloppy. The contemporary scene is so fast that I can't compete. I don't mind paying a good price, but I need to see something over and over again. I have to know what the picture is." Martin, in fact, is repelled by the casino-like quality of the contemporary market in the eighties. "I don't think the contemporary market relates to the rest of the art market. So few collectors of contemporary art are necessarily interested, as collectors, in other and earlier art. There has been a strange breakoff of memory. The contemporary collector tends to be the victim of a constructed canon. Mike Nichols once said to me, 'Sometimes you end up looking like a victim of dealers.' "

Perhaps the best lesson in the education of a collector is discovering the pleasures of refusal. "I don't have an encyclopedic mania," Martin claims. "By now I know that the world is full of terrific things I'll never have or never even want. If you feel envy every time you enter a museum, your life is bound to be unhappy. I guess a collector starts growing up when he finally learns to appreciate paintings he can't own." ▲

"Carlton. It's lowest."



"And it's got the taste that's right for me."



1 mg. tar, 0.2 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms 17 years of U.S. Gov't. Reports:

Carlton is still lowest!

King Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1988.

Duka's DIARY



Prince of Stuff

In the age of clutter, Jeff Bilhuber is in demand, says **John Duka**

In his best decorator tenor, Jeff Bilhuber was recounting his list of pet hates: "Track lighting. Pretentious mantels. Fussy curtains. Nylon and wool carpeting. Just about *anything* gray. Taupe, mauve, and anything orchid. Flower arrangements. Muddy colors. Tile. Marble. Faux marble. The idea of a vanity in a bathroom, not to mention the word *vanity* itself. Media rooms. Jacuzzis. And, oops, medium-tone wood floors, like this one here."

The floor in question was the floor of the East Side office that Bilhuber (bil-*hyoo*-ber) shares with his partner, Tom Scheerer. "Oh, well," said Scheerer bending over his drawing table, "we'll get around to *that* as soon as we get some more clients."

In the two years since Bilhuber, tall and mannered as a young Halston, and Scheerer, handsome and mannered as a Ralph Lauren ad, founded Bilhuber Incorporated, the partners have become one of the most closely watched twains in New York. Bilhuber and Scheerer, 31 and 32 respectively, are being hailed as exemplars of the new wave of young decorators currently splashing around the ankles of New York. Their client list, which Bilhuber refuses to disclose, runs the super-achieving gamut from playwright to fashion designer to art dealer to producer. And at any given black-tie event Bilhuber can usually be found somewhere off the starboard side of Pat Buckley.

"It's not *all* claw, claw, claw!" protests Bilhuber, who was last pictured in the society pages of *Women's Wear Daily* with a construction hat on his blond head. "For as much yakking as you do at a cocktail party, I've never once had people call and say, 'I'd love to see your work.'"

Were they to do that, they would find something markedly different from the work of the young decorators of the 1970s. Indeed, what has occurred in decorating is a change of such magnitude it qualifies as societal.

In the days of Jimmy Carter, the Minimalist decorators were the men of the moment. They wore blue jeans, flannel shirts, and short hair. They were intellectuals. They viewed decorators who wore ties as suspect, *retardataire*, old fogies.

"For as much yakking as I do at a party, I've never had people call to see my work"

With *High Tech*, the seminal work of the period bulking their backpacks, the Minimalists sought to eliminate any trace of ormolu mounts, cabriole legs, and the eighteenth century and to replace them with chem-lab faucets, platform seating, and industrial design. They talked incessantly about design integrity, Le Corbusier, Raymond Loewy, and the Bauhaus. But by 1980, when the Republicans came to power, the English movement was beginning to build a sizable head of chintz. The work of the Minimalists, by comparison, began to look more and more like housewares stores in SoHo.

"This is the Age of Stuff!" exclaims Bilhuber, his breast pocket an explosion of fine white linen. "It was very easy to give in to accumulating after the Minimalists. The next logical phase after the gray-and-white cell was the English movement. Of course, what's happening now is the commercialization of English decorating. All you need to do is back up your truck to Trevor Potts or any other place stuffed with needlepoint and fill it up."

That is something Bilhuber would never dream of doing. Bilhuber is a Modernist or, he says, an American Modernist in the tradition of Billy Baldwin and Albert Hadley, where anything and everything goes together. If the Minimalists kept their white interiors monastic and the English decorators made their rooms wriggle with pattern and hauteur, Bilhuber predicts that the new direction is sleek, lacquered interiors filled with modern upholstered pieces squeezed next to antiques, 25-cent bowls from Azuma next to nineteenth-century gold-leaf hippopotamuses, and a mad mix of periods.

"Stuff! Big-time glamour! When I entered decorating four years ago, I asked, 'What's happened to good old American decorating—where rooms are not dependent on a ruffle on a pillow, a tape trim on a ceiling, a fringe on a lampshade? Where are the clear colors and the good light, for God's sake! I never felt comfortable with English. My first motivation is to put all *that* stuff in a box and, instead, to figure out if a Louis Seize commode will work next to a chair from Conran's (it will), or to put an eighteenth-century French table on a 1950s giraffe-print rug. That's our idea of modern—taking the best that's available and making a great eclectic mix."

Then he tears into his list of pet loves. "Metal furniture—I have a madness for metal furniture! And sisal. Raffia-and-cotton rugs from Cogolin. Lacquer. Bathrooms with wooden floors. Real red! Aubergine. Cork floors. Parchment lampshades. The Barcelona chair. Linoleum! And black patent leather! We're entering our black patent-leather phase. Don'tcha love the idea of a black patent-leather headboard with gilded-nailhead trim?"

Every house should have one. ♠

KEN MARYANSKI